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THE LIFE-WORK OF

Elbridge Gerry Brooks



THE LIFE-WORK
OF
ELBRIDGE GERRY BROOKS.

Born 1816—Died 1878.





Fraternally Yours.

E. E. Brooks

THE LIFE-WORK
OF
ELBRIDGE GERRY BROOKS

Minister in the Universalist Church

BY
ELBRIDGE STREETER BROOKS

"Loyalty to opinion must be held the supreme duty."

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1881

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To My Mother:

**WHOSE LOYAL AND LOVING AID MADE MORE EFFECTIVE THE LIFE-WORK
OF MY FATHER,**

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

The study of history is but the study of mankind. "No past event," says Macaulay, "has any intrinsic importance. The knowledge of it is valuable only as it leads us to form just calculations with respect to the future." Only, therefore, as we bring the events of former ages out into the clearer light of our every-day trials and triumphs, only as we regard them side by side with the experiences which are real to us, can the records of the past be of any value to the worker of the present. In the belief that an eternal correlation does exist between dead actions and living endeavors, the writer of this biographical sketch has prefaced each of the chapters with an Historical Prelude depicting some scene in the world's history in which there may perhaps be discovered a certain relation to the efforts and actions of the man whose life-work is here imperfectly recorded.

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CHAPTER I.

"Consequences may sometimes be disregarded. Principles never."
Our New Departure.

THE gathering darkness of an April night was fast closing in upon the ancient city of Worms ; black shadows glowered in the deep recesses or lurked beneath the overhanging eaves of the quaint old houses ; fantastic shapes played across the narrow windows or hovered in the half-opened, dimly lighted doorways. The four gray towers of the great cathedral stood in dim relief against the fast-darkening sky, while the historic river flowed noiselessly by, bearing its burden of mystery and romance past castled crag and ancient town, onward to the northern seas. Without, the flare of many torches cast a lurid glow upon the pressing throng—student and monk, artisan and soldier, merchant and noble—an anxious multitude that crowded every avenue of approach to the great building, hoping, fearing, waiting ; within, the light fell on gleaming armor and on glistening robe, or, perhaps, gave something of its cheerful glow to the dull outlines of the dark-robed priests who, with prince and courtier and many a titled dignitary, filled the crowded hall. In the chair of state, flanked by the papal nuncio and the electors of the realm, sat the youthful but already world-known Charles the Fifth, Emperor, absolute ruler of Spain and Germany, Austria and Italy, Burgundy, the Netherlands and America—the mightiest monarch in the Christian world. Before him, a target for all eyes, stood a brown-robed monk, simple but sturdy, quiet but determined—"Brother Martin Luther of Wittenberg." Is there any scene in the great picture-gallery of the

ages more striking, more significant than this? On one side power, on the other protest. "The world's pomp and power sits there, on this hand; on that stands up for God's truth one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's Son." Friend and foe listen with deepening interest as from the lips of the great emperor's spokesman, the counsel of the Church, comes the stern demand, "Martin Luther, do you retract or not?" Friend and foe wait in rapt attention for the words that come back in reply, closing that ever-memorable defence, "I am bound by the Scriptures which I have quoted; my conscience is submissive to the word of God; therefore, I may not and will not recant, for it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I; I can do no other: God help me!"

Three centuries and a half have passed since the dark April night that witnessed in that old German city the manly and honest protest that broke forever the galling bonds of an autocratic church and asserted before all the world man's divinest right, the freedom of conscience. And however through the ages creeds have clashed or faiths have warred, the great heart of Protestant Christianity has ever pulsed with a common throb of pride as far above kings and conquerors it has placed the mighty name of this greatest of earth's reformers, "Brother Martin Luther of Wittenberg."

The enthusiasm of a convert in his transition from one set of opinions to other, and, as he believes, better ones, can be readily understood. Full of the ardor that ever follows a fresh conviction, all aflame with the fervor which the change has wrought, he argues, strives, combats, refutes, and bends all his energies to the overthrow of doubters or the securing of fresh proselytes. But there may also live an equal grandeur of devotion, an equal moral heroism in the loyalty of a man to those opinions which, formed in childhood, have, even from his mother's knee, been as much a part of himself as are the very bone and sinew that make his stalwart frame;

in which his faith still grows stronger as life advances ; to which—sincerely and intelligently believing them—he gives a never-faltering, ever-increasing devotion, and, as he strives to bring his opinions into the practical, every-day life of his fellow-men, in the clear light of what he believes to be the truth, seeks to mould the world into a better and purer fashion of living.

It is so natural for us to wear the cloaks that our fathers have left to us without thought or question that they too often drop from our shoulders through sheer lack of attention, and we stand habitless and full of shame. But to him who duly regards his cloak, wearing it as his constant protector, and looking with care to the condition of seam and band and loop, no careless dropping of the garment comes, but comfort, warmth, and security. If the progress of the world is due to the grand enthusiasm of the convert, the shaping of this progress into a definite plan for the world's welfare is as surely due to the steadfast adherent of a constant and ever-guiding principle.

Nearly a half-century ago the hand that in after years penned the few words that cap this initial chapter, prepared, not without mistrust as to its reception, a letter to the editor of the *Trumpet*, then the leading Universalist newspaper of New England. Written from one of Maine's quietest frontier towns, the village of Norridgewock, where Orthodoxy was dominant and a Universalist was regarded as one without good and utterly reprobate—in this, his first communication to the press, this phrase appears : " Give the people light—enable them rightly to understand that the simple statement that all men are finally to be saved is not the whole of the Universalist faith, but that it teaches also that the way of the transgressor is hard—and I cannot but think that they would forsake their evil ways, depart from their iniquities, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Trite and immature this may sound to us, trained to an acceptance of Universalism in its truest sense as the regnant faith-germ that now leavens all the creeds,

but it gives us the keynote to which all the preaching of his life was attuned, and reveals alike the convictions and principles that pervaded the youthful correspondent.

Soon after, determined to devote his life and voice to the upbuilding of these convictions in the hearts of men, he writes, in a letter to his parents : " O my dear parents, although I rejoice greatly that the time is fast approaching when I shall begin to prepare myself to ' go into the world and preach the gospel,' yet I feel distrust in my abilities rightly to perform the work. I fear lest I may not be enabled to perform the duties of the station to which I, perhaps wrongfully, aspire. But I trust in God : I put all reliance in Him, believing that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Trusting in Him, I have determined to bring out all that is within me ; to strain every nerve ; strive long and try hard that I may qualify myself for the station ; and may God grant that my exertions may prove successful, and that I may be enabled to go forth strong unto the battle clothed in the whole armor of the gospel."

The devotion to the principles he held, and the steadfast loyalty to his cherished faith, given so crudely in the communication to the *Trumpet*, so falteringly in the letter to his parents, found expression in every act of the consistent and busy life that followed ; and when, forty-three years later, that life went out in the full fruitage of its influence and power, it was no boneless panegyric, no mechanical eulogy that was spoken above this minister of Christ, dead in the midst of his brethren : " A man of majestic mould, whose advent in any place announced itself ; whose imperial speech was the fit accent of an imperial nature ; who knew no lapses from dignity ; who had none of the sinuous graces of lighter natures, nor any of their defects ; a man in whose moral constitution there were no disastrous surprises, but a rugged, unyielding bed-rock of primitive sincerity ; a man who had the courage of his opinions, and whose flag on any field on which he might be called to fight was sure to be kept flying long after his confederates had capitulated or

fled, such was Dr. Brooks to the unscrutinizing eye of the world. And such as the world saw him he was, for he was without pretence. But I love to think that I knew him in a higher and sweeter aspect. I saw the stern stuff of which this royal man was made, under a moral heat which fused it into a flood of generous purpose. When I think of him I feel again the pressure of that warm tide of high desire for the best attainment in everything, which to my thought is the very soul of progress. The yearning which was in his heart for such a church and ministry and people as the Lord Christ would own and endow with His spirit, always held me captive. He saw our defects, and he was too sincere to conceal what he saw. But underneath the unpalatable reproof was the mighty emotion of a heart on fire with love for the honor and welfare of that cause which was to him at once the symbol of God's truth and man's emancipation."

It is to sketch as I may be able the life-work of this man, whose record is now a part of the history of the Universalist Church in America, to the service of which he gave so much of earnest, effective labor, that I devote the pages of this book. Imperfect though my work may be—too lenient, too loving in some respects, too hasty in others, dealing with the general current of his endeavor rather than with the dry details of pastoral labor—it is given reverently, tenderly, as a tribute to his memory and as a memorial garnered for those who loved and honored him. Especially is it given for the young men of the land in and out of our Church, that they may see that steadfast loyalty to the heart's honest convictions and unswerving devotion to principle are of more avail than brilliance of rhetoric or the mere glittering generalities of superficial effect. To them and to us all there is, I am proud to believe, much food for thought, much for emulation, and much for lasting remembrance in this record of the life-work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks.

The simple story of his life could soon be told. It is, indeed, but a repetition of the life-record of many other men

of this century, who, self-made and largely self-taught, have in their several walks in life risen above the level of circumstance, and, carving their way as did the youthful Washington, step above step in the rocky but impressible wall that overtopped him, have gained at length a firmer footing and a broader view.

To the superficial observer or the dyspeptic pessimist the lives of most men are but revised editions of the uneventful history of that Solomon Grundy of nursery renown, who, born on Monday, struggled through the week until Sunday placed him under the sod ; but the reflective mind cannot but remark that the biography of every man is indeed a scrap—large or small, as the case may merit—from the history of the world. The humblest of us in his sphere leaves some impress on the age, even though, dropping by the way, the shifting events of our restless time seem to strew the dust over the fast-vanishing footprints. And so, when some man more endowed with the old Jovian attribute of self-help than his fellows strives to give force and effect to his life-work, so much the more impress must he leave upon his age, so much the more must his own record be an essential part of contemporaneous history. The brown-robed monk standing so calmly beneath the glare of the torches away back in that murky old German city faced a danger great as that of the deadliest battle-hour—the danger of a seductive opportunity. But he faced it ! And the man of to-day, with the petty cares of life ever at his heels or with still greater troubles storming at his heart, finds himself, at some supreme moment, in the presence of the same mighty danger—the acceptance of comfort at the cost of conscience. It is his to face it grandly or to yield to it and fall. So the life of any man, be he world-honored or unknown, who with feet firmly set on the bed-rock of unswerving principle can front the temptations that assail and swarm, is worthy of careful study as it is worthy of special note.

The fifty years that span the interval lying between the first and last quarters of this nineteenth century are full of

interest to every student of American history, whether in records of Church or State. Great deeds achieved, great progress made, great wrongs avenged, great changes wrought—the half-century that closed with our centennial year of jubilee finds but few equals on the scroll of Time. To the Universalist Church this stretch of fifty years has proved exceptionally eventful. It represents a peculiar period in its history—the spiritual *echelon* or organization lines which, step above step, separate the epoch of stubborn defence from the era of triumphant aggression. The earlier years of this formative period are shadowy with the honored but dimly remembered forms of the fathers and patriarchs of the Universalist Church—a Church which, as old as Origen, as old as Paul, as old as Christ, still remained covered with the froth of formula and the drift of creeds until the hands of a Murray and a Ballou cleared away the alluvia of the ages and revealed again the pure water of life—the Christ-given doctrine of the unsearchable goodness of God. The last decade shows a connected, strongly welded chain of fellowship and intercommunication linking together the thousand parishes of our Church, with a long roll of earnest and faithful ministers striving for the symmetrical upbuilding of the faith.

Fifty years ago the battle-ground of those conflicting religious opinions, from which had been evolved the rising faith of an ultimate restoration, was principally confined to New England and the Middle States—a section from which, year by year, the refining and leavening influence of Universalism was to be diffused all over the land. But the young Church through those earlier years of the century—weak in numbers though stubborn in controversy, its members the subject of sneers, of petty persecution, and of social ostracism—gave but little indication of the mighty influence which in after years was to result from its struggles and trials. Of the nature and importance of the movement which found its beginnings, as do all live movements, in weakness or derision, in poverty or persecution, may it not

in the words of "Our New Departure," truthfully be said, "that no reasonable words can exaggerate what it is, what it has done, or what it is to do? Broadly viewed, it is intellectually and morally the grandest movement of these last centuries. Since Luther there is nothing comparable to it. It was the resurrection of the long-slumbering moral consciousness of the Church. It was reason and common-sense once more reasserting themselves amid the contradictions and absurdities of the creeds. Beginning as a protest of the uneducated popular heart against the cold and cruel scholasticism of the traditional theology, and providentially designed to give the world a more humane and harmonious interpretation of the Gospel, it has swept, a modifying and reconstructive power, through the realm of opinion, and spread as a subtle influence, for the most part unrecognized but none the less actual, permeating society with broader principles and a tenderer and more sympathetic spirit, to an extent that no human foresight could have dared anticipate. When John Murray was being stoned in Boston, or when his friends in Gloucester, or, later still, the handful of Universalists in New Hampshire were battling before the courts for their rights as a distinct denomination, had some one ventured to predict that in the year 1870 Universalism would have so leavened the country, including even the churches, or that THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH OF AMERICA would to-day be what it is in all the elements of Christian power, none would have been more ready than the Universalists themselves to pronounce him wildly visionary. What has thus been realized, seen and unseen, considering the circumstances, is almost without parallel. All honor to those who in any way have helped to make the movement thus potent. A brave and sturdy company for the most part they have been. Seldom has any work had workmen braver or more deserving the world's remembrance."

And of these workers, to whom should more praise be given, more honor accorded, than to those fathers and

mothers—the grandparents of this present generation—who early instilled into their children's hearts the spirit of the faith they had accepted, and by their acts and lives strove to become true men and women—strong, helpful, and self-reliant, earnest and zealous for the upbuilding of the Church which from the midst of trial and contumely was already reaching out to take firm hold of the hearts of men.

Among these faithful workers may rightly be included the parents of the man whose life-work these pages seek to record. Coming each from that old Puritan stock which, half fisherman, half planter, and all worker, had two centuries before sought the shores of the New World, they are fit exponents of the sturdy and stalwart nature that filled those early emigrants from over-sea who in the sunny months of the far-off New England spring had gratefully peopled the inviting shores of Strawberry Bank, where past wood and plain the Piscataqua rolls onward to the ocean, and had reared in the king-given but undeveloped grant of Laconia, the fish-curing hamlet of Portsmouth, and the spreading plantations of Dover. A Puritan stock; but imported and fostered by that stanch royalist and stancher churchman, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and the very spirit of zeal and unsectarian broadness in which he worked to aid and strengthen his Puritan colony did much, possibly, to instil into the settlers of Laconia those principles of freedom of thought and toleration of opinion which saved the future colonists of Maine and New Hampshire from the bigotries of Plymouth and the superstitions of Salem, and gave to the world in after years by the Winchester Confession the broad doctrine of God's Universal Love.

Some ten years after this same Winchester Confession there came from the little hamlet of Elliot to the more pretentious town of Dover a green country lad who, seeking to gain a foothold in the world, found it in the chance offered him for work as "chore-boy" in Ela's Tavern, an old and comfortable cross-road hostelry which, built in revolutionary times, had for many a year afforded shelter to

man and beast from its position as a regular and convenient stopping-place on the highway between Portsmouth and the up-country villages. The Elases were a strong Universalist family, converts under Ballou and Turner, zealous in their defence of their new faith, and bringing all the inmates of their household within the influence of this zeal and loyalty. Among these inmates was a young Dover girl, reared to the helpful ways of all New England damsels in those early days. Buxom, cheery, and strong, it is not to be wondered at that in that old tavern by the highway the ever-old yet ever-fresh romance should have again been lived over, and that Susan Horne should have soon won the heart of the impressible Elliot youth. So the natural consequences followed, and on September 12th, 1815, Oliver Brooks and Susan Horne joining hands agreed that for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, they two would walk the world together. How well they kept their plighted word the record of their long, simple, and spotless lives could truthfully attest—a record fitly enshrined by their eldest son when, fifty years thereafter, he inscribed upon the dedication leaf of his first published volume this tribute of veneration and love : *To my Father and Mother, to whose early toils and sacrifices I owe so much, by whom I was trained to believe and love Universalism as the Gospel of Christ, and who yet survive in the serene evening of unblemished lives to experience its blessings and illustrate its worth, this attempt to vindicate its claims to confidence as the power of God unto Salvation, is gratefully and affectionately inscribed.*

For fifty-seven years did this husband and wife together face the sun and shade of life, loved, honored, and revered by the three generations that followed them. In 1872 the dear old man closed his eyes to earth, but even now, in the shadow of her ninety years, the sweet old wife, far down the western slopes of life, loved and venerated by all, still shows the same cheery ways, the same helpful spirit, the same strong self-reliance as had won the affections of her youthful lover in the old tavern seventy years ago.

To this young and struggling couple, then in their humble but happy home in the little cottage at the foot of Garrison Hill, their first-born came, on the 29th of July, 1816—the son who in after years framed so loving a tribute to the honored parents who had welcomed him, with equal affection, as the first-born in their home. Oliver Brooks was a stanch and conscientious member of the then Democratic party, a firm supporter of Madison, as befitted one who in the troublous days of 1812 had helped to humble the might of England in a weak little schooner glorified for the nonce with the name of privateer. To him principle and politics were synonymous: not mere “barren idealities,” but something to be practically expounded and lived up to whenever opportunity offered. The birth of a son occurred at a time when George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, with other equally honored though less exalted statesmen, were, through the instrumentality of fond and patriotic parents, lavishly distributing their names among the new and coming generation—life-handles with which, for good or ill, for obscurity, for notoriety, or renown, the then unconscious owners were in after years to turn the force and current of their daily lives. What wonder, then, that this happy father, deeming that in no higher way could he show due honor to his principles, his patriotism, and his party than by bestowing upon his eldest son the name of some honored and favorite leader, gave to him the name of Elbridge Gerry, a man honored by Americans of that day both in and out of his party as a wise, just, and patriotic citizen, one of the signers of the immortal Declaration, a Vice-President of the United States, a statesman and leader, and, above all—a Democrat.

Thus, amid humble, unpretentious, and apparently inauspicious surroundings, Elbridge Gerry Brooks was given to the world. Springing, like many another of the earlier preachers of our Church, directly from the people, from that strong, sturdy, untutored but clear-headed New Eng-

land stock that has given to the world in their children and in their children's children so much of the brain, the energy, and the intellectual vigor of the nation, his peculiarly conscientious nature was fostered and developed by an honest and healthful home influence, which laid the groundwork—firm as adamant—for that loyalty to conviction, and that tenacious adherence to what appeared to him as duty, which throughout his life marked the future minister, citizen, and man.

"What do you raise here?" asked a traveller from a sunnier and more fertile section, as, overshadowed by the granite hills, he rode past sterile plain and rocky ledge and scarcely conquered furrow.

"Men!" was the terse but comprehensive reply of the hard-handed citizen of New Hampshire who rode beside him.

Yes, men indeed! And out from that low-roofed cottage by the Cocheco, where sixty-five years ago the young mother smiled through her pain and tears into the eyes of her first-born, stretched the first tendril of one of these sturdy products of New Hampshire soil—a tiny shoot that, as the years advanced, developed into the helpful life of a man—strong, useful, earnest, consecrated—a factor to some extent in the strengthening and upbuilding of his Church, and in the progress of his nation and his century.

"I speak but the judgment of all who knew him," said the Rev. Giles Bailey, that sterling man who so soon followed his life-long friend to the land of eternal friendships—

"I speak but the judgment of all who knew him when I say that he was one of the strong men of our Church and of our day. Among all the criticisms which he in common with all who are brought thus conspicuously before the public has provoked, that of lack of ability never was heard. He impressed all by his sermons, his lectures, the articles which from time to time he contributed to our periodicals, and the books he issued from the press, by the massive vigor of his thoughts and the force and effectiveness of his words. No

one could ever come in contact with him without being impressed by his conversation and his whole bearing that he was a man of superior intellectual powers."

And to the same effect testifies another honored and old-time friend—the massive preacher, the Christian orator of America—Edwin H. Chapin, for whom, just as these pages go to press, the whole land mourns. Mighty in thought, glowing in speech, noble in life, he, too, has passed from human ken into the glorified Beyond, ascending

• "Fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky."

Closing his tribute to the memory of his friend, Dr. Chapin remarked: "I stand here to proclaim my sense of the great worth of Brother Brooks, the sterling integrity of the man clear through. He had a will of iron, but a will consecrated by the fire of God's strength; a man who believed what he preached and preached what he believed; who stood up and illustrated with his life the blessed doctrine of his lips; a man whose influence was far and wide; a man who will leave a blank space in our Church, as when a great tree crashes down; who has gathered unto himself and to the memory of himself many of your hearts, and who will leave his influence in your hearts in return."

CHAPTER II.

"Our religious nature is the granitic base and material of character, and out of it only can the highest order of manliness or womanliness be produced."

Our New Departure.

THE rattling cordage creaked and strained, the white sails, like the wings of some mighty sea-bird, flapped and swayed as, now on this tack, now on that, great galleon or lighter caravel circled in fast-lessening compass around the solitary English bark that rode defiantly at bay—one against fifty-four. Above hung the blue arch of the summer sky, below swelled and billowed the darker blue of the great Atlantic, while all around stretched an unbroken waste of waters save where, far to eastward, the dim outlines of the Isle of Flores and the tall peaks of Pico jagged the misty horizon. In those troublous days of three centuries back, when the hot sea-feuds of England and Spain raged fierce and bloody, the English fleet, as it lay at anchor off the Azores, had been surprised by a Spanish armada of fifty-four sail. Eleven of the twelve English ships had cut anchor and escaped in safety, but the flagship of the admiral, the stout little bark *Revenge*, stood the brunt, and now alone of all the fleet rode crippled but unconquered, the focus of that circle of fire and of death. Alive to the danger that encompassed him, defeat inevitable but disgrace never, the grand old admiral,

"Our second Richard Lion Heart."

that glorious Sir Richard Grenville, whose name has ever lived in English hearts and on English lips the synonym of loyalty, courage, and manliness, drew his sword and vowed neither to run nor surrender, but to uphold the honor of England to the last. Smaller and smaller grows the circle ; fiercer and

with more terrible effect the splintering broadsides boom and crash ; again and again the Spanish boarders grapple ship to ship and swarm over port and gunwale. But, inspired by the indomitable courage of their leader, again and again the gallant English sailors repel the Spanish attack, and their well-directed fire drives back many a towering galleon sinking or disabled. And now, after fifteen hours of bitter and ceaseless fight, with pikes broken and powder spent, the relentless water pouring in through the torn and gaping sides, half-scuttled but unconquered, still the *Revenge* rides defiant, still floats the red cross flag at the mast-head, still stands the dauntless admiral firm and unsubdued. Thus to the very last he waged the unequal conflict with a hopelessness that was heroism and an obstinacy that was inspiration, until, shot through and through, but always refusing to surrender, he was borne on board the flagship of the enemy ere yet on his dismantled but glorious little bark the red cross of England gave place to the golden flag of Spain. "Here die I, Richard Grenville," came calmly and unfalteringly the last words of this grand old Christian sailor and loyal man, "with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do who has fought for his country and his queen, his honor and religion."

Sterling lives spring from rugged soil ; brains, not blood, are the outcome of the sweat-drops, and an ancestry of toilers, in the course of centuries, blossoms into a posterity of thinkers. So, also, an age of adventurers gives final place to an era of home-lovers, a nation of patriots.

When, in 1603, stout old Martin Pring, cruising with delight among the fair islands that fringe the Maine coast, ran his little *Discoverer* into the mouth of the Piscataqua, or when, later still, John Smith, the wise, intrepid, and keen-sighted, beating around the Isle of Shoals, looked with an explorer's gratification upon the green shore-line beyond, little came into their thoughts besides the attractiveness of

the land or the alluring prospects of future trading profits. Yet from the reports of these forerunners came the future commonwealths, and the chance puff of wind that turned their sails landward wafted to New England shores the seeds of enterprise that have blossomed into the warm heart-throbs of millions of freemen.

Greene says, in his "History of the English People": "The puritanism of the sea-dogs went hand in hand with their love of adventure"; and as they, to use the words of Canning, "turned to the New World to redress the balance of the Old," we see, year after year, the pioneer following the adventurer, the settler the explorer, each bearing in his heart, indissolubly linked, the love of country and of religion, and planting their feet, with each new wave of emigration, more and more firmly on the new-found shores.

So the men of Hampshire and of Devon—following in the wake of that grand Sir Richard who died so gloriously in his sea-fight off the Azores, and of that gentle but courageous Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who went down in a September gale as it swept the raging Atlantic, calling out to his crew through the din of the tempest and the gloom of the night, "Be of good cheer, my lads, for we are as near to heaven by sea as by land"—peopled the wave-washed shores of America from the James to the Penobscot, and gave to the new-made homes the names that brought ever to their minds the old ties and the dear hearthstones across the sea; and Plymouth and Biddeford and Dartmouth and Portsmouth arose in a new soil—sturdy grafts and clippings from the parent tree. And from that day to this the home feeling so strong in the breasts of those early colonists finds expression in the hearts of their descendants, and the sons of Portsmouth, in whatever part of the habitable globe they may meet, clasp warm and ready hands, and in the thronging memories of that quaint old city by the Piscataqua prove once again that however time or space may intervene, each one of them is, while life shall last, a true and loyal "Portsmouth boy."

To this rambling old town of Portsmouth, so rich with the flavor of two historic centuries, full of queer old cottages, mansions, and homesteads, whose very gables and hitching-posts have in these later years been touched and glorified by Aldrich's ready pen—to this quondam fishing-settlement, now grown into a substantial county-town, with its aristocracy of ancestry and its wealth of old renown, Oliver Brooks removed his little family in 1817, before his baby-boy had completed his first year of life. Practically, therefore, a son of Portsmouth, "to which dear old town," he writes in after years, "I am proud to reckon myself as belonging," in which all his years from infancy to young manhood were passed—this loyal son had throughout his life a warm spot in his heart for his boyhood's home, every rod of which was familiar ground, from Kittery 'Foreside to Christian Shore, and from the old clock on the North Church to the worn and battered school-house at Portsmouth Plains.

And as all through his life the old town was dear to him, still dearer and more precious were his memories of the simple and quiet home in which he was reared. "There are few questions," he said, in a sermon delivered before the Sabbath-school Conference in Boston, in 1851, "that can stir the sentimental mind with profounder emotions than those which gather around the cradle of a helpless and scarcely conscious infant, and ask, What shall its life, its experience, its influence be? And, as the fact, what is there so much needed as a genuine practical recognition of the importance thus freely confessed of the interests which throng around the cradle and cluster in the home?"

That this recognition is, to a greater or less extent, accorded by every truly conscientious parent few will deny, and the fact that it was so accorded in that humble Portsmouth home is attested by the character of the man, built up so stoutly upon the basis that was laid in the home of the boy. "Oliver Brooks"—so testifies one acquainted with the family—"was distinguished for his solid common-sense

and his unswerving integrity and honor. His wife was, and is, one of those clear-sighted, pure-minded, diligent, thoughtful, and peaceful women whose sons have glorified the ages."

In such a home naught but right principles and careful precepts could be fostered, and thus the boy grew up, surrounded by the clean and ennobling influences of honest, simple, patient Christian lives. What tribute more heartfelt could be offered than the dedicatory inscription referred to in the preceding chapter? and what tenderer recognition of the worth of those lives that so conscientiously guided his youthful steps could be made than that which found expression in a poem of commemoration sent by him to his parents on his mother's eightieth birthday?

" But God sees not the greatest things
Where mortal voices shout acclaim,
Nor does He find His queens and kings
Where only station gives the name.
God looks at souls, at brave, strong hearts,
Which throb that others they may bless—
At those who nobly act their parts
In patience and unselfishness.

* * * * *

" Your wedded years ! O how they rise
'Midst heartless marriage-forests bare,
Like evergreens that wintry skies
Defy, and fadeless verdure wear !
And O how full these long, long years
Of care for others all have been !
Of toil and hope—sometimes 'midst tears ;
Of trial oft—without, within ;
Of love unwearied, struggling on ;
Of faith severe through pain and loss ;
Of hard-fought victories bravely won ;
Of patience calm 'neath every cross."

A strong, healthy, helpful, and manly little fellow, breathing in life and vigor with every sea-wind that swept in from Appledore, and with every pine-laden breeze wafted down from the wooded river-shores above, he gained from

the first that deep love of the sea that clung to him through life, and from the last an innate devotion for the mingling glories of forest and river, field and mountain, that taught him ever to look, in reverent thankfulness, "through nature up to nature's God."

It is a relief to feel that the spectre of our boyhood, the skeleton that hid in many a closet and was the moral and spiritual bugaboo of the boys and girls of thirty years ago, has at last been buffeted down by the broad hand of humor, and dispelled by the penetrating breath of progress. The impossible good little boy and the equally improbable good little girl that glared so reprovingly at every healthy, human child from the covers of Sunday-school books, and from the pages of well-meant but most depressing juvenile tracts, no longer brood like nightmares over the pleasures of childhood; but to old and young alike each new day proves more clearly that true manliness goes hand in hand with a vigorous, healthy, play-loving constitution, an affectionate disposition, and that, properly grounded at the start, *mens sana in corpore sano* holds well all through life. So it is of some interest to know that there were no namby-pamby ways, no unnatural saintlinesses, no mawkish sentimentalities to disfigure the wholesome childhood of the manly, clear-headed, sportive, and mischievous boy of whom I write. "He was," says a friend and chronicler, "a strong, healthy, manly boy, full of exuberant life, quick and apt in his studies—though not especially fond of books—leading his class in school, foremost in all athletic sports, going into all perilous places, and doing difficult and unheard-of things; fond of fishing and swimming, rowing and sailing; never so happy as when about the shipping in the harbor or out upon the sea; lending a hand of help whenever it was needed; running on cheerful errands; ready at all times to champion the cause of the weak, especially if it was just, and to vindicate by voice or hand the claims of injured innocence. Many a youthful tournament transpired in which he bore the brunt for some less hardy or resolute companion, and the tenacity of his

muscle and the unyielding fibre of his will made him victor in nearly every encounter."

Great calamities often prove the paths to greater blessings, and in like manner what has many a time presaged the wreck of a life has in after years been thankfully acknowledged as but the doorway to a better and more useful existence. Differ as we may as to the direct intervention of Providence in human affairs, we must all be ready to admit that the hand of the great All-Father is ever apparent in our struggles and triumphs, turning to our own benefit life's seeming snarls and tangles—

"From seeming evil still educing good."

"The world and life are full of mysteries and perplexities, and exhibit not a few seemingly harsh appointments as we look upon them—as even the wisest look upon them. And why? Not because we know so much, and in our wisdom have discovered these mysteries and perplexities, but because we know so little, and in our ignorance are unable to explain them." *

So to that quiet home in Portsmouth, and into the life of that vigorous, clean-hearted, hopeful boy there came one of these "mysterious dispensations of Providence," as we are wont to call them, bringing grief and dismay to the parents, suffering and horror to the boy, changing in an instant all the drift and current of his strong young life.

In those days, as is still sometimes the case, the moving of a house was effected by raising the building upon a strong wheeled superstructure, which, drawn by oxen and guided by numerous workmen, always attracted a throng of curious watchers, and possessed for every boy a resistless fascination.

Across the Parade and up Congress Street, on a warm summer afternoon—the 20th of July, 1825—came one of these torpid Juggernauts, the slow-moving oxen tugging and straining in their yokes, while men and boys helped on

* From a sermon by Mr. Brooks on "The Merciful Office of Pain." Lynn, 1858.

the lumbering car. Just at the corner of Vaughn Street, and ere the building had rounded into it, the workmen, wishing to make a broad turn and thus avoid the curb, shouted to the attendant crowd of eager and interested youngsters, "Come, boys, lay hold of the ropes here and give us a lift!" and out from the throng boy after boy leaped to take a hand at the ropes. One sturdy little fellow, anxious to be foremost in any feat of strength or in any helpful work, sprang to one of the ropes that guided the forward wheels. Straining with all his little might to help the work along, he gave but scant heed to his own footing. Around the corner lurched the heavy house; the ropes relaxed and slackened; the boy's unsteady feet, tripped by the sagging rope, gave way beneath him, and just as the building swung round from Congress Street the boy fell to the ground, the heavy and pitiless wheels forced him hard against the granite post—that still stands on that street corner a sad reminder of a darkened youth—crushing the right leg from thigh to ankle-bone, and Elbridge Gerry Brooks was taken maimed and bleeding from beneath those wheels of death, and borne to his father's house a cripple for life.

Of the grief of the parents—the utter prostration of the tender-hearted father, who fell fainting to the floor when the lifted covering revealed the fact that it was his boy who had thus been stricken down; of the calm and attentive self-possession of that dear mother; of the sympathetic and helpful prayer of the good pastor, Father Turner, so tender in times of trouble—no detailed account need here be given. And of the fortitude and unflinching courage of the little fellow when, stretched upon the table, the surgeon's knife finished this sad chapter in his young life; of his gradual awakening to the conviction that he, so strong and self-reliant before, must now be helpless and dependent; of his keen and unspeakable disappointment as he realized that the one dream of his boyhood, the determination to be a brave and fearless sailor, was now forever shattered, let this simple mention suffice.

Childish pains and pangs, a boy's sorrows and crosses, are as real, as strong, as utterly irreconcilable in their way as are those which in after years burn into the life and heart of the discouraged man or woman, leaving their traces in seamed and furrowed care-lines, in whitening heads and shadowed faces. To this young and active lad, but yesterday all aglow with life and vigor, to-day stricken down a helpless, hopeless cripple, the world, for those first months of suffering, looked dark indeed. God's care and mercy were clouded to him, and life itself seemed scarcely worth the living. But the very calamity that by so rude a shock seemed for the moment to stagnate and ruin the dawning promise of a stalwart and self-supporting youth, gradually led by slow processes and through devious ways to the sounder and more fruitful ripening of a life which, deeply implanted in the soil of sound religious training, brought forth rich yields for God in after years—thirty, fifty, aye, an hundred fold.

"God's hand," he says, in a sermon on "The Merciful Office of Pain," "may sometimes carry a weapon, but it is never except for a use of love, and as we get behind the veil that hides His face we only see more of goodness to attract us and more of Infinite Providence to adore."

And again, more than forty years after that sorrowful July day, whose sun had set in the gloom of pain and despair, he seems to speak out of the deeps of his own experience when he says, in a sermon on the "Use of Suffering":

"It is hard to suffer: to see health fade and hope wither; to pine and waste under the hand of pain; to behold cherished plans defeated; to carry any burden, or to walk in the shadow of any great sorrow. But these are the teachers, only through whose instructions do we become most accomplished in the graces of the noblest life, and none can tell how much these things, rightly used, may do for them in the way of moral culture and a ripening for heaven. . . . Reverses may be but the precursors, perhaps the direct means of a higher success. Adversity may open the door to a sweeter joy. Disappointment may water our souls with its tears, nurturing in us nobler attainments. The actual suffering may turn us only the more completely to God, and we may, if we will, find every trial of our patience, every

temptation of our virtue, every test of our strength, every pain that thrills our bodies with anguish, and every sharp pang that pierces our hearts, serving as a round on that ladder by which we shall climb to a higher excellence, and so into a gradual nearness to our Father, our Saviour, and our Everlasting Home."

With the seeds of this spirit of resignation already sown in his young and impressible heart, with the tone of his life already elevated by the refining influences of distress and pain, with an indefinable but as yet embryotic determination to be the conqueror and not the slave of circumstance, this boy, scarcely nine years old, but matured and strengthened by disaster, "tried, yet so as by fire," after months of confinement rose from his bed of pain, took up the heavy burden of his life, and, maimed, sensitive, shy, quick to detect and resist that officious curiosity that is so often the cruel though unsuspected pang to the unfortunate, but manly, brave, and strong, the little fellow set his face resolutely toward the future, and out from the gloomy depths of suffering walked bravely step by step up the golden stair of victory to the crowned and glorified heights of resignation.

I speak of this exalted condition but as in the abstract—to indicate the direction in which, unconsciously perhaps, all his thoughts, actions, and aspirations gradually tended. No boy of nine years can be presumed to be actually or wittingly guided by such lofty principles or to attain to so much of resignation and self-restraint. But the germs were there warning and developing into life and being. And though the dark days came, as come they must to any thoughtful, ambitious, active boy, when life seemed all dark, or when, stung to retaliation by some half-mouthed sneer or taunt, he would turn and resent the insult—as in one instance, where thus assaulted he grappled with his tormentor (the big bully of the school) and flung him down the stairs—still, as time wore on he learned to accept his cross more and more resignedly, and, as youth and man, tried to live in and act up to the teaching of the divine and tortured

martyr of the cross : " The cup that my Father has given me, shall I not drink it ? "

The public schools of Portsmouth were as well equipped as were the majority of such schools sixty years ago. Crude in methods, harsh, perhaps, in manner, and imperfect in immediate results, they nevertheless furnished the children of that day with material for development, and harsh, crude, imperfect though they were, the present age has borne witness that many and many of those restless boys and girls,

" With feet that, creeping slow to school,
• Went storming out to playing, "

laid in that early school life of a half-century back the basis for the solidity, the brilliancy, and the renown of their maturer years. Until the age of seventeen, then, the Portsmouth public schools gave to the lad whose life is here recorded such instruction as they had to offer. Probably the greatest lack in the school training of his day was the absence of oral instruction and of any effort to teach children to think systematically or to study intelligently. Horace Mann says of his early instructors : " My teachers were very good people, but they were very poor teachers. . . . Of all our faculties, the memory for words was the only one specially appealed to. All ideas outside of the book were contraband articles which the teacher confiscated, or, rather, flung overboard. "

And on this point the testimony of our Portsmouth school-boy runs in a similar strain : " I never, " he writes in later years, referring to those early days, " I never had teachers—except for a year or two, possibly—who drilled their scholars in principles, and so gave me anything like a genuine mental training. The one with whom the most of my school time was spent was a clever, easy man, content with the merest superficialness and satisfied if his scholars gave the letter or showed the figures of their answers. " One of these early teachers, however, held ever an honored

place in the memory of his loving scholar—a place secured by his tender and ready sympathy, his bright and cheering words, rather than by any depth of erudition or by any decree of pedagogical autocracy upheld by birch and ferule. Thus gratefully does this former pupil, long after, dwell upon the acts of that beloved teacher whose memory was ever dear to him : “ I had, when a child, many teachers, but I never had but one whom I truly and deeply loved, for the reason that I never had but one who manifested any particular interest in or sympathy for me ; who acted as if he loved me and wished me to love him in return. While his pupil I was called—in what was then to me the dark, but what has since been proved the wise and good Providence of God—to suffer a misfortune, the effect of which I shall carry to my grave, and from which at the time I was not expected to recover. In that time of need and of languishing, my teacher did not forget me, but showed himself, by the kindest solicitude and the tenderest sympathy my friend. Though many were kind to me, none save my own parents, were kinder than he. Weak and wasted, ‘ I was sick and he visited me,’ and among the pleasantest, now, of my life’s memories are those which come to me of that devoted teacher. A mere boy as I was, he came daily to my bedside, bringing his little presents, trifling in themselves, but precious indeed to my young heart, and cheering me with his stories and his fund of anecdote. And he would lay his head upon my pillow and press his cheek to mine, and take my hand in his and speak kindly and encouragingly to me, and bid me hope, and tell me that life would yet have something for me, and give me counsel that went down very deep into my sad little heart. A brother could not have been more devoted or kinder than he. Is it strange, then, that I loved him ? I never saw him to tell him how grateful I was, or how much I loved him. For years one of the deepest longings of my heart was that I might be privileged to do so. But it was denied me, and, man as I was, I wept when a few years since I read the

record of his death in his far-off Southern home. He had perhaps forgotten me—the poor, sick, almost dying boy, to whom he was once so kind. But I have not forgotten him, and among the last remembrances that will fade from my mind will be that of his love and devotedness. Till life shall close it will doubtless be even as now, that at thought of him unbidden tears will be my tribute to his memory. To me he will never die."

And the schoolboys of the far-off days in that quaint old seaport town—how are they scattered far away from the foot-worn playground and the protecting shadows of the old High School on Court Street!

"We have been playing many an hour, and far away we've strayed,
Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some lingering in the shade;
And some have tired and laid them down where darker shadows fall:
Dear as her loving voice may be, they cannot hear its call."

Of them an old-time friend and schoolmate—the Rev. Masenna Goodrich—writes:

"I often think of him and of our old companions. He was a few years older than myself, and we did not attend the same school until I reached the High School. There I found him occupying one of the two high monitorial desks at the right hand of the teacher. I well recollect that he was a thoughtful student and that more than once I heard him reading essays as compositions and that he had as chief opponent Samuel Treat, now a judge of the United States Court, in Illinois. Of course, his lameness hindered him from taking part in the more boisterous sports of his companions, but I recollect that he was a good swimmer. His nature was pacific, but I well recall one muscular contest in which he was engaged."

Mr. Goodrich then gives a detailed account of the combat with the school bully referred to above, and adds:

"He dealt his blows with hearty good-will, and I do not think his antagonist ever wished to *renew* the battle. I used often to think, during the eventful years between 1850 and 1860, when your father so heartily pummelled with intellectual blows the advocates of the Fugitive Slave law and similar abominations, of that celebrated contest on the school-house stairs, in Court Street, so many years before.

Just before he left school, our teacher withdrew from his post, and several of us wished to give him a slight testimonial of our regard. A small silver tablet was therefore prepared, with a Latin inscription on one side and the names of the twenty scholars presenting it on the other. Heading the list was Samuel, now Judge, Treat, and second on it was E. G. Brooks. On the same roll was the name of Thomas Starr King, and, if I recollect aright, that of A. Tappan Akerman, afterward Attorney-General of the United States. Of the other sixteen of us, one or two have since been preachers, two at least are energetic merchants in Boston, and one or two are merchants in Pennsylvania."

And now the school life was over. Hardly yet seventeen, this matured, thoughtful, and ambitious lad found himself face to face with the question that fronts so many other youths, standing as he did at the threshold of manhood: What shall I do with myself? Referring to this period of his life, he says: "I had long before settled what I would do when the time should come. While yet a boy of ten or eleven, I had made up my mind to be a minister, 'if I should live to be a man;' and all unknown to friends I had nursed and was still nursing this purpose in the secrecy of my own heart. I was too young at this time to enter on theological studies, and while my friends were debating the question, What should be my life-pursuit? I was only asking, What shall I do till I can declare my purpose?"

Thus early, then, was his decision made; and debarred from the fulfilment of his boyish ambition to become a sailor, and in time to walk the quarter-deck, he had determined, as Dr. Patterson happily expressed it, "to become an under-captain of the old ship of Zion."

Carlyle has said, in that quaint and curious style of his—that pungent mannerism which, like a second Thor's hammer, beats down criticism and welds a stronger chain of thought—"Some Chivalry of Labor, some noble Humanity and practical Divineness of Labor, will yet be realized on the Earth. Or why *will*? Why do we pray to Heaven without setting our own shoulder to the wheel? The Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, shall itself commence.

Thou who prophesiest, who believest, begin then to fulfil. That outcast, help-needing thing—no help possible for it, no prize offered for the saving of it—canst thou not save it then without prize? Put forth thy hand in God's name; know that 'impossible' where Truth and Mercy and the everlasting Voice of Nature order has no place in the brave man's dictionary. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much. That noble, down-fallen, or yet unknown 'Impossible,' thou canst lift it up, thou canst by thy soul's travail bring it into clearer being. . . . Not on Ilium's or Latium's plains, on far other plains and places henceforth can noble deeds now be done. . . . To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed." It was this desire, this purpose—embryotic, unformed perhaps, but still existing—that was occupying the soul of this unknown Portsmouth lad, growing with his growth, increasing with his strength, unconsciously but assuredly becoming the one unalterable determination that was twining itself into every fibre of his being, shaping and directing all his thoughts for the future; and when, months after, this determination had assumed definite form, and he had fully committed himself to the work of his Master, with what joy and enthusiasm does he accept his life-work! On his twentieth birthday he writes in his journal: "When I remember that He has enabled me to become a believer in a doctrine so replete with joy and gladness as is the one I have the happiness to believe, and has also called me forth into the vineyard of my Master to preach this glorious truth to my fellow-men, I cannot refrain from exclaiming, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise the Lord.' May I be enabled suitably to realize all my blessings; may I be enabled to act in such a manner as to show that they are realized and most thankfully received. Especially do I pray that I may be enabled to become a workman in the vineyard of my Lord, such as 'needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing

the word of truth.' May I be enabled to preach and to pray and to exhort, to comfort and to console with the spirit and feeling of my religion, and so may I be a living exemplification of the Universalism I believe, and in which I glory." Was this desire of the earnest young neophyte fulfilled? Let the life-record of Elbridge Gerry Brooks stand in attestation.

In the last anniversary sermon which he lived to preach, forty-three years after the above entry that stands on the pages of that youthful journal, this battle-scarred warrior, almost ready to lay aside forever his well-worn armor, said :

"Only one who has himself tried to be a faithful minister knows or can know what is the burden that rests all the time on such a minister's heart. But it is for me to say that after the apostolic model—'as ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter but of the spirit'—I have tried during all the years I have been a minister to shape my ministry. Fallible as I am, like all men I have doubtless fallen into mistakes. My one aim, however, has been to be to my people a leader, pastor, preacher, by trying first of all to be a man; then by always preaching Christ in spirit whatever I might preach in form; and then by preaching the truth given me never as a mere dogma, but always as a quickening power, summoning souls to penitence and faith in consecration to God and the discipleship of the Redeemer. Christ to me is no mere name, but a Divine fact essential to every soul, and I have tried as His minister so to preach Him in the pulpit and so to live Him in my walk and conversation."

It was the desire to consecrate himself thus utterly and entirely to the service of the great Captain of his Salvation that actuated his entire life-labors, from the crude expressions in the journal of the boy to the last utterance of the man. "The requisite for an entrance into the ministry," he says in "Our New Departure," "should be a chivalrous sinking of self in consecration to Christ and the Church. . . . Self as a ruling force has no rightful place in the minister's life. *To minister* means *to serve*, and in the very act of becoming a minister, one at all conscious of what he is doing consecrates himself to service, abdicating all right to consider himself or his own ease or his own will. . . . Every

minister, so far as he is a true minister, merges himself in Christ and the Church, and the service to which he is pledged—as of old every knight lost his own will in that of the lady whose plume he bore. *I am nothing—Christ and His cause are everything*, is the feeling that becomes uppermost in every heart that has with any earnestness or sincerity dedicated itself to the minister's work. It is the heroic spirit that is demanded ; and on this account every man fitted to be a minister is to this extent a hero."

Verily, the centuries are not so far removed from each other, and soldier, martyr, priest clasp hands in the one kindred heart-beat of self-abnegation, across the circles of the ages. Not stout Sir Richard Grenville, dying in calm serenity under the golden flag of his enemy ; not Brébeuf the Jesuit, slowly scorching at the stake of the Iroquois, more concerned for his converts than for himself ; not the patient, yearning, faithful pastor of these later days—are so greatly separated one from the other as each, with the love of his queen and his country, his mission and his order, his Master and his brother, strong above the pains of death or the petty but grinding annoyances of daily life, shines out upon the paths of men "a flowing light-fountain, of manhood and heroic nobleness, in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them."

CHAPTER III.

"Give us ministers of the right stamp—earnest, chivalric, full of love for Christ and the truth, and all else will come right."—*Our New Departure.*

IT is summer in Rome. Overrunning the old Servian wall and teeming with busy millions, the giant city sits enthroned upon her seven hills—the Empress of the World, robed in all the glittering grandeur of seeming prosperity, far-reaching in power and might, but fast tottering to decline and decay. All is life and hurry as the hum of traffic and the noise of moving multitudes fill the air. Here with measured tread, eagles fluttering and trumpets pealing, pass the real masters of Rome, a cohort of imperial legionaries, bronzed with the sun of distant Armenia or scarred with the battle-marks of Boadicean revolt in farthest Britain; there, client-guarded and slave-encircled, rolls the chariot of some wealthy noble who glances with arrogance upon the throngs that press his chariot-wheels or crowd the narrow way; yonder the Tiber, sparkling in the sunlight, flows onward to the sea; on every hand, in all the stately beauty of column, arch, and capital, rise the proud structures of the Imperial City, while its myriad roofs gleam and glisten under the brightness of an Italian sky. Withdrawn from all this outward beauty—alone, a prisoner, and condemned to die—in his gloomy cell in the dark caverns of the Mamertine Prison, sits a time-worn and venerable man, bent with the weight of years and exhausting labors, but with an eye clear and truthful, and with the old fire of his soul unsubdued. It is Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, condemned to death by the corrupt judges of a corrupter Cæsar. Chained and humiliated as a criminal, but wearing the regal dignity of a hero and the spiritual serenity of a saint, undaunted by the fear of death, secure in his sublime and manly trust, he waits with calmness the fatal day which shall close his earthly labors,

when the dark tragedy of the Ostian Way shall raise the hero to the martyr, the apostle to the saint. With a tenacity of intellect that no torture can disturb, and a wealth of love for his brethren that separation and imprisonment cannot lessen, he endures heroically the rigors of persecution, while as he waits for death the dark and cavernous cell is for him bright with the same marvellous glory, the same "great light" that long years before "shone about him" and changed the unrelenting persecutor of Jerusalem into the stricken penitent of Damascus. And now as the flickering light shows in dim outline the scant appointments of the felon's cell, so soon to be transfigured to the pilgrim's shrine, read, as with firm and loving hand he traces his last words to Timothy, his well-beloved son: "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom, Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. . . . Watch in all things; endure affliction; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry."

In the decade stretching from 1830 to 1840, the Universalist Church of America may be considered to have been in a condition of transition between the state of mere negation and that of positive assertion. The epic of "the sad-hearted stranger of Good Luck" had long been a thing of the past. De Benneville and Mayhew, Murray and Winchester, pioneers of Truth, breaking ground for the sowers who followed them, had passed to their higher glory; and Hosea Ballou and Walter Balfour, Edward Turner, and Sebastian Streeter and their contemporaries were in the vigor and strength of their manhood, planting deep and scattering wide those seeds for Christian life and work which, under the fostering care of their successors, have developed into that mighty tree toward whose grateful shade all Christendom is even now approaching.

Of these seed-sowers, none occupied so advanced or commanding a position as Hosea Ballou, that grand old hero of our Church, whose memory as theologian, reformer, preacher, and man "will never fade from the hearts which cherish it, . . . one of the few whose names never die, and the results of whose lives flow on a perpetual power of enlightenment and regeneration." Next to him possibly in power and influence stood Sebastian Streeter, of unstained and unimpeachable integrity—a man "full of the Holy Ghost, thoroughly permeated and vitalized with the unction and spiritual power of the truth he proclaimed." Both these revered Fathers—Ballou and Streeter—had during their ministry been settled over the society in Portsmouth, which was also one of the original parishes founded by Murray (November, 1773), and their precepts, teaching, and doctrine had grown into the lives and opinions of the advancing sect throughout eastern New England. The unanswerable logic of Ballou, "simple as the talk of a child, strong as the tramp of a giant," as it has been aptly characterized, and the fervor, the piety, the affectionate sympathy and sterling good sense of Father Streeter had made of Oliver and Susan Brooks consistent and conscientious Universalists; and their son, coming under the same influences, and further strengthened by a careful home training, was thereby rooted and grounded in the faith of which he afterward became so devoted and earnest a minister. It is natural, therefore, that with his early training based upon the teachings of these patriarchs of our Church, a close observer of their words and work in later years, and thus brought constantly into intimate relations with them, he should have learned to esteem and respect them. He had, indeed, for them both a veneration amounting almost to reverence, and this warm affection tempered by the judicial fairness which he brought to the consideration of every matter or question, enabled him to make, after their lives on earth had closed, a careful and unbiassed analysis of their characters and influence. Concerning one of them he writes: "Ballou, with nothing but the

Bible and his own soul, has given a fresh inspiration to the world's faith ; voyaging across a trackless sea has laid open new continents of meaning in its principles ; and disclosing these new and broader meanings has made Christ a completer ministry to all human needs, and the Gospel a mightier and more regenerative spiritual force." And of Sebastian Streeter he says : " For nearly thirty years he was universally known as ' Father Streeter,' and no man ever better deserved the title, since no one ever had more of the patriarchal spirit, or was more beloved or esteemed alike by the young, the middle-aged, and the old. . . . His power lay not so much in his intellectual strength as in the depth of his religious experience. . . . With no conspicuous gifts, but with purpose to make the most of the gifts he had, we see him victorious over early hindrances, making for himself an honorable name, and by earnest effort in the spirit of the Gospel becoming an efficient laborer for the truth he professed."

A conscientious and thoughtful boy, brought up at the feet of these Gamaliels of the Church, accepting Universalism as the true faith, and thoroughly believing it ; roused to its defence and earnest in its interests as his youth advanced, it is little wonder that the thoughts and desires of this young man should have tended toward its ministry.

It is possible that the spirit of controversy so rife in those earlier times, alike in matters religious and in matters political, fostered the kindred spirit of personal proselytism which but comparatively few of us have in these degenerate days. The lyceum lecture and the debating society were then just beginning to be appreciated by the people as means toward a broader enlightenment. Many a father of the present generation has overcome his timidity, increased his interest and kindled his zeal in behalf of truth and justice by the earnest though boyish discussions of the debating society, and has helped on the Right with all the unwearied ardor of a warm young heart. " You will undoubtedly wish to know," writes one of the youthful correspondents

of our Portsmouth boy, in a letter all full of the manifold eagernesses of youth, but now, alas ! creased and yellow with the folds of fifty years, " how the B.K.S. flourishes. I am happy to state that the spirit of the institution is still kept up, and our addresses are regular and spirited. Since January, Weeks has delivered one on ' Mechanics,' Shapley on ' Procrastination,' Hanscom on ' Infidelity,' Shores on ' Printing,' Stavers on ' Lotteries,' Penhallow on ' Natural and Revealed Religion,' Ham on ' Some of the Ways by which Young Men may be Led Astray from Virtue,' Waldron on ' Dissipation,' and at the last meeting an interesting discussion on Anti-Slavery was introduced." And these were boys of sixteen and eighteen—healthy and hearty boys, large in appetite and full of brawn and muscle, but full also of energy and a desire for mental and moral improvement, just tantalized by the limited school-learning they had achieved, and anxious for larger development. No doubt the world advances with each new day of life, and the cry of physical degeneracy and a low standard of morals is but the shibboleth of the pessimist ; but which is the better, the debating of practical questions by thoughtful young minds, as in those boys of fifty years ago, or the bicycle craze, the society strain, the smart skepticism, and the strivings for style that mark far too many of the boys of to-day ?

The issues of the *Universalist Register* during the decade of which I write speak of a considerable number of associations, which, under the general name of Young Men's Universalist Institutes, were formed in the more populous societies for the mutual improvement of the younger members. The purpose of these associations is briefly outlined in the *Register*, but is still better indicated in the letter of another youthful correspondent, which I find methodically folded and docketed among the earlier papers of this Portsmouth boy : " We, the young men of the First Universalist Society in Portland," his correspondent writes, " have formed an Institute, and have about thirty-five members. We have a very respectable library and reading-room connected with

the association in the vestry of the church, where the members assemble for consultation and debate. We have public meetings once a week, and hold debates on any moral or theological subject, and our meetings are crowded with males and females, who attend regularly and evince a great deal of satisfaction." It was by means such as these, and with an appetite for larger knowledge already whetted by the limited instruction which the schools had given him, that this lad sought to prepare himself for some occupation or pursuit which should lead to a further expansion of his latent powers, and bring into life and action the possibilities for intellectual growth that were already struggling toward the light and cropping through the partially-tilled soil.

One of the choicest of misfortune's many blessings is the unconscious kindness of thought and action that it not infrequently evokes—holy balsam drops distilled by the press of pain or the crushings of loss—and ever since that July day when the maimed and fainting boy was lifted from beneath the wheels of the swaying Vaughan Street house, many a townsman had been heard to express pity and praise alike for the little fellow who had been hurt so cruelly and yet had borne his hurt so manfully. Thus in the staid old town everybody was a friend to the "plucky little chap who was run over by a house just beyond the Parade"; and as the boy grew to young manhood many of these friends—sympathetic men and women—saw the promise and felt the earnestness of the strong and self-reliant nature, and were glad to say a cheering word or do some deed of kindness.

"Being a young man who bids fair to be useful in society, we the undersigned feel it a pleasure as well as a duty to assist him," are the words of one paper which enshrines an act of unexpected but deeply appreciated friendship and thoughtfulness, the grateful remembrance of which was long treasured in his heart. So it came to pass, when the school-days were over and the question, What next? was debated, that out from the circle of his friends stepped a few well-to-do citizens who said, "Elbridge, you must go to college.

Go at our expense" ; and the boy, strong in his desire for learning, but stronger still in a certain, perhaps questionable, pride which would not permit him, a poor hatter's son, to accept from others favors which he could not hope to repay, steeled his heart against its own strong yearnings, and said, " Thank you, no ! I must fight my own battles." Putting aside, therefore, the proffered aid, putting aside too for the time his growing determination to take upon himself at some time the duties of the Christian ministry, advised by friends and aided by the personal interest of his cousin, a lawyer in Exeter, N. H., he accepted the opportunity presented him to enter upon the study of the law, and in November, 1833, he entered the office of John S. Tenney, of Norridgewock, Me., then a prominent lawyer of that section, and later an eminent and honored judge of the Supreme Bench of Maine. Here he remained until June, 1835, with the exception of a few months in the winter of 1834-5 spent in charge of the law-office of his legal cousin at Exeter. Of this period he states : " The law was distasteful to me, and writs and executions and clients partook more and more of the nature of bores, and at length I plucked up courage to tell my parents the wish and purpose of my heart as to the ministry. They immediately urged my return home, that I might enter upon my preparation." But this brief period, scarce two years, passed in legal studies, though not resulting as his friends had desired, did much for the youth in mental development and increasing strength of character. It did more. It brought him into contact with the world, and smoothed off the rough and homely edges of his nature ; it opened his eyes to the many-sidedness of erring and helpful humanity ; it taught him the depth of meanness to which men will go for gain ; it laid the foundation of loving and lasting friendships ; it intensified his deep love for the beauties and glories of nature ; it forced him to speak, and speak boldly, in defence of the faith that was in him ; in short, it made of the distrustful, retiring, thoughtful village boy—a man.

Beautifully placed alike by the harmonious groupings of nature and the unconscious blunder-painting of man on the green borders of the Kennebec, the town of Norridgewock stands, as it stood fifty years ago, a proof of those magical virtues of God's divine alembic, in which dull stone and sodden earth, prosaic weed and wood and water may be blended, transmuted, and glorified into one of the fairest masterpieces that hangs in God's picture-gallery. Past the town flows the blue Kennebec, bright and vigorous in its steady and ceaseless course, full of promise of the broadening stream and the broader ocean beyond, while all around stretch fertile fields and wooded slopes—the mingling glories of nature's rarest tints forming a landscape that whispers to the sated tourist of rest and peace, and speaks to the thoughtful mind of the world's matchless beauty and of God's great love. "Nature," says Chapin, "teaches us religious truth ; it enriches us with larger spiritual life ; it kindles in us the fire of devotion ; it exalts us to the idea of immortality ; it draws us into communion with God." So amid these constant delights of natural scenery, rambling by river bank and sloping hillside, through odorous field and forest, our young law-student spent two pleasant years, drawing alike health and inspiration from the world's beauty that met him at every turn, and storing his mind with picture-germs which vitalized his fancy, clarified his practical nature, and remained ever with him as an invaluable collection upon which in after years he drew for many an inspiration and many a pregnant thought. Though his studies were distasteful to him, in so far as they showed each day how unwelcome to him would be a legal life, still they did much for him in the way of deepening his powers of thought, of concentration, and of application.

The gifted Autocrat once said, at that now renowned Breakfast Table, "Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street and leads into a passage which opens into an anteroom, and this into the interior apartments.

The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers. . . . Be very careful to whom you intrust a side-door key." No better or more practical application of this quaint and homely simile can be found than in the story of two friendships which, there by the flowing Kennebec, were formed by the warm-hearted young law-student in the days of long-ago. To two friends, associates and inseparables, did he intrust the side-door key. The one, a youth of many words and apparently warm affections, swore eternal friendship in the days of youthful hopes and high ambitions, and sent voluminous and effusive letters when the first days of separation came; then, slipping gradually out of life and recollection, the lagging correspondence was soon dropped, the old friendship forgotten; and finally, when in the later days, to each had come the cares, the struggles, and responsibilities of manhood, the friend with whom the boyish friendship had been plighted was ignored, because, forsooth, he had lost caste by following the dictates of heart and conscience, and become that thing abhorred—a Universalist minister. "These are the real griefs of life," writes the young minister in his journal, as the defection of his old-time friend becomes clear to him; "to find hearts that have once given us their love, and on which we have lavished ours, turned to stone; to meet those whose memories are linked with the sweetest thoughts of the past and find them changed. The explanation of —'s coldness doubtless is that he is a Methodist minister, and his cold partialism chills the affections of his naturally warm heart, and forbids him to recognize in the heretic—above all, in the heretical minister—his friend. Accursed be such doctrines! Perish utterly from the record of men's thoughts, from the company of their convictions, creeds that can work such havoc among the strongest and most beautiful affections of the human heart—turning its affinities into repulsions, its sweetness into gall, its sunshine into ice. God help me, now that they have robbed me of one of my dearest friends, more than ever to labor for the overthrow of

doctrines so false, so cruel in themselves, so dishonorable to God, so destructive to man." And the other to whom the side-door key was intrusted, how different the record of his friendship ! Years have passed since the days when these open-hearted boys grew into each other's lives through a communion of likes and interests, and hoar-frost and winter long since touched alike each head with snowy brush ; honors came to each ; the more sacred intimacies of home and family had grown above the friendships of early days ; but as youth and men, as thoughtful students and as earnest workers, the old affection still remained fresh and steadfast until the green sod of Mount Auburn completed the separations of earth. Not as honored judge or as grave doctor of divinity, but as " Danforth " and " Brooks," as friends and brothers of the long ago would they meet at rare intervals ; while together or apart this quiet, strong, and loyal friendship tinged their busy lives.

Of these days at Norridgewock Judge Danforth writes : " He highly appreciated the natural scenery in and about our beautiful village, and our morning and evening walks up and down the river, over the hills, and in the woods, he as well as myself highly enjoyed. Coming there, as he did, and entering a law-office, I supposed it was for the purpose of becoming a practising lawyer ; but I soon found that his thoughts were elsewhere. He studied law, to be sure, with an industry and zeal which if continued must necessarily have placed him in the front rank at the bar, but his conversation was then very largely upon religious matters, in which he manifested much interest and zeal, and which I have thought might have been somewhat stimulated by the beauties of nature with which he was surrounded, and which he so much enjoyed."

But not alone did the months passed at Norridgewock develop his mental faculties, cultivate his natural abilities, and lead to the formation of a cherished and life-long friendship ; they pushed to the test his loyalty to his cherished faith and brought into active and constant use his powers of de-

bate and argument, keeping him always under arms ready to spring to the defence of his religious opinions.

When that valiant and doughty knight, St. George of England, lord and leader of the Seven Champions of Christendom, assailed the Burning Dragon of Egypt, the old legend relates that "he kneeled down and made his humble supplication that Heaven would send him such strength and agility of body as might enable him to slay the fell monster; which being done, with a bold and courageous heart he smote the dragon under the wing, where it was tender and without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon went to the very hilt through the dragon's liver and heart, from whence there issued such an abundance of reeking gore as forced him to yield up his vital spirit to the champion's conquering sword." Typical of the earnestness and vigor of all reformers who battle with what they deem a wrong more potent than Egypt's Burning Dragon, this fable has lived through the ages, while the "knight immaculate" has been the prototype of every valiant champion of the truth and the right. And so again by the peaceful Kennebec this stout young Knight of the Cross, with the buckler of God's Universal Love and the sword of Christ's True Redemption, attacked with prayerful ardor what he held to be a veritable Burning Dragon. Referring to this youthful experience, he said in after years: "I found myself amid very delightful associations, but where I had to hold my Universalism by a constant battle. Here, therefore, attending for the most part only the 'orthodox meeting,' and thrown upon my own resources, I obtained for the first time anything like discipline and logical coherence in my religious thinking." Thus with wits sharpened, perceptions quickened, intellect developed, and faith strengthened by every fresh encounter, he manfully upheld the principles he professed, and while he made his life a living refutation of the taunt of his opponents that "Universalism tended to break down the distinction between virtue and vice, was a bad and dangerous doctrine, encouraging the sin-

ner, deadening the moral sensibilities; and extremely licentious in its tendency," he gained by this experience a spiritual strength and stamina that prepared and disciplined him for his future labors.

Back once more to the old home in Portsmouth, he devoted himself at once to what was termed "a preparation for the ministry." A preparation indeed! In no better way can we of this present age of unexcelled educational advantages comprehend the progress of the past fifty years than by a hasty comparison of the means toward a theological education then and now. Our well-equipped divinity schools, with their four years' course of study, their well-stocked libraries, their professors of Christian Theology, Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, Psychology and Natural Theology, Biblical Languages and Literature, Ecclesiastical History and Biblical Archæology, Ethics, Rhetoric, and kindred branches, while accepted as the indispensable requisites of an intelligent theological training by our embryo preachers of to-day, would indeed have confounded and overwhelmed the clerical aspirant of fifty years ago as a paradise of theology, a pedagogical embarrassment of riches. Listen to this page from the life of the earnest young student as he sketches in outline his scant three months' course of study as a "theologue": "Returning to my home in the summer of 1835, I soon after began, as it was called, to 'study' with Rev. T. F. King, the Portsmouth pastor: that is, he gave me 'Mosheim,' and subsequently one volume of 'Horne' to read, and after a few weeks told me I had better 'write a sermon.' That was all!—not a lesson recited, not a question asked, not a hint offered touching what I was to do. Besides the books mentioned—saying nothing of a great deal of other reading I had done not at all bearing on my chosen work, and much of it ruinously dissipating to all taste or relish for solid reading—I had read the *Trumpet* from its commencement, had read a few pamphlet sermons, and possibly half a dozen other books relating to theology, including Paley's 'Theology' and 'Evidences.' This with

some superficial acquaintance with the Bible was my preparation for the ministry."

Meagre and unsatisfactory as this "preparation" was, it was but one of many similar experiences of the younger ministers of our Church prior to 1836; and while as the Church was at that time constituted it could not well have been otherwise, it is perhaps, as has been remarked, "a matter of amazement that we have had so many excellent and tolerable ministers as we have, and so few of the other description." The reason is probably very largely to be credited to the fact that so many of our preachers have been so infused with the spirit and glory of the truth they aimed to proclaim, that their insufficient preparation has been more than redeemed by their energy, their consecration, and their devotedness.

His mentor, friend, and "preceptor," the Rev. T. F. King, was a man of ready and exuberant wit, practical common-sense, thorough consecration, and a genial and sympathetic nature—qualities more than perpetuated in his son, the gifted Thomas Starr King, honored throughout the loyal North as the man who saved California to the Union, and who died at his post as truly a martyr to his country's service as if shot down by the enemy in the forefront of the battle. Mr. King, though scarcely prepared to guide the studies of his young student, was thoroughly interested in his welfare. His friend and pastor for a number of years, he had watched the boy's spiritual development and marked the unmistakable yearnings of his strong religious nature, and as a consequence he gave him hearty encouragement, and aided him in every possible way. That these aids were not all that they should have been was the fault not of the man but of the time. After the departure of Mr. King from Portsmouth, in November, 1835, to take charge of the society in Charlestown, Mass., even these meagre aids were withdrawn; the career of the young man as a "student of theology" terminated, and ever after his studies, he says, "such as they were, were self-directed and pursued alone."

Our lives—even the most monotonous and uneventful—are punctuated by climaxes. Birthdays and holidays, life's garlanded mile-stones, though points of departure, are not so indelibly impressed upon our memory as are those dates which stand for events of special importance in our home-life or in our individual histories. And there is assuredly nothing in our lives that partakes more fully of the nature of a climax than that memorable date that marks forever after our first public appearance in any *role* which we have undertaken to play on life's uncertain stage. The lawyer's first plea, the author's first book, the physician's first case, the first song of the *débutante*, the first sermon of the clergyman, are each as big with fate, as mighty with the presage of future triumphs, as important a spoke in the wheel of progress, and as full of glory to the chief actor, as were ever the proudest laurels of a Cæsar or the sublimest utterances of a Webster.

"And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up. . . ." The old meeting-house in Portsmouth, all redolent with the odor of sanctity, crowded with hallowed memories of Murray and Turner, of Ballou and Streeter and King—mighty men before the Lord, strong for the faith, and honored of all the people—frowned with an awful solemnity, as if its very belfry was the bewigged head of some portentous judge, upon the palpitating young preacher who was to preach there, before his critical townsmen—people who had patted him on the head and known him as "Elbridge" from his youth up—his first sermon. Oh, what a wealth of sensations, what an ambuscade of speculations lurk under the shadow of that little adjective—his *first* sermon! It was a chilly Sunday in the bleakest month of a New England fall—November 15th, 1835. Never had the aisle seemed longer, never the pulpit-stairs higher, never the reading-desk more lofty, than on that memorable morning when, rising from the pulpit-chair, that boy of nineteen essayed to deliver his first sermon, and looked from his dizzy height down, down, down into what seemed a very abyss of criticism—the upturned

faces of his friends and neighbors. There sat his father, proud, hopeful, uncomfortable ; more anxious for his boy's success than for the fate of nations ; inwardly groaning at every slip, outwardly perspiring at every sympathetic pore. There sat his mother, calmly nervous, glorying in her boy elevated for the time to the post of so many revered and honored ones ; following him with one eye, all heart, and with the other, all anxiety, watching the listening congregation ; while all around the house the young preacher dimly recognized through the mists of trepidation and the film of semi-consciousness the familiar forms and faces of many a friend and acquaintance. The first charge of the soldier is made side by side with his comrades, and they bear with him the brunt of the exciting encounter ; the first sermon of the preacher is voiced into a stillness more distracting than the blare of ten thousand trumpets, above which the resounding echoes of his own voice, be it ever so feeble, return to him an hundredfold from ceiling, loft, and roof-tree, while each new word goes flying into space, a very Cassandra fraught with prophecies of woe to him who sent it forth. Thus felt our young preacher on that chill November Sabbath in the old Portsmouth meeting-house ; but his auditors appear to have been satisfied. His only slip seems to have occurred in the Scripture reading, when he declared his morning lesson to be the sixteenth *chapter* of Psalms. His sermon, long since destroyed as too prolific of torturing memories to be retained, was based upon Isaiah 40 : 8 : " The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of our God shall stand forever."

Dr. Whittemore's biographer records that Father Ballou humorously remarked of Mr. Whittemore's first sermon, that there were two very good points to it, " the text and the amen" ; and the criticism that appears to have lived longest in the memory of the young Portsmouth neophyte seems to have been the expressive and long-pent sigh of relief that escaped his anxious father when the sermon was over, coupled with the homely assertion, which however held a world of meaning, that he " never sweat so in all his life."

Poor, crude, immature, green, sophomoric production ! how in after years the memory of your sounding words and long-strung sentences would cause the hearty laugh and the merry twinkle of the kindly eyes as the strong and well-rounded man has pictured the trepidation of the youth and summoned your shade from the mists of long-ago ! But how, under all your crust of platitude and redundancy, there seethed and glowed the restless fire of a heart all aflame with a belief in God's conquering and universal love, and which was in after years to pervade all his pulpit utterances and to grandly illumine all his strongest periods !

The ice thus broken by the sermon of that first memorable Sunday, subsequent appointments to preach in other places were eagerly accepted, and were met with less and less trepidation and with growing confidence. His second Sunday was passed in his native town of Dover, and his record shows with some pride his first receipt of four dollars as the return for his services on that day. Then came an interval of five winter months during which time no sermons were preached ; but in place of the parson appears the pedagogue. His duties as "master" of the school at Kittery 'Foreside were probably neither brain-taxing nor onerous, but every new phase of life's experiences bears fruit in the sharpening of some faculty or the strengthening of some weak point, and the time thus spent at the teacher's desk, though not congenial, was not given in vain. A Sunday in the April following, two in May, and one in June were the only other appointments which he filled during his eight months of preliminary effort, and on June 16th, 1836, at the session of the New Hampshire State Convention, held in the city of Portsmouth, the usual letter of fellowship was unhesitatingly granted him, and Elbridge Gerry Brooks was sent out into the world by his brethren, formally recommended by them as a duly constituted clergyman of the Universalist Church. The aspirations and ambitions of his youth were at last fulfilled, and his life-work as a Christian minister fairly begun.

In after years, as the experiences of his long term of active service were one by one recalled, and he thought of the manner and extent of his so-called preparations for the duties and responsibilities of his sacred office he said, in rueful and retrospective criticism, referring to that Letter of Fellowship: "And so, unprepared, I was sent out with the formal indorsement of the New Hampshire Convention as entitled to full confidence as a minister, without a single inquiry as to personal experience, as to reading or habits of study, as to opinions, purpose, or anything else! I have always felt that it was by the special grace of God that I was kept from shaming the ministry and our cause by my utter unfitness; for a youth more immature in all essentials, or less prepared in every particular for the grave responsibilities I assumed, save that I looked considerably older than I was, and had a sincere desire to live correctly and to do good, it would be difficult to find: a fact which I unconsciously symbolized, let me add, by choosing a coat of *very green thin stuff* for that first summer's wear."

That symbolic "thin green coat," however, toughened with constant wear, and year by year became more suited to the requirements of the wearer, until at length, touched by the hand of Time, God's master armorer, and strengthened by the clever and telling blows of Experience, old Time's skilful apprentice, the thin green coat of the once timid squire shone bright in the sunlight as the strong and glittering coat of mail of the valiant Knight of the Cross.

When Dandolo of Venice, the brave and blind old doge of that fair city of the sea, bent with the weight of his ninety years, led the zealous host of crusaders against the Christian usurper of Constantinople and the infidel hordes of the East, no zealot in all his host was more on fire than he. Running his galley aground under the very walls of the city, he leaped on shore, and himself led the assault that gave to the Venetian, the Frank, and the Fleming the once proud capital of the Eastern Empire, and divided among the descendants of Attila the sovereignty of the Byzantine

kingdom. And as the old crusaders' war-cry of "*Volonte de Dieu*" (God's will) rang out from myriad throats until the hills of that haughty city gave back the shout, and the false Alexios trembled at the storm that he himself had invited, the enthusiasm of that blind old leader ran like an electric shock through all the invading host; the youngest and humblest even felt the thrill of excitement and the prophetic flush of victory, while the crusading army, storming the gates with a resistless fury, overcame all obstacles, and planted the conquering Red Cross banner high above the cypress-circled palace of the effeminate Eastern emperors.

And echoing through the ages, the old crusaders' battle-cry still sounds triumphant, giving new strength to the beleaguered, new hope to the toiling, new life to the dying, while the weakest soldier of the cross, the humblest servant of the Master, the most hesitating minister of his word has felt a new life and a fresh determination as his soul has thrilled with the touch of the Divine assistance; with glowing heart and earnest hand he has lifted high the drooping banner of the cross, and with the holy cry of "God's will" upon his lips has pressed on to final victory.

CHAPTER IV.

"We are ministers of a cross omnipotent, preaching a Saviour who can know neither failure nor defeat."
Our New Departure.

THE fifth Henry of England, the most illustrious of the Plantagenet kings, victor of Agincourt and conqueror of France, lay a-dying in the royal chateau of Vincennes. Pure, open-hearted, courageous, and magnanimous, his young but eventful life was slowly ebbing away under the fell touch of a mortal disease. With everything to live for—with youth, and power, and a loving bride; idolized by his subjects, feared by his enemies, a sovereign who at thirty-three had filled the record of a reign "splendid beyond precedent; vigorous, statesmanlike, momentous to the destiny of Europe"—this conqueror and hero serenely waited his end, calmly yielding to the call of a Sovereign mightier than earthly kings. The last communion over, the dying monarch bade the waiting priests chant together the seven penitential Psalms of David. Low and clear, like the notes of a holy requiem, the solemn chant rose above the bed of the fast-failing king. As their calmly modulated voices intoned passage after passage, the royal Henry closed his eyes as if in sleep, but as the words, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem" fell upon his ear, half raising himself on his couch and with the old imperious gesture he bade them stop. "I declare to you on the faith of a dying man," he said, elevating his clear and commanding voice, "that it hath been my fixed purpose to deliver Jerusalem from the infidels, had it pleased my Creator to lengthen my days." Then, as the sinking August sun streamed with a sunset glory through the windows of the old chateau, tinged with its rays the saddened faces of weeping queen, robed priests, and loving courtiers, the brow of the dying hero seemed

transfigured as if with the divine radiance of an immortality more glorious than that of earthly fame or conquest. The last strains of the penitential chant floated out through the open windows, and, as if borne on the wings of sacred song, Henry the Fifth, King of England, Heir and Regent of France, "the Unconquered King, the Flower and Pride of all Chivalry," passed to his eternal home conqueror of two kingdoms, but, more glorious far, conqueror over himself, triumphant even in death.

"We must not think," says old Jeremy Taylor, "that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a steady use of reason according to his proportion, and when that is all the world of men cannot tell precisely."

The briefless barrister, the patientless physician, the unsettled clergyman, the profitless bread-winner of whatever degree alike sigh over their seemingly harsh lot; but each day as they neglect to help themselves they sink only deeper into the ruts of inaction. The story of Hercules and the wagoner, so familiar to every schoolboy, is sufficiently suggestive as with our own shoulder to the wheel the imbedded cart moves from the clogging mire. But of still more divine significance appears that kindred fable of Hercules and Antæus. Pitted against each other in mortal struggle, the heaven-sent messenger and the earth-born giant wrestled for many an hour, each succeeding struggle apparently unavailing, and the mighty son of Jupiter seemed doomed to defeat and death. Suddenly, as by a Jove-given inspiration, the toiling Hercules, desisting from vain attempts to overcome the giant on his native earth, raised him high in air and flung him toward the heavens. Thus wrested from his earthly foothold, where lay all his strength, the once invin-

cible Antæus lost his earth-born power and died in the clutch of his conqueror. Our unmanly repinings at our lot, our earth-cloyed struggles with our sins and weaknesses always end in our defeat. Lift them up, battle with them in God's free air, take them toward heaven, and they fall conquered and overcome. Upon the pages of the journal of the young preacher whose life-work is here sketched, nothing is more noticeable than his trusting dependence upon heavenly aid joined to his own earnest and determined efforts. Such a journal, prepared solely for the writer's own eyes, carefully and jealously guarded from other readers, must of necessity contain the writer's inward thoughts, desires, and aspirations, and even in the earliest entries appear the unmistakable signs of that determination to wisely preach and devoutly live, showing that even now the youth had become a man, making, as old Jeremy hath it, "a steady use of reason according to his proportion"; and between the lines may be read the germ of that desire to "build the walls of Jerusalem" that with his advancing years developed into his earnest and unceasing yearning for a more coherent and efficient organization of the Church he held so dear.

"Weary working for ducats makes them thrice welcome," said the old Venetians, and there was close figuring in that humble Portsmouth home on the question of ways and means, when the father's income was fluctuating and the son's was so precarious. But neither father nor mother ever faltered in keeping simple faith with their boy, by hearty approval, by words of encouragement, by pinching economy, and by such help as was possible to them; thus, unconsciously perhaps, following out the precept of old Roger Ascham: "Let fathers bestow their children upon that thing whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit." In July, 1836, was made the young man's first visit to Boston—no inconsiderable journey in those days of stages, post-roads, and tedious travel, and one even as memorable as is the first pilgrimage of faithful Moslem to the sacred

Mecca. The newly-fledged minister found an unspeakable enjoyment in mingling with his brethren and elders of experience and renown, and to stop at "Brother Abel Tompkins'" or to call at the *Trumpet* office formed a part of his daily duty joyfully followed out. Here he would meet with and listen to those three fathers in the faith, Ballou, Streeter, and Balfour; with Whittemore and Thayer, and Williamson, King, and Paige, Bacon, Austin, Adams, and others of the earnest and honored ones of the Church, many of whom have long since obeyed the divine call, "Come up higher."

It is with no small amusement in these days of rapid transit and far-reaching trunk lines, that we read, as he records with many details, how he took his "first ride in the steam-cars" on the short railroad then running from Boston to Lowell, and one of the wonders of the city and the day. Summing up his sensations after a minute description, he concludes: "I like the speed with which the cars move, but am not at all fond of the tremendous racket they make." It is also curious to read, secure in our dependence upon a fully equipped fire department, of his attendance "with Brother King and Father Streeter at a meeting of a little society composed of Universalists and called the 'Fire Society,'" the object of which association was mutual assistance in case of fire. "If any member's house or place of business takes fire, the other members repair there at once and assist in removing the goods and chattels. During the long evenings they meet once a month to transact business, and then have a discussion of some religious topic followed by singing." *O tempora, O mores!* Imagine the "boys" of to-day who "run with No. 6," in some country-town, or the more admirable human machines who work the "steamers" in our large cities, spending their off-moments in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, in discussions on original sin and the law of sacrifice! This Boston visit with the opportunities it offered, and which were gladly improved, was indeed an episode in the life of the young aspirant, and

he returned to his home with a mind stored with pleasant memories and much food for reflection.

Though fellowshiped in the summer of 1836, the "call" and "settlement" were not at once forthcoming. "Everybody must wear out one pair of fool's shoes, if not more," runs the old adage, and the elders who govern church matters always hesitate before giving the pastorship of their church into untried hands, preferring that some other society shall supply the first pair of shoes, and therefore many an earnest young preacher spends his first months in erratic cruising among the churches ere he finds the desired haven.

"Itinerating" then through the summer of 1836, the face and form of the young preacher began to grow familiar to the Universalists of Exeter and South Newmarket, Great Falls and Rochester and Lamprey River, and no man ever found him deficient in word or act, be it to preach the word to the people or to valiantly defend his Christian faith even in the camp of the enemy.

In December he again found himself at the teacher's desk as "master" of the school at Portsmouth Plains, but early in January he gladly retired from this position to preach regularly for a few months for the society in Exeter, N. H. Even in this temporary engagement appears the indisposition of the elders and deacons to depend entirely upon the efforts of a young and inexperienced preacher, for this entry appears in his journal: "Brother R—— and I have had some talk about my coming here. He seems to talk as though he wishes me to engage to preach my own sermons half the time, and to read some one else's the other half. This I have very decidedly stated I am not willing to do."

Consenting to supply for the Exeter parish he writes: "It is settled that I am to go to Exeter for the present. I go somewhat fearful, I must say, as to my success, but I go trusting in the Lord. Upon Him do I depend for wisdom to guide me and for strength to sustain me. O may He grant me this needed wisdom and strength. May He clothe me in the whole armor of the Gospel, and send me forth to

fight the battles of my Master, invincible with the sword of the Spirit, fully enabled to conquer."

This temporary work lasted until the following April, when, the funds of the Exeter treasury running low, further services were for the time dispensed with. Itinerating again from April to June, passing from place to place, and preaching often three sermons a day, he finally, in June, 1837, began to supply the pulpit at West Amesbury, Mass.

The experience which he had gained by his year's itineracy, the continuing development of his mental powers, his earnestness, zeal, and devotion, were all in the young man's favor, and on September 24th he received a unanimous invitation from the society at West Amesbury to become its pastor. It was joyfully accepted, and he entered at once upon the duties of this, his first pastorate, and on October 19th, 1837, was publicly ordained to the work of the ministry.

The issue of the *Trumpet* for October 28th, 1837, contained an account of the services of ordination, written by the then Universalist preacher and subsequently notorious Matthew Hale Smith, who took a prominent part in the services, which were as follows: Scripture Reading, Rev. M. H. Smith; Anthem; Prayer, Rev. J. Shrigley; Sermon, Rev. T. F. King; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. H. Ballou, 2d; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. M. H. Smith; Address to the Society, Rev. M. H. Smith; Anthem; Benediction. Appended to this extracted account of his ordination, which, carefully preserved, was inserted in his record of sermons, appears this note, written nearly thirty-five years after: .

"I am a little ashamed of the authorship of this account of my ordination, and of the fact that the Right Hand of Fellowship should have been given me by such a man. Still the account has no little interest in my eyes, as the notice of what was to me an occasion of great importance.—I have since received Fellowship through *other* Right Hands."

Noting the event in his journal, he writes:

"This day has marked an important era in my life. I am now an

ordained minister of the Gospel, duly set apart by the solemn rite of the laying on of hands. My prayers are answered, my wishes gratified, my hopes fulfilled. That station to which I have so long aspired—which for so long a time has been the object of my prayers, my wishes, and my hopes—I have been at last enabled to occupy. The Lord be with me in mercy and make me faithful. Give me strength to preach and live as I ought. Enable me fully to realize the responsibilities of the station I have assumed, and make me a good and profitable laborer in the vineyard of my Lord and Master."

When the knight of old, his accolade received, his vigil over, rode from the castle gates to carve his way to name and fame, and win his spurs on tented field or in the tourney's lists, his soul was all enthused with an exalted devotion to the vow he had taken to be loyal, brave, and true. "Faithful unto death," was the legend emblazoned on many a crest, woven into many a pennon, kept in many a knightly heart, as in later years it appeared under the cross and crown of brave John Wesley's seal, and as even now it is the guiding motto of many a loyal soul who, strong in faith, earnest in action, constant in a determination to conquer, goes forth to life's tourney, pressing manfully "toward the mark for the high calling of God," a second Sir Galahad :

"A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know no fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joys that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, and turned to finest air.

'The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail."

The young clergyman, already growing to be known as an earnest, promising, and hard-working man, began to find favor also outside the circle of his religious associations; and it was a proud moment for him when, not yet twenty-one, he was invited by the citizens of Portsmouth, his boyhood's home, to fill the important post of reader of the Declaration at the Fourth of July celebration in 1837. What wonder that he records with evident pleasure the rural pomp and ceremony of the occasion, the military escort, and the vote of thanks. Surely, here was glory enough for one day!

His settlement in West Amesbury was a short but happy one. The district at that time was but thinly settled, the society was new and small, and preaching could be sustained but half the time—on each alternate Sunday—while engagements for the unoccupied days were not always forthcoming. Nevertheless it was *his* society, and his work gave him all that fresh delight and enjoyment which comes to every man who works earnestly in what he believes and feels to be his chosen line. Scattered over the rolling country that skirts the Merrimack—that

"Child of the white-crested mountain, whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff eagle's wings,"

and stretches eastward toward the ocean and the rocky headlands of Cape Ann, now some storm-stained farmhouse, now some oak-shaded cottage contained faithful members of that country parish, while from the simple homes of the wagon-making hamlet of West Amesbury came many an earnest parishioner, many a faithful friend.

Absorbed in his work, and striving to consecrate himself thereto, he gave to the people among whom his lot was cast the best he had to offer—the fresh outpourings of an unfolding and growing mind, the clear reasoning and pronounced convictions of a methodical but strengthening brain. That he enjoyed his work and was happy in it, frequent entries in his journal attest—this one, for instance, written at the close of his third service on a Sunday in January: "Have had good meetings to-day; very large congregations morning, afternoon, and evening. I entered into the spirit of my discourses, the people were attentive, and I was happy. I do love to preach. The more I preach the greater does my love of my chosen work become. It is heavenly employment. The Lord make me faithful."

A nature like this, so compactly welded together, so thoroughly imbued with the afflatus that makes, as George Herbert sings, "e'en drudgery divine," and yet so practical withal, can hardly fail to communicate something of its earnestness to others, and to command both attention and respect. That the seed sown in that little parish more than forty years ago did bear fruit for God and the truth, who can doubt?

Now, too, becoming at once a citizen and a man, he begins to interest himself in other than his society affairs, commencing thus early to take a part in secular matters, and to raise his voice in behalf of human progress. "Every condition sits well on a wise man," says the old proverb, and a selfish unconcern of all save our own personal aims and desires dries up all the juices of heaven that enliven a man's moral framework. So we find the young Amesbury preacher, giving thought and attention to all the questions of the hour, and building thus early in life the foundation for a stalwart, wholesome, full-blooded manhood. In connection with others of his neighbors, including at one time the poet Whittier, he served on the school committee of his town; and it is pleasant to know that the brief acquaintance thus formed was not forgotten by the good old poet of Amesbury, as in

a recent letter to the writer he states : " After my brief acquaintance with thy father, I took pleasure in noting from time to time his rising reputation as an able and distinguished clergyman." Already we find the young preacher making an earnest plea for temperance, or an inquiry respecting the anti-slavery movement, both of which reforms, then just rippling on the beach, were soon to sweep the nation like tidal waves. Cautiously and gingerly were these questions then approached and handled, but few ministers being outspoken in their behalf, save as some earnest soul, all aflame for the purification of society, would cast the question—a veritable firebrand—into council or meeting. " Agitation is unwise," protested expediency, and thus this same expediency smothered many a noble resolve in those early days, as is shown by the following extract from the journal. Attending a session of the Massachusetts State Convention at Salem, he writes, under date of June 7th, 1838 : " Went into the council-room, and had pretty warm work there too. Brother Joseph O. Skinner introduced a resolution against slavery, condemning it as a great moral and political evil, and protesting that it ought to be abolished. A very warm and exciting discussion took place, and after the most of the afternoon had been consumed the whole subject was indefinitely postponed and the convention adjourned in a hurry." It is easy to imagine where this earnest young laborer for truth and justice stood in this discussion. " The wind that blows out candles kindles the fire," runs the old saying, and the very action that sought to snuff out discussion in council and assembly only fanned the flame that ere many years blazed into a fervid fire of indignation and resolve that swept the curse out of existence.

Thus, then, the young preacher worked during the months of this first pleasant pastorate among the hills of the Merrimack, strengthening the growing society, and growing himself in manliness and Christian character. His voice already began to be heard in council, in convention, and in association, now joining in the religious exercises, now urging an

increased devotion and loyalty to the Master and the cross omnipotent. "Christ's own being," the strong hand wrote in later years—"calm and undemonstrative as he was—was all aglow with the fires of Divine love and truth. Every apostle flamed with faith, enthusiasm, devout assurance, and consecration. And if anywhere since there have been those high and humble who in Christ's name have been in any degree earnest, saintly, heroic, it has been solely because, whatever their belief, or however they may have argued, that they have also *felt* Christianity and have been so far kindled and set spiritually to burning by it." Already these fires of faith and consecration, of enthusiasm and devout assurance, were seething in that determined soul, and his energy and zeal won respect even from his opponents.

But as the young man grew in strength and in experience, new fields and opportunities for increased usefulness opened before him, and in June, 1838, came a unanimous call to become the pastor of the Universalist Society in East Cambridge, Mass. Weighing carefully his duty in this matter, urged to accept the invitation by those whose advice he esteemed, conscious of the privileges and advantages which would come from so near a residence to Boston, he finally accepted the invitation. As in his journal we trace out his consideration of this matter, it is apparent that naught but the question of duty seems to possess his mind. And as in this so in all subsequent changes, he appears to have acted solely upon the principle which he himself late in life enunciated: "The true minister, impressed with the supreme importance of spiritual things, finds himself by an irresistible impulse precipitated into the ministry. No thought of place or pay occupies him. His thought is only of God and Christ and souls. A sense alike of duty and privilege possesses and propels him."

Pleasant memories of this West Amesbury pastorate ever lingered in his mind—memories perpetuated in cherished and long-continued friendships, in the assurance of good

work done, in the recollection of sacred seasons that had spread their influence around him. "It was a new society," he says in relation to the West Amesbury parish, "and I was its first minister, as it was my first society, and in this pleasant connection we mutually found all the delights of a first love." To the same effect the letter granting his dismissal says: "We desire to express the satisfaction which we have enjoyed in the connection with you and the sorrow with which we regard a separation. The unanimous approbation with which your services have been regarded by the society, the entire harmony and good feeling which has ever existed, not only between yourself and us but also with those of a different faith, have made it very desirable that the connection should be prolonged. That your labors with us have been productive of much good we have not only the testimony of our own consciences, but also the acknowledgment of many of our opposing brethren." Welcome words indeed were these to the young man who had tried so conscientiously to be right and to do right; and coming at such a time they were at once productive of sorrow for separation and of pleasure at so appreciative a recognition of duty performed.

It is the province as it is the duty of every impartial biographer to adjust the balances and to carefully weigh the life he seeks to record. "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," and success and failure, merit and foible, strength and weakness should alike be estimated and recorded. To no man is it granted to live a life free from some mistakes; and as no man may escape criticism, so to him who strives the hardest often comes the most of censure. So while there may have been mistakes, impolitic measures, seemingly harsh methods, and too hasty action in the life-work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks, not even his stoutest opponent can for one instant question the purity of his motives or the depth and earnestness of his convictions. Not always understood, often in the minority, and not unfre-

quently charged with bigotry, narrow-mindedness, dogmatism, or ambition, his memory stands to-day clear, above all detraction, radiant and glorified in the light of a supreme and unfaltering devotion to his duty and his God.

"Dr. Brooks projected his life-work far ahead of the era in which he lived," one of his brethren has said, and not his most bitter opponent can deny that in essence this statement is correct.

But while the strength of his life-work lies in the record of his later years, and while there may seem to be but little of interest in the simple account of his first pastorate, I love to linger over the pages of that youthful journal, and, waiving the biographer's duty of criticism, think of him only as the maiden knight, striving in all sincerity for his golden spurs in those early days by the flowing Merrimack, when

"It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart,"

and when as an earnest, prayerful, aspiring champion of God's truth, he

"flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail."

Closing his farewell sermon to his well-beloved people at West Amesbury, he said: "I shall ever look upon this period I have passed with you as a bright and sunny spot in my life's pathway. Young and inexperienced as I was, you received me with extended arms and open hearts. You have kindly overlooked my numerous imperfections and faults, and given me even more praise than has been my due. Receive the acknowledgments of a full heart for all you have been to me, and for the many kindnesses you have bestowed upon me. . . . Oh, dearly beloved, as you wish indeed to fare well, cling to your faith. Cling to it as the truth of the living God; cling to it as the richest boon of heaven. Fathers, mothers, as a son I entreat you; young men, young women, as a brother I plead with you, cling to this glorious faith. Let its kindling and inspiring

influences be felt within you. Be zealous. Faint not, tire not, but let your whole hearts, your whole souls be devoted to it."

Above the death-bed of Henry of England the words of the old penitential chant, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem," lighted anew the strong desire of his soul, and in his fast-icing heart flamed once again the old fires of earnestness of purpose, and of chivalric devotion; the legend that with cross and crown, "Be thou faithful unto death," surmounted Wesley's seal was but a symbol of his unswerving loyalty to his duty and his God; and the youthful minister who urged the people of his little parish to loyalty and fidelity himself strove to be their pattern and their guide. It was thus that, toward the close of life, he but put into words the spirit of his life-efforts as he wrote: "With hearts full of a generous sympathy, with an earnest effort to serve God and do good to man, we are to catch the baptism of their spirits—the spirit of Christ, and of all the saints and martyrs who have lived and died for his sake—in a determined and self-forgetful zeal for our Church, which will render us willing to go anywhere, which will count no labor too exhausting and no sacrifice too great, if we can thus increase its vitality, widen its field of influence, and augment its power."

Instinct with generous purpose, loyal devotion, and ceaseless energy, the tireless workers for God, in whatever age or clime they dwell, do fruitful labor which shall blossom perennially, and are all one in that brotherhood of divine purpose which has the Lord Christ for its glorious Head.

"Through aisles of long-drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's East is there,
The Ages one great minster seem,
That throbs with praise and prayer.

" Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost friend ;
One prayer soars cleansed with martyr fire,
One choked with sinners' tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
And God one music hears.

" O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born !
That Pentecost, when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all shall say *My Brother* here,
And hear *My Son* in heaven !"

CHAPTER V.

"We have not happened. Nothing in our history is the result of accident. We have come of laws as absolute as gravitation or any law of growth."

Our New Departure.

BLOWS fell like hail ; blood flowed like water ; arrow and armor glanced and rang ; swords clashed, and lances were shivered that bright May morning in the year of grace 1330, when by the dancing waters of the Salado, Alfonso of Castile joined bloody battle with the invading Moors. In the very thickest of the fight, at the head of his hundred Scottish knights, rode Lord James of Douglas, wearing around his neck, in its case of gold, the heart of the Bruce. Timely succor in dire strait, this gallant band, journeying to the Holy Land to deposit the heart of the great King Robert in ground made sacred by the Lord Christ's sorrows, had turned aside from their pilgrimage to fight for the cross and aid the Spanish king. "Never shall it be said of me," said the noble Douglas, "that I and mine have turned away when the cross was in jeopardy." So, leading the van of battle, they burst, a fresh blast from the north, against the swarming hosts of the Moorish invaders. It was an hundred against forty thousand, but, nothing daunted, they dashed to the charge. The yielding ranks of the Infidels closed again around them, and so dense was the press that the horses refused to charge. Now one and now another of that gallant company fall beneath the myriad arrows of the Moor : the valiant St. Clair lies dead ; Sir Simon of the Lee is down ; the swarthy hosts draw closer and closer around that knightly band ; defeat seems inevitable. Then rose the Lord Douglas in his stirrups, and, holding high in air the sacred relic—the heart of the Bruce—he turned to his environed comrades. "Dear brethren,"

rang out his calm and manly voice, "*here* is the cross imperilled, *here* is holy ground. Forward, gentlemen, all ; the Bruce leads you this day as of yore." Then, with his face to the foe, he flung the sacred heart far before him into the thickest of the press ; " Pass first, thou dauntless heart," he cried ; " we follow thee ! "

With fresh ardor, every spear in rest, every spur in steed, the Scottish knights charged once again, following the heart of their king. The Moors wavered and quailed before the fury of the onset ; King Alfonso's Spanish spears came shivering in, the Infidel invaders fled, routed and beaten, and Castile was saved to the cross. But there, above his master's heart, with dented armor and with broken helm, lay the Douglas, stark and dead. He had passed beneath the cross ; he had kept his knightly faith ; he had saved King Robert's vow—for where Christ's cause was in jeopardy there was holy ground.

Born of the throbbing engine and the pulse of manufacture, the city of East Cambridge rears its myriad chimneys—a link in the continuous chain of towns that line the Charles and Mystic, secure beneath the gilded dome of the State House and the classic shades of fair Harvard. The character of its people has indeed largely changed within the last forty years, as the native-born population has given place to the foreign element who fill its factories and throng its tenements. But in many a home within its crowded limits are still contained as devout church-goers and as earnest church workers as when, in July, 1838, Elbridge Gerry Brooks, with no little hesitation as to his fitness for the post, came from his little parish by the Merrimack to take charge of the growing society in East Cambridge.

Succeeding a gifted and much-loved pastor—Henry Bacon, of blessed memory—earnest to please, and yet doubtful of his abilities, he says that the acceptance of the new

pastorate came only after much hesitation and inward consultation. Indeed, he questioned seriously whether he was not completely "written out," and wondered, after he had exhausted his stock on hand, what new subjects for sermons he could find for the instruction and contemplation of his hearers. It is a significant commentary on this youthful perplexity that when the life of this veteran minister of Christ passed the border line, his chief desire to be longer spared to earth had been that he might put into words the many and momentous subjects that thronged his teeming brain :

" And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

The East Cambridge pastorate extended through a term of seven years—a long settlement for those shifting days—and while it was marked by no events of seemingly striking import, it was so filled with incessant labor, so crowded with efforts for a higher and more efficient usefulness, that it may be regarded as the season of that practical out-reaching for a higher advancement of his faith and of the Church he served, which crystallized into the works and words of his later years.

The pages of his journal, faithfully kept up until more pressing duties rendered its continuance impossible, teem with accounts of sermons written and delivered, parish duties conscientiously followed out, lectures, speeches, social meetings, and an interested attendance upon the sessions of conventions, associations, and other gatherings of the denomination, all of which felt the influence and strengthening grasp of the fast-developing man, the earnest worker, and the consecrated minister of Christ.

The years of this East Cambridge pastorate were, however, marked by the throes of one of those incipient truth-rivings

that mark the progress of every religious movement—the dawn of a transition which, not at first fully comprehended, has gradually grown into the convictions and hearts of our people until it is now an accepted tenet of the majority of the Universalists of America.

All protests are cumulative, but they are also, to a greater or less extent, expurgative. While constantly added to in essentials, they are as surely—as time and thought clarifies and adjusts them—purged of too apparent inconsistencies. Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, the enthusiasm at the Elster gate of Wittenberg and the Winchester Confession, all religious reformations or political revolutions—in essence, purifications, are in effect temporary overlaps which a refined thought and a clearer judgment will in time modify and adjust.

When the strong hands of Murray and Ballou—valiant outriders in the triumphal procession of a Universal Saviour—struck from its fastenings the great bell of religious reform, the blow thus given broke forever the chains of a sacrificial theology and sent the mighty bell—its ponderous tongue loudly proclaiming God's All-Love—swaying through space. "Mainly engrossed by the errors they opposed and the glad tidings they proclaimed, regarded by those whose power was thus invaded as the enemies of God, personally maligned, misrepresented, denounced as the religious pariahs of the country," these fathers of our Church dwelt only on the Perfect Love that was to cast out fear; it is but little wonder then that the great bell of reform overswung the limits, and that some hastily considered assertions were made which time and the progress of a cultured and educating thought have practically readjusted; thus, as has been well said, "the evil of overstatement is not unfrequently overruled for the permanent advance of truth."

The doctrine of no-future punishment, which may be regarded as the overswing of the Universalist protest, has, by the advancing thought of the day and the practical common-

sense of the great mass of our Church, given place to that diviner and juster sense of God's love—a love which, patient, unwearied, inexorable, purifies, in time or in eternity, every soul of its sin, and asserts that no soul, whenever or wherever it passes from earthly life, can escape God's justice, God's wisdom, God's marvellous and immortal love.

This earlier phase of Universalism—the no-future punishment theory—not at first intentionally emphasized, was indeed but an incidental point of the doctrine of Father Ballou and his contemporaries. Not integral in his system, it was but the logical rebound from a doctrine that totally ignored the present and directed all thoughts to a terribly uncertain future; and time and reflection would alike have modified the extreme view first taken, even had no other influence been brought to bear upon it. It was, however, the one speck upon the clear and glorious escutcheon of Universalism, and as such was specially marked for censure and attack. As Dr. Atwood well says of this early theory: "The violence it did to ethical feeling and the practical consequences that appeared to be involved in it, made it the target of hostile criticism, and before long it was the one point in everybody's mind whenever Universalism was named. In spite of the disclaimers of its friends, it came to be made more important than all the other doctrines of our theology."

No misconceptions should be allowed in this matter. The clearer thought of our Church to-day does not seek to undervalue or impeach the work of Hosea Ballou, because of his conscientious belief in the no-future punishment theory. That work cannot be undervalued; it stands above impeachment. "Since Luther no man has stood in a position at all parallel to that occupied by Father Ballou . . . and it is his distinction not only that he is, under God, the father of American Universalism, but that he is equally and by a title as undisputed, the father of American Liberal Christianity—meaning by this a Christianity, by whomsoever held, that asserts the absolute unity of the Godhead, and

while clinging to Christ and the Bible, honors reason and believes in God as the loving Father of all souls." When the saintly and heroic, but terribly perplexing Roger Williams, expelled from Salem and from Plymouth by the exasperated, bigoted, and ostracizing Puritans, sought a refuge from persecution among the fastnesses of the Narragansett forests, his sense of God's providence and protection, and his delight in the natural beauties by which he was surrounded, determined him to make for himself in that unbroken wilderness a permanent home. So he built his hut, matured his plans, laid out his work, and even selected his grave. One by one, friends and followers flocked around him, and when, forty-seven years after, he died, full of years and honors, and his body was reverently laid away in his chosen sepulture, his single hut had given place to many a cheerful home, his lonely settlement was now a flourishing colony, and he beheld with pride and thankfulness the practical realization of that principle of spiritual freedom for which he had suffered much and dared all. And even thus, the Universalist Church, through all the changes of its hundred years, and of the varying opinions as to minor points, has held fast to its cardinal truth of God's eternal and all-embracing love, and to-day a glorious and enduring edifice crowns that corner-stone of Universal Salvation which a Murray laid and a Ballou builded upon.

Discussion and controversy are the refining fires that purify the assertions of reform. Of course, so peculiar a phase of belief unsparingly assailed by the opponents of Universalism, must also become a subject for thought and study within the Church, and among those who pondered and investigated was the young preacher at East Cambridge. His practical mind seems to have recognized even then the fallacy of the doctrine and the unsafe logic upon which it was formulated. As early as 1839 he first gave utterance to these reasonings. He says: "I well remember with what a trembling sense of treading on very uncertain, and almost forbidden ground, I ventured once to read an essay in which,

in a very crude way, as I now see, I had tried to work out some answer to this question for my own satisfaction." And one of the most critical observers in our Church, as well as one of its clearest thinkers and most earnest defenders, states: "Dr. Brooks was one of those who early saw both the fallacy of the no-future punishment doctrine, and its damaging effects on Universalism. He was a man who had the courage of his opinions, and he spoke his mind freely on the subject both in the pulpit and in the press. I do not think the credit of breaking the sway of this doctrine among us belongs to any man. It was such a doctrine as could not stand in a court of free inquiry, such as our Church has always been. But to Dr. Brooks belongs the honor of dealing with it in a fearless and candid manner, and familiarizing our people to a searching discussion of the grounds of their belief."

Dimly feeling his way out of what he denominates "the misty and incoherent state of thought on this subject," he was very materially aided by the thoughts and words of Dr. Ballou—that Hosea Ballou, 2d, cousin of the patriarch, whom he regards as "not only one of the leading thinkers and theologians of this country and the present century, but one of the master and formative minds of the world."

Already, in 1837, Dr. Ballou had openly questioned the form in which the theory of universal salvation was then preached and accepted by Universalists, and his later writings and utterances on what he termed "the New Testament Doctrine of Salvation," did very much "to clarify and systematize our denominational thinking on that point." Eagerly accepting and profiting by the light derived from so clear and logical a source, Mr. Brooks began not only to hold but to preach this higher Universalism, and in so doing stirred up much criticism among his ministering brethren, and created no small excitement among his parishioners. Many were the discussions on the subject which he held in study, home, and social meeting, and one estimable lady, certain that her minister was drifting straight into "Ortho-

doxy," entreated Mr. Whittemore to come to East Cambridge and preach a sound Universalist sermon. Another genial friend—hardly ready to accept the new theory—reasoned with his pastor on the subject, and said good-humoredly, "Ah, Brother Brooks, they will never call you as a colleague to Father Ballou if you preach that kind of doctrine." But the young preacher never wavered in his broadening faith. In East Cambridge, and wherever he went, people heard and came to thoughtfully consider this juster view of God. The leaven was in the churches, earnest workers were discussing and agitating the question, and the dawning light of 1840 has now, in 1880, become the regnant feature of our faith as, combined with God's All-embracing Love and Universal Salvation, we see the justice of a loving and impartial Father who, with a changeless, inexorable, sin-consuming love, allows no escape from His divine purpose "to have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

When the one-eyed Polyphemus, writhing under the blows of the burning stake of Ulysses, which had deprived him of his only optic, tore the huge boulder from the mountain-side and hurled it into the sea just astern of the ship which bore away his toothsome and escaping victims, the bold Ulysses called loudly to him, "Cyclops, the gods have well requited thee for thy atrocious deeds!" Assailed, humiliated, persecuted, and ostracized, the Universalist Church of fifty years ago felt the despotic power of a creed that held the people subject only through fear. To-day that struggling Church has become the champion and aggressor. Its Christ-taught theory of God's retributive but all-embracing love has taken from the great dogmatic Cyclops the very apple of its eye—the fear of God's retributive hate—and behold! all men are fast hurrying toward the deck of that stanchest of all God's argosies, whose protecting sails cover them, and which, guided by heaven-sent winds, bears them, enlightened and purified, to the haven of a better and more spiritual living.

Indissolubly interwoven with the memories of this East Cambridge pastorate throng and linger ever the hallowed remembrance of that summer idyl in the strong man's life, when, touched by the transforming finger of love, all nature grew exuberant, all life became radiant and glorified. Too sacred even for fragmentary extracts, the pages of his journal through those happy days glow with the kindling fires of a holy love—as earnest, as devoted, as conscientious, as full of Christ as were all the higher aspirations and endeavors of that manly life. On November 7th, 1839, he was married, by the Rev. Henry Bacon, to Martha Fowle Munroe, of Somerville, Mass., a member of the East Cambridge parish, and the second daughter of a stanch Universalist house—a family that has given three daughters to the cause, as the helpful and loving wives of three of the then earnest young clergymen of the Church—Henry Bacon, Joseph Selman Dennis, and Elbridge Gerry Brooks. And all the seven sons and daughters of that house of Munroe of Somerville were, until death broke into that dear home circle and lessening the number here, increased one by one the dearer throng in heaven, consecrated, loyal, devoted Universalists.

Of the forty years of happy wedded life that came to these two faithful ones, little need here be said. Words are indeed inadequate to contain my tribute of reverence to that spotless, unsullied union of two loving, trustful, helpful, Christian lives. Those forty years of union were as one unending wedding-day. Through sun and shade, through calm and storm, through joy and sorrow, these two passed together, bearing each other's crosses, sharing each other's crowns, as complete a union of two human lives as ever earth contained or heaven smiled upon.

“ Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds,
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds !

"Thou leapest thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up,
Ay, mingling Love's most precious wine
In life's most bitter cup!"

And as in later years the strong and manly life looked ever for approval or criticism, first of all, into the loving eyes of that helpful, loyal wife, the hallowed associations of husband and wife seemed all the tenderer and dearer as one by one the sands in his hour-glass dropped—and dropped.

"Cling closer, closer, life to life,
Cling closer, heart to heart;
The time will come, my own wed wife,
When you and I must part!
Let nothing break our band but Death,
For in the worlds above,
'Tis the breaker Death that soldereth
Our ring of Wedded Love."

The shadow falls at last on life and heart, but though the golden bowl is shattered, though the pitcher is broken at the fountain, though the chain that bound on earth has snapped asunder to be welded again only in heaven, still, calm in the thronging memories of those forty years of earthly happiness, the one that hath been left calmly takes up her life-work, confident that, still helpful and devoted to others, she casts a golden offering on the altar of her life to the precious memory of him who hath gone before.

*The loudest grief is often soonest spent,
The deepest love, though low by sorrow bent,
Oft hides its woe beneath a sad content.*

I look at one who through the shadowed years
Gives to her griefs no hot rebellious tears;
But though her heart numbs with an icy chill,
She sees through all a loving Father's will,
When that grand life, its work but partly o'er,
Sunk on the field to battle wrong no more,
Up from her griefs, though endless, deep, and dire,
Her faith shone bright, her trust rose ever higher.

Parting her days like sheaves of ripening grain,
Adown the years she treads life's narrowing plain ;
Around that good gray head, now white with snows,
Life's calm serenity an aureole glows.
Her only aim to help where others need ;
Their love her guerdon, and their smiles her meed,
Still bleeds the heart, but love so hides the pain,
The sun shines bright above the mist and rain,
And where she moves she glorifies the place,
A living benediction in her face !

Another interesting feature of these years at East Cambridge is found in the record of a series of union meetings in the winter and spring of 1841-42, held jointly by the Methodists under Rev. Shipley Wells Willson, the Unitarians under Rev. Henry Lambert, and the Universalists under Mr. Brooks. At a time when the world was daily witnessing so much bigotry on the part of the so-called evangelical pulpits, and so much of cold and isolated scholasticism on the part of the Unitarians, when by all sects Universalism was eyed askance or openly denounced, such a concert of action by three presumably antagonistic religious elements was a matter not only for surprise, but alarm. Of these meetings Mr. Brooks says : " They were occasions long to be remembered, and formed an important episode in my ministry, giving me, personally, some of the pleasantest experiences of my life. Pulpits were freely exchanged by the three clergymen, and the kindly tone of feeling and the genial spirit that pervaded the community finely illustrated the results that would fill Christendom with beauty and joy if Christians, as in the olden time, would ' love one another.' "

Such a state of things, however, could not long continue without comment. Narrowness and bigotry, and all the antichristian methods of ridicule and detraction, were acceptable and even welcome aids to the puritanic Pharisees of those jarring days ; but to think that three religious societies, of conflicting opinions, could meet in sympathy and loving co-operation, and, around the table of their common

Lord and Master, could celebrate the Holy Communion—this was more than could be endured! People began to talk and to criticise; the press—secular as well as religious—teemed with articles for and against the movement, and much exciting discussion followed. Protest followed protest; censure succeeded to censure; carping criticisms and misrepresentations appeared in the papers all over the land; the New England Conference made Mr. Willson's action a case of special legislation; and finally the Methodist society, standing by their much-loved pastor, followed him into the "disgrace" that was visited upon him, and seceded from the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In his letter of withdrawal, Mr. Willson—a good, saintly, loving, and conscientious old man—said: "I am under the extremely painful necessity of quietly and peacefully withdrawing myself from the Church of my choice. I must, I will—and no human legislation shall prevent me—love the image of my Master, see it where I may, or in whom I may. I can never be compelled to treat a pious, devoted child of God as a heathen man and a publican, though he may be technically called a Unitarian or a Universalist."

Fully a century before John Wesley had written, "I will not quarrel with you about any opinion; only see that your hearts are right toward God, that you love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbor, walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more." Wesley and Willson, founder and follower, were thus in full accord, while conference and clergy, losing the manly spirit of their leader, denounced, censured, and ostracized. This old rancorous spirit has not yet altogether died out, and still many a pulpit in our land is closed to the minister of Christ who strives to preach His boundless and all-conquering love; but the effect of these union meetings, and such as these, has been to so modify public sentiment as to cause it to see no heinous inconsistency in a union of Christians of whatever sect for humanizing or spiritual work, and to permit so stanch an organ of the faith as the *Independent* to state

with regard to the chief Universalist factor in these union meetings, after he had passed away: "This saint, whose death-bed is thus used as an example of triumph by our orthodox contemporaries, was worthy of being recognized as a brother Christian by other Christian ministers of Philadelphia. This we may say: that not one of them in his life ever wrote a book so full of faithful admonition, so useful to the ministry of whatever denomination, as was Dr. Brooks' 'Our New Departure'; and now that he has found the time of his departure so blessed, we are pleased to see this late recognition of his Christian graces."

And thus the seven years of his life given to this East Cambridge pastorate were full of earnest work for Christ and his fellow-men, for the Church, and for his own society. With a mental grasp and fibre constantly strengthening, with strong and careful preaching, with conscientious parish work, and with an unremitting attention to all that helps to make a ministry successful, he was rewarded by seeing a growing interest and increasing congregations. The chapel proved insufficient to meet the needs of the growing society, and in 1843 a new and commodious "meeting-house" was built—the pride of pastor and people, the offspring of no little anxiety, labor, and earnest effort.

"Nothing succeeds like success;" and the popularity of the young clergyman with his own Church people and with his townsmen communicated itself to other points. From many a strong Universalist community—from Roxbury and Springfield, from Lynn and Manchester, and other prosperous towns—flattering and most advantageous invitations were repeatedly extended and invariably declined, as he felt that, at whatever sacrifice, his duty for the present lay with his East Cambridge parish.

His record as an honored citizen of the town shows also that he early won and ever retained the respect and confidence of his townsmen—the votes by which, year after year, he was elected a member of the School Committee being a gratifying proof of this esteem. Outside his own society and secular duties, much of his time was devoted to the affairs

of the denomination. Early in his ministry he felt the need of a deeper and more connected interest in the general affairs of the denomination, and as opportunity offered—modestly, as became his age and experience ; conscientiously, as heart and judgment dictated—he strove for the securing of a better and more complete harmony of action. “A great common aim,” he says, “lifts all who really share it, out of themselves, blending them in the rhythm that makes all movement and feeling one.” In this spirit he worked in council, convention, and association, and speedily became known as an earnest laborer for the more compact upbuilding of the Church. In 1841 he was elected secretary of the Universalist Sabbath-School Association, and prepared the reports of that body for the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. He was repeatedly elected clerk of the Middlesex Quarterly Conference, and of the Boston Association, and he preached the Occasional Sermon before that body at its session in Lynn, in November, 1842.

In the spring of 1845 the First Universalist Society in Lowell, Mass., invited Mr. Brooks to become its pastor. The ends for which he had been striving during the seven years of his ministry in East Cambridge were practically accomplished. The society was now strong, united, and growing ; a new and beautiful church building had been erected, and everything was prosperous and promising. When, therefore, the call to Lowell came, he felt that it should not be declined, and after due deliberation the invitation was accepted. Changes always occasion regret, and it costs a faithful minister much of pain and sorrow to sever old and pleasant associations. Throughout his life these seven years of usefulness and increasing mental and spiritual power spent in East Cambridge always stood out bright and clear in his memory, crowded as they were with so many reminders of labor faithfully performed, progress perceptibly made, friendships cemented, and life broadened and enlarged. “East Cambridge,” he says, “is a place now sanctified and dear to our hearts, because of the memories which belong to it, and the sweet associations that gather around it.”

Pausing ere we turn the next page of this life-record, which will be found blurred and dimmed with the disappointments and discouragements which come both as discipline and corrective to all men from the hand of the Great Physician, we may reflect with some advantage upon one of the golden thoughts of our own Chapin. "We make for ourselves," he says, "the essential character of the conditions in which we are placed. All that is of real moment in our life, all that is enduring, we carry with us—we carry in us." Plunged into God's crucible, we all must stand the test. And out of the fires of sorrow and disappointment, of temptation and even of a seeming or easily acquired prosperity, comes the gold of character, the pure metal of a true and Christian manliness.

That valiant band of struggling Scottish knights who, centuries ago, fought so gloriously for the cross, and dyed with their blood the green valley of the Salado, brought victory out of defeat by their own manliness and earnest endeavor. The noble James of Douglas, carrying with him that precious heart of the Bruce, found its very possession a source of renewed courage and inspiration, and dying above it sealed at once his loyalty with his blood, and gave to future ages a lesson of practical devotion more potent than gilded crest or victorious banner, more enduring than the fast-crumbling monument in Douglas Kirk, crowded with effigies and eulogies. The earnest soldier of the cross, be he faithful minister or devoted layman, the Christian, however circumstanced, bears ever with him a still more precious relic—the throbbing, loving heart of the Lord Christ. Amid the press of temptation, of defeat, and the stern demands of duty, surrounded on every side, let him but cast that pulsing heart far into the thickest of the world's contesting forces, and following it as of old the Scots followed the heart of their king—though even to seeming defeat and death—his life-record will be as grand, his loyalty as absolute, his devotion as divine, as ever that of belted knight, of glorying martyr, or of canonized saint.

CHAPTER VI.

"The world will outgrow theories in science and systems of philosophy and forms of speculative thought, but Christ and Christianity never."

Our New Departure.

IT was night on Cedar Creek ; night in the valley of the Shenandoah ; night on the dark spurs of the Massanutten hills ; the night of the 18th of October, 1864. Flushed with its recent victories, the army of the Shenandoah, 20,000 strong, lay encamped in fancied security under the shadow of the Massanutten. A half-dozen miles beyond the farthest pickets was gathered the remnant of Early's routed and disorganized army wearied with the enforced retreat of eighty miles, when, with sword and bayonet and relentless artillery, the brilliant and strategic manœuvres of Sheridan had sent the rebel thousands "whirling through Winchester." Confident in their strength and sated with success, the usual rigors of the camp had been relaxed within the Union lines ; the General himself was miles away ; officers and men, in the bracing air of that Virginia autumn night, had given themselves to enjoyment, and, tatoon over, the heavy slumber of the unconscious army was one of perfect tranquillity. But across the fields, around the base of Fisher's Hill, crept slow and stealthily that calm October night the hurriedly reorganized but bravely determined ranks of the rebel army. "Original in its conception, audacious in its execution, threatening in its results," the desperate move by which the routed rebel leader sought to retrieve his crushing defeat would, if successful, have given him deserved pre-eminence as a daring and masterly strategist. With phantom-like tread, with brief and whispered commands, now toiling over mountain ridges, now fording the shallow river, silently—past the Union outposts, silently—

past the white tents of the sleeping army, silently—past picket-post and guard-line glided the rebel host through the gray fog of the fast-coming dawn. Then with a tremendous burst of musketry, with a sharp and sudden bayonet charge, it flung itself in irresistible columns upon the bewildered and outflanked columns of the Union army.

Startled from its false security, the whole camp sprang to arms, but all too late. Too late! for with the overwhelming rush of conscious advantage and the inspiration of certain victory, the rebel ranks charge again and again, driving before their pitiless bayonets regiment, corps, and brigade, until, defeated, disheartened, overcome, the Stars and Stripes turn in flight, and the foe is master of the field.

Suddenly from out those retreating ranks a new cry rises, breaks, and swells into a glorious cheer—a cry of joy, of hope, of exultation, as, like the flash of a meteor, straight into the midst of the routed and broken columns dashes the now famous black charger of the General, and from lip to lip leap the words, "Sheridan has come!" With wonderful celerity and marvellous power, with quick perception and lightning-like action, with resistless magnetism and inspiring commands, the General turns back the tide of retreat; scattered and flying regiments unite and become again assaulting forces; muzzle to muzzle and breast to breast, rages again the fierce struggle for the mastery; then with the unconquerable determination of a new-born purpose, the vanquished become the victors, dishonor gives place to glory, despair to exultation, and that night the Union ranks again rest the conquerors, while out of a disgraceful defeat springs the greater and more enduring victory.

For eighteen Christian centuries the banner under which all creeds could rally, all sects enroll themselves, had been the golden banner of the cross, the oriflamme of the Lord Christ. However theologians might differ or sectarians

wrangle, alike Apollos and Cephas, Arian and Athanasian, Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, Orthodox and Universalist, could meet upon the one common ground and battle under the one common standard of the Saviour of the World, proclaiming his divinity, his supremacy, his eternity. It was reserved for the mid-watches of the nineteenth century of the Christian era to covertly assail, under the very folds of that protecting banner, the great Captain of Salvation, and for a young clergyman—earnest, cultured, and thoughtful, but skeptical, negative, and mystical—to lead step by step, doubt after doubt, denial after denial, an ever-increasing and propulsive disbelief which culminated finally in open avowal, demoralizing and devitalizing the Unitarian Church, and with the guise of a reformer but the icy touch of an Afreet to chill the glowing and expanding heart of Liberal Christianity.

In May, 1841, Theodore Parker preached his celebrated sermon on the "Transient and Permanent in Christianity," and later, in 1846, returning from Germany, with his powerful but Christ-denying brain teeming with transcendental theories, he disseminated from his Boston platform those seeds of unrest and distrust which proved the wreck of many an earnest and yearning soul. Theodore Parker was but the logical antithesis to Cotton Mather, and the illimitable broadness of the Music Hall platform was but the antipode of the woman-burning superstitions of Gallows Hill. Here again the overswing of the protest against puritanic narrowness gave in its stead a Christless and unbounded liberty. Over all was skilfully thrown the seductive glamour of that cultured doubt which denies the unknowable, because it savors of the unfathomable, and gives in place of a formative spirituality a destructive intellectuality. Proclaimed with force and earnestness by a gifted and eloquent preacher, this Christ-doubting theory lured like a siren many a roving believer, many an unstable minister, who, mistaking the seductive strains of an æsthetic iconoclasm for the glorious harmonies of nature's divinest sym-

phony, cast away Christ—their only sure anchor—and drifted aimlessly but willingly toward the shifting sands of unbelief.

The evil effects which must inevitably attend this dechristianization of the Saviour's mission were apparent to the clearest thinkers of our Church. And to no one were they more plainly patent than to Mr. Brooks. Himself a leal and loving follower of the Lord Christ, every fibre of his being all aglow with the fervor of this love and loyalty, he resisted with voice and pen every attempt to dethrone his Master. Others might tacitly accept the situation, however much they might deplore the drift of opinion, but his stalwart nature knew no compromise. Writing to the *Trumpet*, in relation to the "New Infidelity," he says, with little attempt to soften his words: "I have no fears for Christianity. It has withstood too many assaults and survived too many crises for this. But the circumstances of our times are peculiar, and the relations which infidelity assumes to Christianity are different from what they have ever been before. Unlike their predecessors in unbelief, the disciples of our modern infidelity claim to be Christians, to be recognized and fellowshipped as such; to go forth as the accredited ministers of Christ, while they impeach His authority and deny the truthfulness of the record by which only do we learn what He was and what He taught. Like one of old, they say 'Hail Master!' to betray him."

And so, in whatever form or in whatever guise this pseudo-Christianity reared its head in Christian pulpits or in Christian homes—whether as Parkerism, Rationalism, Free Churchism, or Liberalism—he labored to unmask and defeat it.

To the revolt against Christ, to the protest against inspiration, to the levelling assaults upon the Saviour's regal divinity, he made but a logical, reasoning objection, holding that every man had a right to his opinions, but that Mr. Parker and his followers, standing in Christian pulpits, and asserting their claims to fellowship as Christian ministers, should thus belittle the holy name of Christ, was deemed by

him at once an anomaly in religion and an insult to the Master himself.

"Theodore Parker and those who work with him," he writes in 1847, "are this moment doing more to unsettle the minds of men in respect to Christian faith and its evidences, than a score of Kneelands and Wrights could do, because they work as Christians and not as infidels, and thus take men at unawares." Time did not weaken the force nor stay the arm of this stout defender of the cross; for, thirty years later, he wrote on the same general theme: "We stand—we always have stood—for the Bible, for Christ, and the Divine Authority of his religion. As a branch of the Church of Christ we exist solely to convert men to faith in him, and to persuade them to accept and follow him as Lord. So existing, we should become a lie the moment we should lose sight of this purpose, and admit to our fellowship, no matter on what pretext, men without faith in the Bible or in Christ as the Sent of God."

It was at the time when the controversy on this subject was beginning to agitate the churches that Mr. Brooks received and accepted the call to Lowell, Mass. The invitation thus extended was represented to him as a unanimous one and so glowing was the picture presented to him that he entered upon his new pastorate with the brightest hopes and anticipations. Projecting himself with his usual vigor into all the plans and work of his Church—organizing, developing, strengthening, he labored strenuously in its behalf. But scarcely two months had passed before his eyes were opened to the new elements in the existing state of affairs. He had succeeded to a post held through an entire decade by an honored and eloquent pastor, and "though his industry, integrity, and singleness of purpose were fully recognized, as well as his great ability and eloquence, yet they were of so different a style and type" that he encountered in the parish a spirit of dissatisfaction which, nettled and regretful because a favorite clergyman had departed, thought far too little of Church interests and neglected to

second the efforts of the man who now strove so earnestly for their welfare. This spirit of coldness, which might have extended to any one who should endeavor to stand in the place of the former pastor, went far to negative all his efforts for harmony, while his manly and unflinching denunciations of what he regarded as the sugar-coated infidelity of Parkerism were largely misconstrued. For the first time in his life he found himself working without effective support and with the willing assistance of only a portion, though a devoted portion, of his parish. The revelation came to him like a great shock, all the more unwelcome because so unexpected. He would have been glad at any sacrifice to be once again in his loved East Cambridge parish, but this was impossible; and he says, "It was only left for me to hold on and work as well as I could." Many another earnest and devoted minister has had a similar experience, and the lines that sometimes fall in pleasant places are, again, sometimes cast upon stubborn and repellent soil.

But month by month, because of this very hostility, he labored to overcome and conquer it, and the efforts he made brought to the surface many heretofore latent qualities. Then first his sermons gave evidence of a matured and thoroughly developed thought, and attracted even where they awoke opposition, notably a series on "The Superior Practical Importance of Universalism," which afterward formed the groundwork for his first published volume.

A course of evening lectures on various topics connected with supernaturalism and the divine authority of the Scriptures brought into peculiar prominence his own estimate of the "rationalistic fever" which, like an approaching epidemic, was threatening the Church of Christ. At that time there was published in Lowell, under the editorial auspices of the resident Universalist pastors, a weekly religious newspaper, known as the *Star of Bethlehem*. In 1845, therefore, the editors were Revs. E. G. Brooks of the First Church, A. A. Miner of the Second, and H. G. Smith of the Third. Mr. Smith was a man of fair ability, but of un-

steady judgment, fully flavored with the most ultra extract of Parkerism, and a fervent follower of his teacher. His editorials in the *Star of Bethlehem* had, as a matter of course, a strong deistic tinge and bearing, and the introduction of this element into the paper rendered it imperative upon the other editors to personally disclaim any sympathy with, and all belief in the hallucinations of their colaborer. Dissension among associates is always misconstrued by the unthinking on-lookers; a triangular religious controversy always presents three vulnerable points in the individual personality of each contestant, and these vulnerable points are certain to be assailed by the partisans of each in turn, and to be wilfully misunderstood by the too eager scoffer.

Mr. Brooks was a new-comer in Lowell, and his earnest efforts to save the cross in a treasonable onslaught, the real issues of which were but little understood or appreciated by the unthinking multitude, were looked upon as officious and bigoted. The controversy was closed in January, 1846, and Messrs. Miner and Brooks withdrew from the editorship, and although the severe and often personal discussion had in effect purged the air of the deleterious unchristian elements, the censure and criticism that naturally resulted fell mostly upon Mr. Brooks. So determined and unyielding an opposition to the Christless deism that sought to steal into and undermine the Christ-formed Church of the Fathers, was not without other than immediate results. These two fellow-soldiers of the cross were ever after friends and comrades in a common zeal of earnest purpose and Christian endeavor, and from that day to this no man has ever doubted or dared impugn the unwavering and true-hearted loyalty to Christ—in council, in pulpit, or in daily walk—of Alonzo A. Miner and of Elbridge Gerry Brooks.

Speaking of this crisis in Church affairs in the city of Lowell and of Mr. Brooks's connection therewith, Dr. Miner remarks: "No man could have served the cause of Christ with greater singleness of purpose, a more marked

ability, or a more real efficiency as respects all the better class of minds. And, notwithstanding some adverse circumstances, it is doubtful if any one could have attained a more true success or rendered our general Church a more enduring service."

Working through the months of this stormy pastorate in the face of many obstacles, his earnestness and Christian loyalty strengthened his circle of friends and won him the respect even of his opponents; but conscious that a longer continuance would but prolong the dissensions which he could not hope to allay, he formally resigned his charge at the expiration of his year of service, and though the society unanimously instructed their committee to re-engage him, he declined to remain, and in July, 1846, he retired from the post, "not sorry," he says, "that this chapter in our life had closed."

In his letter of resignation he says: "On coming to Lowell, however, I soon found that circumstances were not as favorable as I thought, and that there was not that probability of the realization of my expectations, which I had looked for. Nevertheless, I determined to labor and to do what I could, hoping for the best—hope being equally a part of my constitution, of my philosophy, and of my religion. From the first nothing has seemed to be in my favor, until at length there has come such a condition of things—resulting in part from causes in connection with which I have nothing to regret except the circumstances by which they were created—as to render it probable to me that some one else, with some peculiarities of talent which I do not possess, and against whom there shall not exist the prejudices which the causes above alluded to have excited in some minds against me, will be able to do more for your society, and therefore for our general cause here, than at present I can do. . . . There are friendships here that have been to us, through these trials, like running streams and spots of verdure in the desert. Such friends it is hard to leave, especially when one leaves as I do to go—he knows not where. I am not

accustomed, however, to be deterred from what I believe to be right by consequences. At the bidding of what I thought to be duty, I came among you. At the same bidding I go, however much of sacrifice it may cost me, however uncertain it may be where I may go. As to the former, I shall feel that it is a sacrifice in a good cause ; as to the latter, I am in God's hands, and with due effort on my part He will take care of me. Be assured I shall go carrying only the kindest feelings toward you, and that wherever in the providence of God my future lot may be cast, you will have, all of you, my most fervent prayers for your prosperity and welfare."

I have dwelt thus at length upon this unwelcome experience in the life of my father, even while realizing that it may be of but slight interest to most readers, simply because it seems to be the record of an experience fraught with the deepest and most significant lessons. To each one of us, in whatever sphere of life we move, there come some times of trial, some days of discouragement. Our feeling of security is lost, and, surprised, vanquished, overthrown, we see in dismay the once proud banner of our hopes dragged in the dust. It is then well for us to regard with care the picture of defeat and disappointment in this strong man's life, and to read with thought and due consideration the entry which, in 1849, three years later, he made in retrospection upon the pages of his fragmentary journal :

" These reminiscences, into which I have been almost involuntarily led as I have opened these leaves and thought of the years that have passed since I last put my pen upon them, are pleasant to me, on the whole—pleasant, though some of the experiences which they recall were full of pain, because I am led to think how God has not left Himself without witness to me during all this time ; how He has mingled some drops of sweetness in even the bitterest cup, and enabled me richly to enjoy the assurances of His presence, and of His wise and overruling Love in the midst even of my severest trials and disappointments ; how He has already made some of these trials productive of good, and anointed and sanctified them all as teachers of the preciousness of Christ, of the strength of that soul made strong by a reliance

on Him, of the sweetness of trust, and of the worth of that Faith which shows us a silver lining to every cloud, and enables us in the serenity of a confiding heart to commit ourselves to a Father's hands and say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' I have no doubt that the discipline through which God has led me during these years was for my good, intended in mercy, severe as some of it has been, to teach me *myself*, my weakness, my fellowship in the lot of mortal sorrow, my need of a higher strength and of severer endeavor, and to bring me in a deepened sense of His necessity to me, nearer Himself and heaven. Not that I am conscious of needing such discipline specially more than others. I have ever abhorred pride, and thought myself humble and self-distrustful. But God knows me better than I know myself, and doubtless He has seen that my humility was not sufficiently deep or real; doubtless He saw—as I have sometimes since suspected—that my long-continued prosperity and exemption from any severe trial was making me forgetful of my liability to suffer defeat and disheartening remorse—is not this apt to be the case with all? And so in the design to teach me this lesson things were ordered as they were. At all events, it is a pleasant thought to me that all this time I have been in God's hands, subject to His discipline for some good purpose. Sorrow, trial, reverse, defeat, none of what we are accustomed to call the evils of life come, my faith assures me, for themselves alone. Every cloud that God's hand stretches athwart our heavens is designed in some way to shed refreshings on our field of life; every tear to water and awaken some new and nobler purpose into being; every heart-pang to lift the soul into loftier communion, and perhaps prepare the way for a sweeter joy. In this conviction, I look upon whatever of trial or disaster may have come to me, and seek to interpret the dark passages in God's Book of Providence, concerning me as well as concerning others. And sweet and beautiful is it thus to look on Nature—Providence—all things—in the light of an operative, accomplishing Love. Everything becomes radiant with a mysterious beauty, unseen before Time's discords are, not hushed, perhaps, but mingled into harmony. Harsh tones may quiet us, but they come to us with a pleasant meaning, and in storm and calm, in cloud and sunshine, we behold our Father's hand beckoning us nearer to Himself into a higher Life, unto a serener joy. Help me, O my God! so to profit by the lessons Thou hast taught me in the past, and so to heed Thy beckoning hand as that, truly wiser for what my former years have taught me, I may pass through whatever is allotted me of this year—all or part—with a juster estimate of myself, with higher reliance and more sanctifying thought on Thee, and with steadier and more diligent endeavor to improve time, to be faithful in duty, to conquer self and sense, to be like my Master, and acceptable to Thee."

It was a sad day for France when, five hundred years ago, the September sun threw its fading light upon the bloody field of Poitiers. The golden lilies lay crushed and broken beneath the feet of the lion of England, and the flower of France's youth and chivalry had yielded their lives in vain. But as after many a deed of prowess and of valor that gallant King of France, John, surnamed the Good, was led defeated and a prisoner to the tent of his conqueror, behold all men made obeisance to him, as one whom defeat had made more glorious, disappointment more noble—for it was defeat without dishonor, disappointment without shame. "I pray you, sire," said his knightly captor, that Edward the Black Prince, whose name still rings grandly through English history, as with many a mark of courtesy and reverence he served his noble guest, "I pray you, sire, make not a poor meal because the Almighty God has not gratified your wishes in the event of this day; for be assured that the king, my lord and father, will show you all honor and friendship. In my opinion you have cause to be glad that the success of this day did not turn out as you desired, for you have this day acquired such high renown for prowess that you have surpassed all the best knights of your side, and all those of our side decree you the prize and garland for it."

Thus it is that, at some time of our life, God tries us all by this crucial test of disappointment and defeat, and he who rightly stands the proof comes from the searching fire refined, strengthened, purified—the better for that ordeal which sends to the surface whatever of fortitude, perseverance, and noble resolve may ere this have lain dormant in our nature.

Then deem it not a wasted life,
When striving seemeth vain;
Hold fast, brave heart, thy nobler part,
Life's loss is oftentimes gain.
For hope, and truth, and trust are strong,

God's fire burns deep, but kills the wrong,
And clears the evil strain ;
Rise from the rod, proud sons of God,
Kings over death and pain !

Reviewing the cause that mainly led to the events which this chapter records, we are naturally prompted to ask whether the stand thus made by this earnest minister, as also by many another devoted follower of the Master—both in and out of the pulpit, in defence of the supremacy of the Lord Christ, has really been for naught. Never fully comprehended by the majority, this spirit of unyielding aggression to what is so imposingly proclaimed to be "the advanced thought of the age," is looked upon as illiberal, intolerant, puritanic, and as opposed to the cardinal point of the Universalist faith. Thus a spurious latitudinarianism usurps the domain of honest Christian liberty, and the people, for the most part deploring religious controversy, fail to justly discriminate "between the right of free inquiry and the right to hold infidel opinions under a garb of Christian pretence."

Like the sloth of the Brazilian forests, which, wrapped up in its own comfort and fancied security, lazily swings from the branches of some far-reaching tree, blind alike to the luxuriance and the death that surround it, so indifference is the sloth of our religious fauna, and appears to slumber in especial security among the all-shadowing branches of the Universalist tree. Surrounded by the glory of a celestial verdure, it accepts all as a free gift, and in its æsthetic somnolence admires even the lithe and sinuous grace of its active but deadly enemy—only too late awakening to a sense of its peril when it bleeds beneath the sharp teeth of its foe.

Practical Christianity is the glory of the Universalist faith, as it shows in bright relief charity without ostentation, piety without cant, and clean living without pretentious phylacteries ; but as truly is indifference its bane and curse, as, charmed and gratified with high-sounding phrases and well-

rounded periods, we leave Christ's watch-tower unguarded, and looking over the disused and flower-crowned battlements of our faith, we applaud, with little or no thoughts as to final results, the pleasing platitudes woven from Veda and Koran by some eloquent poetical deist or the intellectual curvetting of some knight of Ethical Culture.

For forty years it has been a hard and ungracious task to impress upon Universalists the antagonism that must logically exist between Christianity and Rationalism. Broad, bright, free, and all-embracing, the Universalist Church has always been regarded as the safe and sure retreat of the dissatisfied of all creeds—as the great republic of God's love. And so it is; but it is built on the basis of God's eternal truth, "Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone," and only he who accepts Christ and humbly follows him can be esteemed a Christian Universalist. "Human wisdom, and the pride of reason, and the vanity of culture, and the pompous self-sufficiency of men unwilling to acknowledge their dependence, may dream their dreams and propose their plans for the amelioration of society and the regeneration of the world without him, but they will prove, every one of them, like the empty lamps of the virgins—prove only dreams and failures; and from them all the world must turn at length to Christ; 'neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.' " How grandly has Dr. Chapin, ever loyal to his divine and risen Lord, disposed of the call upon us to secularize the Saviour. "Men sometimes tell us," he says, "of Socrates the great philosopher, and place him beside Jesus. Is Socrates with his hemlock as near to us as Christ with his tears in the garden? . . . Thanks be to God for a Christ—not of marble, not a philosophical stoic—a Christ of humanity, with our warm, tender, yearning affections that bleed when their tenderest ties are shattered and torn asunder. . . . Christianity lies at the roots of all genuine manliness, and the results of its development are before the world. It has furnished the grandest examples

of strength of purpose and practical power. It has been the animating impulse in the lives of the truly great, and has rolled through the veins of heroes."

The last earthly journey of Dr. Brooks was made a few weeks only before his death, upon an exchange of pulpits with that eminent and loyal Christian Unitarian minister, Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; made, though in declining health and in the very shadow of death, in order that he might demonstrate to his people his discrimination between the two poles of Unitarianism, and to show them that while his pulpit, as a Christian pulpit, must justly and logically be closed to those who, claiming to be ministers of Christ, yet in effect denied his divine supremacy, it was freely offered with a hearty and fraternal welcome to so true, so consecrated, so loyal a Christian minister as Dr. Putnam.

This was the ground upon which he stood, and from which standpoint he argued and acted from the days of Parkerism to the hour of his death. "Whatever you do," was almost his last word to one of the leading men of the Church of the Messiah, "see to it that you put in the place that I have tried to fill a man who is all for Christ, for only on that basis can you hope to build securely." And yet this unyielding and constant endeavor to raise the glorious banner of his Master high in air, secure above all the treasonable attacks of unbelievers and the drooping grasp of indifference, was often censured, and not unfrequently characterized as bigotry, intolerance, narrowness. Ah! if loyalty is bigotry, if faith is intolerance, if truth is narrowness, then was the patriotism of Washington a fraud, the integrity of Luther a delusion, the divine love of Christ a lie!

Once, under the high walls of a beleaguered Moorish city, five hundred years ago, ten Christian knights, in defence of the honor of the Lord Christ and the holy name of our Lady, accepted a challenge to the death from ten Saracen nobles. Decimated and weakened by the sickness and heat of an African August, the Christian army were in no condition for a contest, and the infidels confidently counting upon

the mortal weaknesses and enforced refusal of their foemen, hoped to turn their failure into taunt and ridicule. But when the crusaders, ever ready to strike a blow for the cross, contested for the honor of selection, and the ten knights made ready for the combat, behold the ten infidel challengers came not, and quaintly has old Froissart told the issue : " Every one, therefore, made himself ready ; the whole army were drawn up as if for instant combat, the Genoese cross-bows on one side, and the knights and squires on the other ; each lord under his own banner or pennon emblazoned with his arms. It was a fine sight to view the army thus displayed ; and they showed great eagerness to attack the Saracens. The ten knights and squires were advanced on the plains waiting for their opponents. But they came not, nor showed any appearance of so doing ; for when they saw the Christian army so handsomely drawn out in battle array, they were afraid to advance, though they were thrice their numbers."

To strike for the honor of Christ and his cross would thus ever send an awakening thrill through the ranks of the crusaders, however they might be weakened by sickness, losses, or internal strife ; and that dark day for the Union arms, when by Cedar Creek all seemed lost indeed until the black charger dashed into the fleeing ranks bearing the determined general and the inspiration of success, proved how even in the hour of utter defeat victory may be close at hand and the voice of the commander can turn dishonor into glory. Even so the loyal and earnest minister of Christ, though wearied, dispirited, cast down, will ever rouse with fresh vigor to the defence of his sovereign Lord, and though for the moment thwarted and defeated, will turn again as he hears the voice and feels the presence of his Master, and with renewed strength and with fresh endeavor will press hand to hand against the enemies of Christ till with conquering cross and with triumphant palm he passes on to final victory.

CHAPTER VII.

"We exist to touch the world's error and evil at all possible sides, and to make ourselves felt in behalf of every interest of humanity as positive workers for the advancement of the kingdom of God."

Our New Departure.

IT was a time of hot debate. Beryllus, Bishop of Bozrah, eminent and honored among the leaders of the Church, had from his holy seat in the Idumean capital given voice to a new heresy. It was the year of grace 245. Schism and error were rife, as now bishop or deacon, now priest or presbyter, reaching dimly into that illimitable liberty of thought which the two and a half centuries of Christianity had not yet fully compassed, anon propounded new theories or falser doctrines. Carpocratian, Valentinian, and Manichæan had alike asserted and contended, and still again a new danger faced the zealous fathers, as the Bishop Beryllus, of great repute for learning and godly life, imbibed the strange notions that later gave the keynote to the Sabellian heresies and denied the pre-existence of the Lord Christ. Convened within the church at Bozrah, the bishops of the East were gathered to confront the bold schismatic and stamp out the new heresy. The scene is an impressive one. Here in solemn conclave, long-cloaked, ascetic, torture-marked, is the throng of accusing bishops, flushed and angered at the contumacy of the persistent heretic against whom each in turn has launched denunciation, sarcasm, abuse; there the good Beryllus, wedded to his new-formed theories, obstinate, unyielding; yonder the people, gathered through interest, curiosity, or devout duty, from the pressing throng that crowds the streets of this busy and beautiful city of the Syrian plains. And in the midst, quiet, commanding, impressive, stands the one man to whom all

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look as by a common impulse for words of crushing weight—Origen of Cæsarea, the banished presbyter of Alexandria, the penitent of Jerusalem, the friend and teacher of emperors. His threescore years sit but lightly on him, despite his many troubles and his frequent persecutions; his voice is full and rich, his manner convincing, his argument effective, his loyalty to principle high and unyielding, a man whose every action is but the reflex of the name his followers have given him—Origen Adamantus.

At his first words the people start amazed, the bishops are confounded, the face of the accused brother lights up with surprise and satisfaction. "Brethren"—the words fall, distinct, and clear—"thus saith the Lord, Forgive as you would be forgiven!" No denunciation, no invective, no sarcasm. Then turning to Beryllus, he addressed him in sweet and tender words, pleading with him not as a proscribed heretic, but as a dear and honored brother. The manly heart thus touched and softened, the spirit of obstinacy thus broken, he suddenly turns and follows this glowing appeal to the heart with an equally mighty one to the reason, and with unanswerable arguments, and an overpowering weight of authorities forces an utter conviction. He ceases his appeal, and while yet the eloquence of Origen echoes through the hushed and listening church, Beryllus kneels, contrite and reclaimed, confessing his mistake, abjuring his error, and ever after is through life the friend and the disciple of the man whose burning words shed light and peace into his clouded soul.

Above the silent ruins of that once fair city of the Syrian plains, sixteen centuries have passed in shade and sun since the words of Origen so swayed that listening throng. Temple and theatre, portico and triumphal arch now lie crumbling and overthrown. But above the changes of time and the wreck of states, radiant with still brighter glory, as the spirit of his words is reclaimed from the mere letter of his prolix and shrouded utterance, the memory of that noble teacher of the olden time rises glorified with the nimbus

of the boundless All-love he taught, and we of to-day are learning anew to honor as worthy of special reverence the man whose methods touched so closely on those of the Master he served, and of whom one of his biographers has remarked, "With the truth of God on his side, Origen was indeed invincible."

"Our greatest glory," says Goldsmith, "consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall"; and he who once rebuffed springs again to his feet and manfully wrests success from the grasp of misfortune, does more for himself and more for his fellow-men than he who, cast down by one reverse, unresistingly accepts fate's seeming fiat.

The result, as we have seen, of the Lowell failure was to strengthen and temper the moral fibre of the conscientious minister, as, sacrificing all to principle, he unhesitatingly turned his back upon the tangible realities of an assured maintenance and sought elsewhere a new field of labor and usefulness. According to the time-serving policy of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, it does not do for a man to quarrel with his bread and butter; but history is evidence that the world's progress and purification are not to be secured by the trimmers, but by the honest and sturdy adherents to principle and duty, even though the road leads through agitation and possible defeat. Latimer never wavered nor weakened before the certainty of axe or stake, but boldly proclaimed and preached the truth as he saw it, even while the ministers of Mary the Catholic gave his brethren to torture and death. "Your indulgence is to no purpose," said this grand old hero to his judges; "when a man is convinced of a truth, even to deliberate is unlawful." And steadfast in this spirit of loyalty to his convictions, he went to the stake.

The summer and fall of 1846 were passed in the search for a new settlement; for it appears to be one of the

invariable rules in nature's economy that a plethora holds in time of plenty, but dearth in days of drought. Months before, when securely established, invitations had crowded upon the busy and prosperous pastor, whereas to the pulpitless preacher there came but scattered searchers. An old Danish proverb asserts that "The herb patience does not grow in every man's garden," but where it is found the soil at last is blest; and so, patient and watchful, but unfaltering as to his accepted duty, the few months of waiting were passed, until, in November, 1846, Mr. Brooks received a unanimous invitation to become the pastor of the Universalist Society in Bath, in the State of Maine.

Removing at once to this thriving and busy little city on the Kennebec, he entered with his customary energy upon his new labors, and, mindful of past experience, so discounted his anticipations and curbed his high desires as that, while loyal to his principles, he might cement and strengthen the manifold interests of his parish. But a kind Providence had turned for him a new and delightful page in his life-record, and the four years spent among the true-hearted and sturdy ship-builders of Bath were, while crowded with incident, fruitful of good, and while constantly full of momentous questions and important measures, instinct with usefulness and zealous endeavor.

Fast by the flashing waters of the broad channel once known as the Sagadahoc, where, rushing southward from the odorous pines of Umbagog, the Androscoggin mingles its waters with the broad and broken currents of the Kennebec, stands the busy little city of the ship-builders—cleanly, aspiring, honest, and true—sending forth to every corner of the ocean world its stanch and oak-ribbed ships—a hive of tireless workers, of whom and of whose work the good old poet of Amesbury has so aptly sung :

"Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsman bears a part,
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human art.

Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free,
Nor faultless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea."

Dotted with many a green and pleasant island, flanked on either side by rocky bluff and bank, the Kennebec, rolling its waters seaward through the old Sagadahoc channel, still meets the strong, upheaving swells of the Atlantic billows with the same buoyant and hearty welcome as when, first seen by English eyes, the good ship *Gift of God* sailed up the white-capped roadstead and cast anchor near the present site of Bath, that fair August morning two hundred and seventy years ago.

The four years—from 1846 to 1850—passed by Mr. Brooks in his pleasant home on the rock-bound coast of Maine proved to be years of ceaseless but satisfactory endeavor, and received the unmistakable and effective impress of his strong and conscientious nature. They were years of much labor, and, equally, years of much happiness. Faithful and devoted to his parish, true and loyal as a citizen to his own home interests, he was also brought into more prominent and responsible relations to the general cause of the Universalist Church, and stood more conspicuously in the public gaze than ever before.

The mind of man, as it advances from the chaos of infancy to the desuetude of old age, invariably touches the period of creative action in the decade between the ages of thirty and forty. Then most does man's practical nature assert its supremacy in every well-balanced mind, and plans of work and methods of procedure are considered to which the matured action of succeeding years is applied. "He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill," the French proverb tells us, and to the same purpose the author of "Our New Departure" has written: "It is demanded of us that, having reached certain definite conclusions, we shall distinctly and systematically give ourselves to a style of work such as they logically suggest and require." It is

from such a motive that we find this active pastor by the Kennebec practically following out and acting upon his own principles and conclusions, in so far as he believed them to lead to the Christian advancement of his own Church and the greater benefit of his fellow-men.

From the earlier days of the present century, from the formation of the "Temperance Society of Milton and Northumberland," in 1808, down to the present time, a constant war has been waged against intemperance; and in no section has the assault been more impetuous, the stand more determined, than within the borders of the Pine Tree State. Neal Dow, "the moral Columbus," as Horace Mann termed him, and the Maine Law—battle-cries familiar as household words to every advocate of Total Abstinence—Maine—sent, spread an incalculable influence for radical reform throughout the land. Always an earnest and aggressive soldier of the cold-water army, we find the vigorous Bath pastor an open and outspoken foe to the liquor traffic, and especially to the legalized sale of strong drinks, an unyielding advocate of direct prohibition and of an abstinence total and entire. Deprecating as he did the extreme and often unwise excitements of the old Washingtonian days, for the same reason that his clear common-sense saw the ephemeral and consequently ineffectual results that of necessity always follow any hectic, excitement-bolstered movement of a purely revival nature, he seems, in this Maine Law and temperance controversy, to have urged rather the legalized and resistless stamping-out of the rum curse than the momentary and hot-blooded excitement which captured the smitten drunkard with an attendant flourish of trumpets and then cast him, pledge-signed but unaided, upon the mercies of an indifferent or critical community. In the height of the temperance agitation he urged with all his force and power such sweeping legal restrictions upon the liquor traffic as should in effect blot it out of existence. "The impartial execution of any law," he said, "and especially of this law against the liquor traffic, is essential to

its moral power, and whenever crime in broadcloth or in so-called respectable position is suffered to escape, while crime in coarser garb or less conspicuous station is punished, justice is outraged, law is dishonored, and all the great interests which it is the design of law to protect are placed in peril." This was the principle that governed all his labors for the temperance cause: pity and reclamation for the unfortunate or besotted wretches who, reeling through the streets or haled to the nearest police court, were outlawed and spurned by society; denunciations and punishment for the men who, pandering to the depraved tastes of their fellows, counted their gains by the tally of ruined manhoods and brutalized souls. "When you strike at wrong," a recent writer who styles himself "the Egotist" has said, "let it be with your might; not doubtingly, not hesitatingly, but let it be direct, aimed at the object, and with all the power that God has given you. Let it be your purpose to shatter, to break. Let your words blister, let them scald, let them burn." And it was the unshrinking, deliberate, and determined laying of the axe at the very root of intemperance—the liquor traffic itself—which this stout apostle of clean-living advocated through over forty years of public life, that gave force to his principles and effect to his words. Hand and voice were alike merciless in the attack upon the Rum Power, and his words, never equivocal nor uncertain, were ever more scathing against the parlor and the saloon than the grog-shops and the hovel. "The sluices of the grog-shop," says Dr. Chapin, "are fed from the wine-glass in the parlor, and there is a lineal descent from the gentleman who hiccoughs at his elegant dinner-table to the sot who makes his bed in the gutter."

In one of the strongest of his temperance orations—delivered at Bucksport, Me.—Mr. Brooks said: "The drinking usages of society are detrimental to the public good. The Rum Power is an enemy to the common welfare. It loads us with crime. It saddles us with taxes. It corrupts our politics. It saps the virtue and undermines the manhood

of our people. It blots our civilization, invades our rights, tramples law, weakens our institutions, and outrages the Christian conscience and the highest moral sentiment of our communities. At every pore and in every interest, society is bleeding under its inflictions and exactions. There is no imaginable offence, indeed; against the public weal which may not be justly laid to its charge, and scarcely any evil by which our civilization is defaced, the chief source of which would not be dried up if it could be destroyed." And respecting the demand for a legal and thorough prohibition which in the interests of temperance reform he and his associates made, he said: "It is an expression of the broadest and most vital principles alike of humanity and of political economy; a practical assertion of the law of mutual help; of the principle that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak; of the doctrine that individual profit or pleasure must defer to the general good; of the truth that no one has the right to peril his own or his neighbor's virtue and essential interests, and of the fact that society may protect its members or itself against abuse or needless taxation." Upon this ground he stood, and faltered not, but resolutely and determinedly maintaining this position, in pulpit or on lecture platform, in public or in private through all his long and busy life, his ringing blows for the cause of temperance, and in behalf of all the moralities and purities that flocked beneath its banner, left no one in doubt as to his entire loyalty to the principles he professed or the depth and earnestness of his devotion to the truth he upheld.

In the bad and mad old days of blood and blows, when might was right and force was king, came Cadwallon of Wales, and with a mighty host invaded Northumbria, torn with strife and feud. Then rose Oswald, the king, and gathering beneath his standard the best and bravest of Northumbria's men—few in numbers but strong in purpose—he marched against the Welsh invaders encamped at the Roman Well. Once again raged the fight of pagan against Christian, and with the men of Wales seemed for the time

the victory. But as by a sudden inspiration Oswald the Christian, seizing from his standard-bearer the great banner of the cross, drove it firmly into the sod and held it with his own hands until the hollow in which it was planted was filled in by his men. Then kneeling beneath its drooping folds, and raising his hands to heaven, he bade his soldiers pray for succor to the one true God. Fired anew by the zeal and faith of their noble king, the little band of Northumbrian patriots renewed the contest with spirit and determination. Oswald's prayers and Oswald's unflinching courage gained the day. Cadwallon, King of Wales, fell in the last encounter, the Welsh army fled, routed and shattered, and the hard-fought battle of "Heaven's Field," as it was ever after called, saved Northumbria from the invader, and made it, under the benign reign of Oswald the Good, a powerful and united Christian kingdom.

We wage a continual war against the fierce old pagans, greed and gain, and too often surrender our nobler nature into the hands of these subtle and tyrannical foes. It is therefore worthy ever of special thanks, when the smoke of conflict lifting shows now and then one soul of strength, one heart of oak, one royal man of might who, sinking firmly in the ground the standard of principle from which floats God's banner of purity and truth, stands serene and unyielding beneath its glorious folds, and battles manfully for the right, however foes may press or countless obstacles assail. The very firmness of his stand and the tenacity of his purpose give to the doubting hearts around him the inspiration of victory.

The unmistakable attitude thus taken in regard to the temperance question by Mr. Brooks, and his strong and outspoken advocacy of the principles he adopted, soon made him a prominent factor in the crusade against intemperance in Maine, and he won both popularity and distinction as one of the most practical and effective lecturers and speakers on temperance in the State, delivering orations in connection with the great Fourth of July temperance celebrations, which

were for several years a special feature in the observance of the anniversary of National Independence, besides giving numerous lectures and addresses on the same general subject throughout the State. Wherever he raised his voice against the encroachments of the Rum Power, men recognized in the speaker a man of aggressive but practical energy, while the depth and vigor of his efforts in Maine gave to him personally that unalterable conviction as to the great worth of the temperance cause, that till life's latest hour was ingrained in his very nature, and made him ever foremost in the van of its most zealous defenders.

The most skilful artisan, the most untiring worker can always point to some one triumph of mechanism, some especial piece of work, which is regarded by him as his best. To how many a man, at life's sunset hour, does there not come, as the gathering twilight shrouds the dim and shadowy memories that cluster and throng, some one event of his earth-work to which thought will involuntarily turn as one of the best remembered and most satisfactory of his life? And however much such a man may shrink from publicity, however little he may possess of the pride of place and the lust of power, still the thought that at some time in his life he has "done the state some service" is one of the clearest and most satisfactory recollections that the honest citizen, the true-hearted lover of his home-land, treasures up. It was therefore with no little satisfaction and with pardonable pride that the subject of this life-sketch, surveying the fields of his labor that lay behind him, could feel that to him and to his earnest efforts the present Reform Schools of the State of Maine largely owe their existence. To the world, even to his intimates, this was not generally known; and so averse was he to any reference to his own personal efforts and labors, that even to the writer of these pages the fact of his connection with the Maine Reform Schools was unknown. But as the last hours of life ticked away, with brief and broken utterance he spoke of the work he had tried to do for

truth and for human progress, and said that the knowledge that the Maine Reform School was a child of his endeavor was one of the most gratifying recollections of his life.

Ever awake to all the real reforms of the age, mindful of the sorry truth that each year saw the ruin of many a life which, rightly trained and under proper restrictions, might have been saved from evil courses, he was an earnest advocate of juvenile reform, and an interested observer of the movements already made in this direction in other sections of the country. To him there seemed an eternal truth in the declaration of Horace Mann, that "in a republic ignorance is a crime; and private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the state than it is guilt in the perpetrator." Carefully studying the attempts that had been made to strike at the very roots of the deadly Upas-tree of crime—juvenile delinquency—he looked abroad over the State, in which his own labor and interests lay, and determined, if possible, to set on foot sound reformatory measures. "The great majority of those who crowd our prisons," he said, "are there through weakness of will rather than through any actual depravity of nature; through the force of surrounding temptations rather than on account of a settled wicked purpose; the victims, many of them of home neglect, of vicious associates, or of abuses and stumbling-blocks which society tolerates to ruin the weak or mislead the unwary. . . . The career of a large proportion of our prisoners is to be traced to something else than to an original malignity of purpose, or to the depraved bent of their nature. As children they doubtless gave as little prophecy of a course of crime as any who were out of prison, and it was only when as children, or, later in life, neglect, or temptation, or evil habits gradually formed, had corrupted or led them astray that they became what they are." He pleaded, therefore, for a juster, a more humane treatment of the children—the wilful and wayward youth from among whom came the recruits of crime—so that, legally restrained and protected, "they might by wiser and more Christian methods be reformed and

saved." Prompted by this spirit and desire, he entered actively upon the effort to interest the State authorities and the people in the subject, and began by writing letters to the *Gospel Banner* and to various secular papers in regard to the matter. He then wrote and sent all over the State the petitions which urged the Legislature to action ; interested Judge Rice of Augusta, and through him induced Governor Hubbard to recommend the proposed school in his annual message ; corresponded with the mayors of Portland and Bangor, and by their efforts secured the favorable action of their respective city councils, and through his old friend of the early Norridgewock days, Hon. Charles Danforth, procured the action of Gardiner in furtherance of his purpose ; procured similar favorable action in the city council of Bath ; induced friends in various sections of the State to write to their local papers respecting the school, and at considerable expense of time and labor, and of some money, set in active operation the train of influences by which the subject was so brought before the Maine Legislature as to finally secure the firm establishment of the school. Of all this the public at large knew and has known nothing, and he was well content to see his efforts crowned with success and the school fulfilling its purpose, though none save the few with whom he corresponded knew of him as having any part in the work of establishment.

In respect to this episode in his life Judge Danforth writes : " The character of your father, and the kind of influence he desired to and did exert, is illustrated by his connection with our Reform School. His great faith was in making men better, and in order to do this effectively he felt the importance of beginning with the young. He was the first to make the suggestion of such an institution as the Reform School in Maine, and he also made the first movement which resulted in its establishment. This was in the summer of 1850. He was then residing in Bath, and I was a member of the Legislature. I then received from him a petition signed by himself and a number of others asking for

the establishment of such an institution. This was accompanied by a communication setting forth his views of the importance of such a school. I had the petition presented and referred to the Judiciary Committee, before which I used his communication, and I have an impression that he appeared in person before the committee, who reported in favor of the undertaking. The Legislature appropriated \$10,000 to begin with, and authorized the Governor to appoint three commissioners to procure a site, make plans for a building, and report an act for the government of the institution. The site was given to the State, and the commissioners performed their duties so far as the funds went that year, and the next year another appropriation of \$20,000 was made, and so from time to time appropriations were made until the work was finished. In the mean time your father was constant in the interest he felt, and in making such suggestions as might be useful. He never had any official connection with the institution, and there is no record on earth showing how much he did in the establishment and formation of the school. His work was all voluntary—asking for no reward, not even that of fame—nevertheless it was as real and as permanent as though recorded on tables of stone, and the rewards of an exalted life arising from works which elevate the lives of others are vastly greater than any this world can bestow. This was the power he exerted during his whole life, and its force and extent, and its benefit to himself and others, can never be measured, for it will never cease to operate."

It was the sage King of Brobdingnag who remarked to the loquacious Gulliver that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. Keen but ever-true satire upon the baser principles of statecraft, this assertion embodies a practical truth that touches every earnest effort for the public good. And none more closely does it touch than that pure desire to lay in

childhood the firm basis upon which to rear a helpful and worthy manhood, and by proper education and just restrictions to curtail the vicious propensities or strengthen the better qualities of youthful and easily tempted natures. To this end have the wise and good of many an age worked and striven, as did even that grave and tender John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, who, weary of the strife and battle that had rent his land in twain, sought to educate the on-coming generation to a better and purer living in those bitter days of deadly feud, when York and Lancaster deluged the fair fields of Britain with English blood, as now the red rose and now the white rested victor, but thorn-crowned on the throne of England. Under the shadow of his magnificent cathedral walls the good Dean built that noble grammar-school, since so famous in the annals of his country. Over its gate he placed an image of the child Jesus, above the legend, "Hear ye Him," and dying full of years and honor, sent to the scholars so dear to his heart the last pleading message of his tender soul: "Lift up your little white hands for me—for me which prayeth for you to God." So, too, from his day to our own, the same helpful and hopeful spirit which in the children—the promise of the future—sees God's unconscious instruments for good or ill, has striven patiently and prayerfully to mould, to educate, to form, and, conscious of right motives, has at the sunset hour, like the earnest man who sought to save and uplift the prison waifs of Maine, felt an honest pride and a quiet content at the recollections of all wise endeavors toward so grand an end.

But the work of Mr. Brooks in behalf of temperance and education, and his clearly defined position in regard to other points of local or national importance, were all subordinate to his own Church interests, or rather, were indissolubly interwoven with them. However active he may have been in other matters, his parish work and Sabbath services were never neglected, and as a result he was happy in his pastorate, blessed with warm and devoted friends, and useful in every possible way for his Master and His work. "The

wise kind of man," says Carlyle, "will find that the crooked things he has got to pull straight wherever he may go are manifold, and will task all his strength, however great it may be. For this is the thing a man is born to in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it and do his best." From his home by the fast-flowing Kennebec, Mr. Brooks wrote: "The ministry, especially in such a place as this, to one disposed to be at all faithful, is no sinecure, no lazy bed on which one has only to recline and receive his pay. I love Bath, and have become deeply interested in its people and prosperity. I love the society and the pleasant labor and intercourse with its members. I love the State, and, proud of its growing greatness, am glad to be counted as one of its citizens, and to contribute my humble efforts to advance its interests, and especially to promote the extension of our Zion within its borders." Of the esteem and regard of the people of his parish he had frequent assurances. "Firmer, more devoted, more faithful friends," he says, referring to them, "we can never find." Pleasant and endearing memories of that busy, pleasant, useful pastorate remained with him to his latest day, and even yet in many a Bath home, the remembrance of that devoted and helpful pastor, the strong and cheery man, the constant and devoted friend, linger, misty with the tracery of the intervening years, but yet warm and unmistakable.

Active in all his efforts for the more effective union of all the interests of the Church throughout the State, the four years of his life in Maine were full of labor in behalf of the general cause. In June, 1849, he preached the Occasional Sermon before the State Convention—a strong appeal for organization and united work, and one of the most earnest, eloquent, and convincing of his mid-life sermons. Each annual session, in fact, of the Convention during his residence in Bath received the impress of his forming hands, and showed in positive work the results of his counsel and endeavor.

At his suggestion was organized, in 1847—the result of a proposition submitted by him in Convention at Portland, in 1847—the Tract movement, which, developing into an organized association, sought to disseminate the teachings and principles of Universalism in all parts of the State by the publication and wide distribution of vigorous and practical Universalist tracts. In 1848, in Convention at Bath, he proposed the appointment of a Sabbath-school secretary, who, “in the promotion of the interests of our Sabbath-schools, shall take measures to secure returns from every Universalist Sabbath-school in the State touching its conditions and prospects,” and submit the same for consideration at each session of the Convention. This secretaryship (from which has gradually been evolved the present State Sunday School Convention of Maine) was created in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Brooks, and he was induced himself to take the office, which, involving much time and labor, he held until his departure from the State. In connection with this work he presented the respective annual reports to the Convention, in all of which he urged with his usual vigor a vigilant and careful attention to the Sabbath-school by all Universalists who held themselves as earnest upholders of their Church; “for,” said he, “in this one work—the moral and religious education of the children—you include and consummate every other reform.” At this same session of the Convention in 1848, he, in connection with Rev. Calvin Gardner, of Waterville, moved for the organization of an effective missionary movement throughout the State, which should plant and foster new societies and seek to spread by active work and earnest co-operation the glorious and practical truths of Universalism. This proposition likewise recommended itself to the better judgment of the Convention. Mr. Brooks was elected one of the board of trustees to organize the new movement, and at the next session of the Convention, in 1849, upon the permanent organization of the Maine Missionary Association, he was elected corresponding secretary, which office

he filled until his removal from the State. Thus, therefore, while neglecting none of his own home and parish interests—a pastor whose name as teacher and friend was held in loving remembrance long after his removal from Bath; a preacher whose sound, practical Christian teachings brought many souls to Christ; a citizen who identified himself actively and closely with the affairs of his city and State—he gave to the manifold and ever-increasing claims of the denomination within the borders of the great commonwealth in which he had found so pleasant a home, his constant thought, the devoted support of a heart strong for the faith's up-building, and the practical suggestions of a mind peculiarly adapted to the organization and development of methods and plans of work. In his journal appears, after the simple statement in detail of his identification with all these varying interests, the entry: "I make this record—and all these records, by way of remembrance, in looking over the years I have passed in Maine—not boastfully, God forbid! I simply make them here as suggestive, for my own satisfaction in bidding farewell to Maine, of the fact that I have not been wholly an idler here. I might have done more, perhaps, if I been entirely faithful. God forgive me if I have been wrongfully negligent of any opportunity to do all in my power for His cause, and may His richest blessing rest on whatever He has enabled me to do, making it seed from which a good harvest shall grow!"

And now once more comes the call to a still larger field of labor—a call long and prayerfully considered, and only accepted under the conviction that in such a decision lay his duty. Strong, helpful, and earnest—thoughtful and deliberate in suggestion, energetic and devoted in action, the four years of his life and work in Maine are about to close. Yet stay the pen, O chronicler of this life of labor! Roll back, O misty curtain of the gathering years, and show us once again the dear home-pictures—glimpses of that busy life-work by the flowing Kennebec, where the pleasant windows of the "Old Masters' house" on High Street overlook-

ed the sparkling waters of the river, and the green fields and waving forests beyond. Rising often with the sun, the stalwart man, all glowing with health and the vigor of a pure and simple life, inhales the fresh draughts of strength that come to him now on the strong sea-breezes of the ocean, now on the pine-laden air of the vast Maine woods. Always thoughtful of others, he gives a ready attention to whatever in the daily routine of home duties may need his helping hand, and then withdraws to the pleasant study, where gleam the polished andirons, and the bright wood-fire blazes on the ample hearth, or where in summer the open windows admit heaven's free air and joyful sunlight that he loved so well. Here are letters to be answered, speeches to be considered, sermons to be pondered over and put into words, —the labored sentence now written, now revised, now read in hopeful monotone, or re-read in dubious semitone, that it may bring crisp, and clear, the desired meaning and the full effect. Ah, how few of us who listen and criticise as the preacher shapes his argument, know one half the labor that the structure of this sentence entails, or the wording of that particular train of thought has cost the apparently ready writer ! The study hours over, he goes out into the world to his other duties—now to the examination of some school where teachers and scholars welcome the interested "committeeman," now on some round of parish work, or now by stage or train to fill some distant engagement or to attend the session of some committee or association.

Incident and action crowd so closely the pages of his journal that it is hard to select here and there disjointed glimpses of these busy days ; but in all his work and in all his effort we find the same strength of character, the same vitalizing and controlling purpose, the same steadfast aim for good and lasting results, for faith and unity and a purer and nobler manner of Christian living, as has actuated every honest Christian worker since first the eye of the Master fell on Simon Peter by the Galilean sea.

Not alone to that noble apostle of God's dear love and Christ's divinest truth, Origen of Cæsarea—Origen the

Adamantine, who could turn all the grandeur of his eloquence, all the power of his logic, all the tenderness of his loving heart to bring one straying brother back to truth—came the desire to lead men to God ; the same yearning, the same overmastering zeal has possessed all earnest workers for Christ in every age and clime, from the faithful and simple Judean peasants who in the dawning light of the Gospel of Love gathered at that farewell supper at Jerusalem, to the powerful and far-reaching organizations for Christian work in these later days ; from that princely proselyte, the imperial Constantine, as he flashed, in all the magnificence of scarlet and gold, of pearls and priceless gems, upon the grave and priestly council of Nicæa, to that later day when, deep in the Canadian forests, the Jesuit Garnier, himself struck to the death by the hatchets of the relentless Iroquois, dragged his body with a last mighty effort that he might grant the all-precious absolution to the dying Huron warrior who lay beside him. It was this spirit too that filled and vivified the loyal and devoted Christian minister whose life this record seeks to sketch as he moved along his path of duty among his fellow-men, earnest, helpful, strong, and true. " Let us," he says, in a sermon before the Massachusetts State Convention on " Personal Holiness ;" " let us, my brethren, appreciating the motives which summon us to faithfulness, consecrate ourselves with renewed ardor to this one great work. As of old the Lord was with the ark of His covenant, so that Dagon fell broken before it, and every arm raised against it was powerless, so will the Lord be with the great truth He has given to our hands, and with us as laborers for it. The idols of error shall fall before us. Prejudice shall be softened. Unbelief shall be convinced. Sin shall be converted. The Word of the Lord shall have free course and be glorified, and His work shall prosper in our hands. Thus going forth in a profounder sense of its sanctity and importance and therefore in a higher consecration to it, may there be written on our pulpits, on our press, on our schools, and, above all, on our homes and on our lives, as of old on the forehead of the High Priest—' Holiness unto the Lord.' "

CHAPTER VIII.

"Life is to be accepted as a time to live and labor for others as well as for ourselves, and we are actively to enlist in every effort for the relief, improvement and welfare of our fellow-men to the full extent of our power and ability."

Our New Departure.

FAIR and attractive to the eye of the tourist, the pleasant shires of Bucks and Oxford nestle in the heart of Merrie England, green with verdant mead, breezy hill-side, and waving forest. But though so fair to look upon, still dearer are they to every lover of the good old Saxon speech, with their throng of historic memories which cluster around Oxford's springing spires and Woodstock's castle-walls, which gather in misty halo above the vale of Aylesbury, and stretch away to where the Avon flows between its storied banks past Shakespeare's birthplace, and by Milton's home, westward to the Severn and the sea. And bright and fair did mead and hill-side seem that fateful morning of England's sweetest month, in the early days of the Great Rebellion, June 17th, 1643, when with fire and sword, with hard-riding trooper and hot-blooded cavalier, came Rupert of the Palatinate to harry and destroy. With the clatter of hoofs, the rattle of sabres, and the gleam of many a spur, the royal cavalry rode that fair June day a daring foray from Oxford on to Wycombe, leaving wreck and ruin in their track, till, galloping along the ancient Roman highway near to Easington, they found their further advance barred by a small body of Parliamentary horse and county yeomanry at Chalgrove Field. Hastily collected to repel the sudden onset of the Royalists, this little band of republicans were deficient in numbers and preparation, but they were led by one of England's most glorious sons—John Hampden, the patriot. Foremost in debate, sagacious in council, brave and resolute in action, he had already resisted the unjust demands of a stubborn and exacting king,

braved the threats of fine and imprisonment, and asserted the justice of the stand he had taken. Strong in the defence of what he believed to be the right, he had unhesitatingly thrown himself heart and soul into the conflict between King and Parliament, and at Aylesbury and Worcester, at Edgehill and Brentford and Reading, had proven himself a gallant leader, a wise and successful commander, a strong and sturdy fighter. And now, ever alive to the trumpet-call of duty, and advised of this sudden raid of the Trooper Prince, he had left his pleasant home in the vale of Aylesbury—the loveliest spot in Buckinghamshire—and joining to his gathering neighbors the small force of cavalry under his command, he had rallied them to the defence of home and fireside, of parliament and principle. Amid the clash of sabre and the ward of pike, as foot to foot and horse to horse is waged on Chalgrove Field that brief and bitter fight, how sharply do these two men—rival leaders of opposing ranks—stand out on history's page, typical each of the cause he represented. The one, Rupert of the Palatinate, prince and cavalier—a brilliant but impatient partisan, a hot-headed Royalist, a daring and impetuous soldier, a desperate and unreasoning adherent of king and court—is a fit exponent of that old-time aristocracy of caste and blood that fought bravely but unreasonably in defence of the chimera of the divine right of kings, denying the diviner rights of the people, and trampled on liberty and law; the other, John Hampden of Aylesbury, patriot, statesman, and soldier—a gentleman alike by rank and nature, strong, consistent, noble, of unconquerable firmness and unsullied reputation—held far above the mere subjection to kings the grander devotion to country and to principle, while his pure life was marked throughout “by courage, patience, piety, and strong love of country.” Short and deadly was the unequal skirmish. Hampden's hastily collected force was more than matched by the troopers of Rupert, flushed with the enthusiasm of a successful foray, and the pikes of parliament were beaten down by the cav-

alry of the king ; while Hampden, struck to the death by a Royalist bullet, was seen riding slowly from the field, " before the action was done, which he never used to do, with his head hanging down and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse ;" and when after a few days of suffering the life of John Hampden went out from earth, republican England mourned a patriot gone, a leader lost, a statesman taken, and a soul translated. Still arches the fair English sky above Chalgrove Field, around it still spread the green hills and dales of Oxfordshire, still in the beautiful vale of Aylesbury rest the deep shadows of the ancient woods ; but for two hundred years, through all the shiftings of the kaleidoscope of England's history, as shame and glory, craft and courage, weakness and strength have in rapid alternation thrown their mingling colors across the disk of Britain's life, still have the men of Bucks and the ever-advancing strength of English freemen held in dear remembrance the memory of that manly man who fell before the charge of Rupert's troopers on Chalgrove Field. Dying with a prayer for his country on his lips, he merits the lasting honor and praise of all true men in every land, even as his epitaph in Aylesbury Church marks the man of sterling principle, as it stands deep cut in the quaint old lettering of that distant day : " With great courage and consummate abilities he began a noble opposition to an arbitrary court in defence of the liberties of his country, supported them in Parliament, and died for them in the field."

" Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early or too late ;
Out acts our angels are, and good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

Thus wrote good John Fletcher in the grand old Elizabethan days of song, and there is much of force and truth to be found therein as to each man of us comes with each

new day the chance to make or mar our life or reputation. No wiser law, of all the just decrees of Heaven, exists than that which deprives us of all certain glimpses of the path ahead; for life is but the constant lifting of the misty veil beyond which we peer in vain, but which, as it rises, discloses ever new cause for striving and fresh incentive to action. Well is it for us if this demand for new endeavor finds us prompt and willing, lest by an unwise over-fear or by sheer neglect we miss the golden opportunity that each moment offers, and all too late strive to regain the lost foothold; for all the world like that old Perugian soldier who, when his head was broken, ran home for his helmet.

The invitation which in the fall of 1850 came to Mr. Brooks from the First Universalist Society of Lynn, Mass., was unsought and unexpected. Years before, in the palmy East Cambridge days, a call had been extended to him by the same parish, and by him declined from a sense of duty to the demands of his own parish; and this second invitation, made after the lapse of years, could not but be a source of pleasure and gratification. The first indication of this action on the part of the Lynn parish came to him in the announcement that met his startled gaze as he took up a Boston daily in the reading-room of a Baltimore hotel, to the effect that "Rev. E. G. Brooks, of Bath, Me., has received a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of the First Universalist Church and Society in Lynn, Mass." That unprosaic public waiting-room became at once the battle-ground upon which was waged again that triple strife between duty, caution, and inclination that in so many forms and on so many fields has been fought since first through Eden echoed the Divine query, "Where art thou?" What is my duty? was the question that pressed upon him. "Something of no small moment," he says, "was thus given me to think about. Should I leave Bath and hazard again the experiment of a removal? and my prayer was, God help me to a right decision." Reaching his home, he found the formal letter of invitation awaiting him, and, influenced

by many considerations, chiefest among which was a desire to feel a greater sense of permanence, and to work in a broader field of labor, he finally decided to accept the invitation, and asked his Bath parish for the usual dismissal. But the people would not consent to this withdrawal, and, assembled in society meeting, without an opposing vote declined to release him. His confidence in the wisdom of his decision, however, caused him to adhere to his resolution, and he therefore accepted the Lynn invitation. From the day of his final determination until his departure from Bath, every possible strain was brought to bear upon him to influence a change. "For God's sake, Mr. Brooks, stick and hang!" pleaded one rough diamond, reclaimed and lifted by the pastor's hand from the gutter to manliness; and under many a form came the same urgent plea from all. Greatly moved by these evidences of appreciation and regard, Mr. Brooks finally offered to rescind his determination, provided the Lynn parish would release him from his obligation; but this release would not be granted, and the die thus cast, he adhered to the word he had pledged and turned his face toward the new home. On the 27th of October, 1850, he preached his farewell sermon in Bath, concerning which he makes the following entry in his record book: "Preached my farewell sermon; may I never preach another! I have passed through scenes of trial before, but never one like this. Toward the close of my discourse I found it difficult to proceed, and the whole congregation was in tears. What is before me I know not; but never, I do know, shall I find better friends than have this afternoon shed tears as I have bidden them farewell." And thus with many a tearful parting and many an honest farewell, loath to leave, yet feeling that his duty clearly lay in the path he had taken; thankful for the work he had been able to do for Christ's truth in Maine, and deeply touched by the many assurances that came to him that he had made and would long retain a place in the affection and regard of his friends and neighbors, he closed the record of his life in Maine, and, hopeful as to the

future, faced the work that now opened before him in his new home by the sea.

Within that land-locked bay, upon whose outermost confines, with many a roar and shock, the mighty Atlantic hurls its angry waves against the jutting capes of Swampscott and the defiant rocks of Nahant, the city of Lynn, like some lusty sea-king of the olden days, looks ever seaward toward its restless and billowy horizon. With crescent marge and rocky crown, this Naples of New England lifts spire and chimney skyward, and fronts the March winds' blusterings with the same serene equanimity with which it greets the cooling zephyr and the summer boarder wafted oceanward by the heats of July. A favored shrine of the gentle St. Crispin, it honors its saintly patron by a practical reading of the manly legend, *Laborare est orare*, and the smoke of its manufactories, the steam of its throbbing engines, and the click of its countless needles all attest the life and force of that constant endeavor which permeates and vitalizes the very atmosphere of work that shrouds this busy city. In 1850, however, the trade of shoemaking had not yet called to its aid the magic power of steam, and the cobbler's bench, the cutter's board, and the seamstress's chair gave proof of continuous and laborious tasks, in which each stitch represented a sweat drop, and the practical inspirations of many a thoughtful and earnest mind were drawn into continuity with every stretch of the homely waxed-end, and beaten into shape with the thud of the prosaic hammer.

Thirty-four years of age, instinct with the life and energy of manhood, full of devotion and purpose, deliberate in method but warm and far-reaching in motive, Mr. Brooks entered upon his work in Lynn. For nine years he lived and labored there—to what effect and with what results the eminent position and present strength of the Church at Lynn sufficiently testify. He found the society in a state of threatened demoralization; he left it strong, united, and powerful. The pestiferous breath of an incipient scandal—one of those moral ulcers which while churches stand and

ministers are mortal will now and then taint Christianity—had been detected, confronted, and quietly smothered, but the effect had been a temporary paralysis of church interests and influence, and the invitation to Mr. Brooks brought him to Lynn just when the society was inclining toward the down grade. Nine years passed, and when the faithful pastor left for other fields of labor it was gratefully conceded that to his constant and devoted effort the salvation and success of the society were due.

Referring to the record of Mr. Brooks in Lynn, the Rev. C. W. Biddle—who, though not his immediate successor in the pastorate, was a few years later called to the pulpit, and was for sixteen years its occupant—says: "To this parish he gave nine of the best years of his life. At the time of his coming among them he was in the prime of life, and already had the experience of over twelve years in the Christian ministry. He began his labors in our city at an important period in the history of the parish, and the advent of such a man at such a time was very opportune. He had the strong, firm hand that was needed. He rallied the forces of the parish and church, infused his own earnest Christian spirit into them, gathered them into effective organization, and put them upon efficient practical work. His pastorate, as might have been expected from such a man, proved to be a successful one. As preacher, pastor, superintendent of the Sunday-school—to which office he was chosen in 1853—as a man and as a public-spirited citizen, how well he is remembered as a positive, powerful, straightforward Christian brother! To his great life-work he brought a strong, well-balanced nature, a vigorous bodily constitution, an impressive personal presence, massive intellectual powers, sound moral sentiments, a royal conscience, an heroic will, a Christian faith, and a consecrated life."

The world's epoch-makers are not alone those brilliant few whose achievements stand as the tally-marks on time's increasing score, and whose names—whether as statesmen or

orators, as soldiers or prophets, as poets, painters, prelates, workers, or thinkers—illumine the pages of history. Wherever in any age, under whatever circumstance of birth or surrounding, one helpful hand has been raised in defence of the right, or one earnest soul has striven to mould public opinion, to increase man's possibilities for advancement, to do some good to his neighbor and his time, or to speak one bold and fearless word for the truth—to every such does the world owe the meed of praise, and civilization stand a debtor. To the genius of Washington was joined the fidelity of a host of less exalted and now forgotten patriots, and the stern, unyielding will of Cromwell would have availed little had it not been preceded by the courage of a Hampden and the far-reaching influence of a thousand lesser but equally devoted citizens of England. From the day when, under that old tree at Holwood, minister and philanthropist—Pitt and Wilberforce—clasped hands in the mutual determination to efface from the arms of England the foul stain of African slavery, down to the hour when the firm hand of the great rail-splitter of Illinois signed the immortal paper that struck the fetters from millions of bondsmen, many have been the acts, the words, the lives that have helped on man's emancipation and the world's gradual atonement. The breezes wafted westward from the English vale of Keston mingled in time with the sterner winds that swept from Northern forest and from Western prairie until the hopes and prayers of the liberators crystallized into one universal protest. A million of men sprang to arms, and with the terrible logic of sword and bayonet and rifled cannon successfully argued the cause of freedom. As an efficient factor in this work stood the American pulpit, and more especially that pulpit which proclaimed the All-Fatherhood of God, the universal brotherhood of man. "The peculiarity of this contest," said Mr. Brooks in his memorable report to the United States Convention at Middletown in 1865, "being that it has been in essence so signally a moral contest, it will always stand to the honor of the Northern Church of

America that it has so perceived the points of identity between our flag and the cross of Christ, and has thus given liberty and the Union such cordial service, and it is ours as a Church to say that we have been among those who, looking beneath the surface to the meaning of the contest, have given themselves to it as a contest not simply for the integrity of our Republic, but for the maintenance of our civilization and the honor of Christ." In many a New England village, by many a Middle State river, on many a Western prairie, the prayers and exhortations, the strong appeal, the earnest word, the convincing argument of the devoted, liberty-loving clergyman gave food for thought and base for action to father, brother, son, and shaped the minds of those thousands of loving women who added their plea to the fast-swelling demand for justice and for freedom. While, then, we honor the leaders in this great upheaval of the national conscience—the men whose names, however belittled by the policies of party and the unwisdom of fanaticism or faction, will grow in glory as the minor detractions of daily intercourse fade from memory—let the freemen of America, North and South, give praise and credit to those less prominent, but no less devoted men, through whose counsel and by whose ceaseless promptings liberty was made possible and freedom became a fact.

I claim, therefore, no undue prominence, no special acknowledgments, in this matter for the man whose life-record is given in these pages. I only point to him as one among the many—one of those persistent, logical, and devoted reformers, of stalwart nature, of earnest endeavor, of unyielding principle, who early saw and stoutly contended against the baleful influence of slavery, and rested not until it was cast down and destroyed. Elbridge Gerry Brooks was born into the very atmosphere of freedom. The daily life-struggles only by which existence and comfort were secured in his simple Portsmouth home gave him his portion in the great brotherhood of toil, and taught him to see in caste only the dark injustice of man's blind discriminations. He acknowl-

edged and could recognize no aristocracy save the diviner supremacy of truth and manliness. Thus the sturdy struggles of the boy found expression in the stalwart principles of the man ; and the innate love of liberty which made him a consistent believer in that Universalism which proclaims the Divine Brotherhood, made him also a stanch supporter, both in the letter and the spirit, of that deathless Declaration, which is the corner-stone of our national life, and which asserts so grandly the equality of all men before the law. A reformer without being a fanatic, his practical creed contained no article which acknowledged the mere supremacy of blood or birthright, but throughout his busy life his strong faith in man's inherent possibilities led him to plead for the abolition of all the unchristian discriminations of caste, and was indeed a living expression of that protest which has so recently been shrined in noble words, as one of England's poets has paraphrased the almost divine utterance of India's hero and philosopher—Gautama, prince and reformer :

" Pity and need

Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all ; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill! deeds vile."

In his annual report as secretary of the Universalist General Reform Association in 1852, Mr. Brooks said : " We read, no doubt with intense disapprobation and disgust, of the castes of India—forgetful too often of the existence of a law of caste as inexorable and cruel in the midst of our Christian civilization at home. Nothing could be more inconsistent with our professed republicanism, or more at war with our cardinal Christian doctrines. Our republicanism is based on the essential equality of man ; and our religion—of which our republicanism is only a development—assures us of the equal place of all men in God's regard, and the equal claim of all men on our affection and sympathy. Both

see the man, not in clothes nor in the color of his hair or skin, but in the soul. And yet, in utter denial of this, the caste of color which so wickedly asserts itself among us excludes children from our schools and men and women from our churches and all our associations, except as they are admitted for menial service."

As year by year the young Republic extended its borders, every thoughtful citizen grew to appreciate more and more clearly the anomaly and inconsistency of the maintenance of African slavery beneath the folds of freedom's flag. Gradually the indifference and silence of the eighteenth century gave place to the remonstrance and detestation of the nineteenth, and every word of condemnation, every brave and manly protest against the encroachments of the slave power, though at first combated, derided, or silenced, bore final fruit in the hearts of all honest freemen.

It was the gallant knight Bevis of Hamtoun, who in the mistily mythical days of old, so the story runs, sent to Divoun, Emperor of Almaine, a messenger who bore a protest against the usurper's rapacious greed, and a bold claim for justice and restitution. "And behold," the record says, "Divoun was so angry at the words of Sir Bevis that he snatched the great knife from the banquet-table and flung it at the messenger. Him it passed by, but it smote Divoun's only son through the body that he died." Even thus did the better judgment of free America make to the slave oligarchy its protest, its demand for justice and reform. Angered at this attack upon its assumed prerogative, the imperious slave-power cast the sword at the messenger, and lo! the very blood and treasure of the South fell wasted on the regenerated soil.

Thirty years ago, however, it cost something to be outspoken for freedom—even in New England. To the mass of Americans abolitionist was synonymous with fanatic, and the protest against the demands of the Slave States was deprecated as unwise agitation. Public opinion lay muffled beneath the hand of expediency, and all America seemed to

cautiously tread on tiptoe and with finger on lip to whisper to the world, even as did the Spaniards of old, "About the king and the Inquisition—hush!"

An earnest advocate for freedom, even from boyhood, when in youthful debates he had argued the cause of the oppressed, Mr. Brooks grew to manhood an unshrinking, outspoken, consistent disciple of liberty. To him African slavery was a curse, to be removed only by the most heroic treatment; to this end did he preach and plead, and both in public and in private his denunciations never weakened, his protests never lacked. As early as 1842, in a sermon on the death of that noblest of American reformers, William Ellery Channing, he censured in no measured terms the too evident disposition of "some at the North to bow so servilely and basely to the impudent claims and the domineering spirit of the slaveholders;" and later, in 1851, in an address on the "Providential Purpose of our Republic," he said:

"The doctrine of a humanity common to all who wear the form of man is at the same time one of the central truths of the Gospel, and one of the most beautiful facts in the light of which our race can be regarded. It imparts a new meaning to the relation of souls, and infuses a higher sanctity and a tenderness more hallowed into every social obligation. It makes the humblest a participant in all the gifts and achievements of the noblest, invests even the meanest with a claim to our respect; binds even the most simple by indissoluble ties to our hearts; shows even the most degraded as enriched with the noblest possibilities, and so links us all together and to the throne of God. But all this slavery denies. Laying its profane hands on millions of grieving hearts, bound of God to all the rest, it tears them from the golden chain of our humanity, and tramples them, as of nothing worth, bleeding into the dust—sinning thus not only against the slave, but against the humanity to which he belongs, against the Gospel which assured him of his birthright as a child of God, and against the God who made him a man. . . . That it is the concern of us all to have the consistency of our Government maintained is clear. But what does the world see? It sees us talking grandly about oppression, and affirming the broadest principles of freedom, and yet standing with more than three millions of human beings groaning in the world's most horrible bondage beneath our feet! It sees us professing un-

limited sympathy with the tyrannized masses of Europe, and sending our ships to receive and protect the fugitives from its tyranny; and yet if some black Kossuth or Kosta chances to slip his chain and escape from a tyranny such as Hungarians never knew, we are ready to let slip all the dogs of war, and all the power of this great Republic is pledged to seize and drag him back! It sees us with Bible and Constitution in one hand, and whip and chain in the other, and while quoting the Declaration of Independence and piously talking of liberty and human equality and universal rights, committed to a system which converts millions into chattels, and ruthlessly strips them of every right.

. . . Do we say that this is none of our concern?—that it belongs to the states in which slavery exists? We say falsely! It is our concern! Overleaping State boundaries, slavery has forced its adoption by the General Government, and has thus ceased to be a local—has become a national concern. For it, so far as it is thus adopted, and especially for the infamous Fugitive Slave Act, the world holds us responsible; and we are responsible. Is it none of our concern that we are thus responsible, and that we are so far ranged on the side of oppression, showing that there is a despotism of democracy as unscrupulous and cruel as the worst despotism of absolutism itself? . . .

'I am a man,' said the old Roman, 'and whatever concerns man concerns me.' 'The slave is a man, and though his skin is black and mine white, every blow on his back is a blow on mine, and every anguish in his heart will wring my own. Other things are much: Northern rights are much; governmental policy is much; money, sectional power, consistency with our free principles—these are all much. But God and humanity and my bleeding brother are more. If I choose I may disregard policy; I may let Northern rights go; I may truckle to Southern dictation, and never ask how is my money spent, who has the offices, or who wields the power. But God, humanity, my brother, I may not neglect—and it is at my peril if I do so!'

To us of this present generation, such words as these may sound rhetorical, untimely, out of place; but God's hand has moulded us anew and placed our Republic on a higher and broader plane of national life since these words were spoken, and it is well for us occasionally to look back, and seeing from what we have advanced and through what we have passed, bow in simple acknowledgment before the memory of those fearless men and women who, in the dark and trying hour of our nation's life, when honor seemed brutal-

ized and freedom was a myth, were not afraid to speak a brave word for the truth, and to frame a manly protest against subserviency and wrong. And thus as year by year the lines were more and more sharply drawn between the pro- and anti-slavery sections in the days of the Missouri Compromise, the Fugitive Slave Law, the iniquitous Nebraska Bill, and the Border Ruffianism of Kansas, the voice of Mr. Brooks gave no uncertain sound, and the years of his Lynn pastorate echoed with the words of protest and warning which to him seemed demanded by God of every loyal and honest citizen. In 1851 he published in the *Universalist Quarterly* a strong paper on the Fugitive Slave Law, which awoke no little remonstrance and discussion, but of which a contemporary now remarks : " It would have done credit to the logic of Garrison and the brave rhetoric of Sumner. If the nation had heard the appeal of this young prophet then, it would have saved us from unnumbered soldier graves and rivers of tears and blood."

How crowded with incident, how full of the inspiration and energy of practical work were those nine years in Lynn ! Alive to every interest of his growing society, faithful in the discharge of all his pastoral duties, devoted to the cause of Christ and of all Christian reforms, the daily life of this faithful minister was a constant striving for the permanent up-building and lasting welfare of his charge. " We deem it but an act of justice," came to him the assurance of the Church at Lynn at the expiration of his nine years of labor, " to record in fitting terms an expression of our sentiments, and to tender to you our sincere thanks and heartfelt obligations for the faithful and conscientious manner in which you have discharged the duties of your responsible trust. We are conscious that you have labored devotedly to promote the interests which this church was organized to foster and extend, and which you have ever deemed of such vital importance. As a teacher, we acknowledge our indebtedness for the wisdom and richness of your instructions ; as an ad-

viser, for the prudence and practical value of your counsels ; as a friend, for the warm and generous sympathies of your nature ; and as a man and a citizen, for the sterling worth and integrity of your character." Words such as these too frequently stand in resolution and testimonial—too often they prove unmeaning or insincere ; but the pleasant friendships, the long-standing attachments, the continuing respect that remained years after the work in Lynn had ended sufficiently attested that these words of acknowledgment were honest, heartfelt, and sincere.

Outside his immediate parish duties his time was filled with many interests, religious and secular. The Temperance cause found in him the same earnest disciple, the same practical adviser, the same relentless fighter. A single incident will suffice, as it stamps his course of action in this direction during all the years in Lynn. In his journal, under date of Sunday, November 9th, 1851, occurs this entry : " L lectured this evening on the Maine Liquor Law. Just before the lecture Mr. —, our neighbor, called at the door to caution me against saying anything about the Maine Law, repeating a great many times that it would hurt me ! On going to the church, found it full—aisles and all. Brother Gilman offered the first prayer, and I talked about an hour and a quarter, pouring as much Maine Law into the people during that time as was possible ! God grant that I may have thus been the means of doing some good."

As in other places, he proved himself in Lynn an active and interested citizen. For years he served upon the School Committee and at a stormy time, when feeling ran high and conscientious duty was often mistaken for the promptings of partiality or of personal spite, yet no fellow-townsmen, however much he might find to criticise, ever questioned the sincerity of Mr. Brooks, the clearness of his motives, or the absolute justice of his counsel and actions.

When the great son of Uther Pendragon—that fabled King Arthur, whose life and love and valor have been the theme

of many a poem and many a tale of chivalry—brought home to his palace of Camelot his young Queen Guinevere, "fairest of all flesh on earth," he placed in the great banquetting-hall that famous Round Table whereat gathered the knightliest of his train. At feast or wassail each knight brought to the entertainment his best, whether of music, song, or story, and thus the feast would pass merrily on. One seat alone was kept untenanted—the "Siege Perilous"—in which it was death for any knight to sit save he who was destined to achieve the Holy Grail. It was, indeed

"The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Of which the world holds record."

From the gardens and halls of Camelot through the ages gone, wreathing now in a poet's fancy, now in a romancer's dream, the legend of those gallant knights of the Round Table has come down to us, and Arthur and Bedivere, Launcelot, Percivale, and Galahad are invested with something almost like reality, and shine forth the knightly synonyms for bravery and honor, chivalry and manliness, and for all that noble train of "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," each of them

"From spur to plume a star of tournament."

A myriad times has this princely circle had its imitators since the misty days of Camelot, and in law and literature, in war and pleasure, in politics and religion, other knights of the Round Table have met for debate, for amusement, or for mutual improvement, a linked companionship of kindred souls, giving each to each counsel or criticism, thought or suggestion. Thus in the pleasant parlors of an unpretentious house in Lynn gathers again one of these periodical confraternities, the Essex Ministerial Circle, a monthly gathering for social intercourse and mutual improvement of the several Universalist ministers of Essex County. Note them one by one as they sit in earnest conversation or in close attention: Fisher—cool, clear-headed, kindly critical, the Nestor of the circle in which the eldest had yet barely touched middle age, and

whose searching criticisms showed the depth and power that marked the future president of a divinity school ; Emerson—nervous, incisive, discriminating, facetious, the bent of whose collective mind already gave promise of the force that was in after years to make him the successful editor ; Case—sensitive, earnest, faithful ; Putnam—manly, consecrated, industrious, sound in judgment, correct in detail ; Ellis—polished, studious, genial, developing already those qualities which, taken “ at his best,” show the graceful and finished essayist ; Reynolds—ambitious, earnest, aspiring, whose brilliant flights of fancy were often sadly broken by his critical brethren, but who gratefully conceded the benefit and good effect of their ruthless criticisms ; Barden—practical, conscientious, scientific, devotional, zealous ; Hewitt—genial, pleasant-spirited, appreciative, but easily influenced by circumstances—a victim in after years to that demon of a false spiritualism that, Moloch-like, burned out his affection, loyalty, and life ; Moore—gentle, quiet, refined, cultured ; Johnson—large-hearted and whole-souled ; and, last of all, Brooks, host and director—strong, fervent, vivid, practical, unsparing in criticism, receptive of like treatment from others, an efficient and helpful member, a constant and devoted friend. These and others who for shorter periods were from time to time members, composed the Circle, and the “ Siege Perilous” was indeed his who was destined to achieve the seat of essayist, for around him, armed with ever-ready pencil and paper, sat his brethren of a few minutes back, now transformed into a veritable and relentless Vehmgerichte, decreeing cord and rack to every grammatical slip, every Pegasus flight of untethered fancy, every false syllogism or lame conclusion. Of that pleasant Circle a few still remain ; the others, some early called, some falling later in the day, have joined the ever-widening circle who gather at the Round Table of the Immortals, and who, with radiant faces, “ shine out of the past and come clustering, a sacred and glorious cloud of witnesses, about us,” as we labor on.

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The developing and educating influences of the Essex Circle were felt by all the members, and by none were they more sincerely recognized and appreciated than by Mr. Brooks. His was a style that, while strong and effective, was often redundant, crude, and overburdened; accepting every opportunity for improvement, he profited by the friendly but unsparing criticisms, and ever after confessed his great obligations to the experiences and ordeals of the Essex Circle.

The record of the Lynn pastorate draws to a close; new labors press forward, fresh duties beckon, and the mere details of the every-day life of the active worker, the consecrated minister, the energetic, practical man, though many and various are too numerous to record, too simple, too uninteresting perhaps to chronicle. But whatever these may be, whether they appear in the brief and infrequent entries in his desultory journal—which ceased altogether in 1855—or upon the carefully kept register of sermons, lectures, special services, marriages, funerals, etc., they all breathe the same spirit of earnest work, unremitting effort, and entire fidelity to his trusts. Outside his own parish work his time was filled with attention to and participation in the general cause. An active member of the State Missionary Board, the corresponding secretary of the Universalist General Reform Association, as well as a recognized working force in each successive State and General Convention, his reports, sermons, and addresses alike give evidence of the consecrated labor which he performed, and the zeal and personal interest which he gave to the affairs of the fast-developing Church.

The Rev. Edwin Thompson, with whom he was intimately associated in the Temperance reform during the years at Lynn, says of him: "I found him a man always true to his convictions of duty, persistent in the right, always to be depended upon, not only in the Temperance movement but in every other reform calculated to make men better or to improve society. His faithful preaching and consistent

course had a marked effect, not only upon those connected with his society, but upon others who came in any way under his influence. He never could be turned from the path by any mercenary or partisan considerations. He was in every respect one of the strongest men of our Church, and I am happy to bear this testimony to his work, and to make some expression of my respect and esteem for him."

Through all the terrors of that long Thirty Years' War, which deluged half Europe in blood and gave to the world names and fields of historic and enduring renown, naught shines out more brilliantly than the knightly fame of Gustavus Adolphus, the intrepid King of Sweden, who in so many fights crippled the Catholic powers of Europe, and overthrew again and again the armies of the League and the battalions of imperial Austria. Falling on the victorious field of Lutzen, he has made the "stone of the Swede" an ever-memorable landmark, and has left a memory second only to Luther as the Protestant hero of Germany. "God with us!" rose his war-cry on many a hard-fought field; and Tilly and Wallenstein, Maximilian and Ferdinand quailed again and again before the set determination of his purpose and the magic of his name. "My road is to Magdeburg; not for my own advantage, but for the honor of the Protestant religion," said this invincible hero to the timorous and temporizing Elector, cowering in Berlin before his fear of the brutalities of the Croats and the butcheries of Tilly's Walloons. "Tilly is strong and victorious, but this shall not prevent me from meeting him with confidence"; and on the victorious plain of Breitenfeld the atrocities of stricken Magdeburg were mightily avenged.

Not alone on Lutzen's bloody field, or by the red waters of the Lober, are battles fought and victories won. No banded army of the League, no cohorts of an imperial power were ever more threatening than the forces of that league of temptations and temporal benefits that withstand the duty and conscience of every man of us, and make the human heart the grandest battle-field of the ages. Too often we turn

and flee disheartened ; too often we bow before the glittering promises of a delusive fortune, and treacherously yield up the fortress of individual opinion ; too often, alas ! we place comfort before honor, ease before conscience, security before truth.

The steady stand of every reformer before the whole foul tide of ridicule, insult, and persecution is the grandest part of every moral protest—the quality above all others that makes reform first respectable and then successful. The man who stands for a principle and lifts his voice for truth, whatever the world may say, or however circumstances may combine, is as much a conqueror and as much a hero as was ever Gustavus at Leipsic or Henry at Agincourt.

History, we are told, is philosophy teaching by example, and there is something in the life of every man to be studied with profit, whether it lie in the illustrious names that crowd the ages or in the fresher memories of those, lesser known, whose lives have gone to swell the mighty volumes of the world's unwritten history. The patient daily life of the tired mother, full of love and devotion and sacrifice almost divine, or of the earnest, conscientious bread-winner in any walk of life, speak lessons to be heeded and examples to be followed as grand as does that of Hampden, the patriot of Aylesbury, or that older hero, Simon, Earl of Montfort, whose "constancy trampled even death under foot in its loyalty to the right," and who stood in one of England's pivotal crises "like a pillar unshaken by promise or threat or fear of death, true to the oath he had sworn."

It is therefore that, looking beneath the mighty events that fill the last half century of our nation's life with crowding changes and illustrious names, we can find something in the strong, energetic, practical, aspiring life of the earnest minister of Christ, whose life is here briefly sketched, which shall serve as a guide toward a steadier and more conscientious adherence to duty and to principle.

" His voice is silent in your council-hall
Forever ; and whatever tempests lower
Forever silent : yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed."

CHAPTER IX.

"The work of our Church, freighted with truths so broad, so rational, so satisfying alike to the intellect and the heart, is to put the thought of God as a living power, as no other Church can, into the life of this eager, restless, world-ridden time."

Our New Departure.

IN the old church at Roche d'Andeli, hard by the Chateau Gaillard's fast-rising walls, Cœur de Lion sat, a kingly worshipper at holy mass. In a great chair just at the entrance to the choir, and with the Bishops of Ely and Durham at either side, sat the monarch, abstracted and thoughtful, hearing the priestly voices, but regardless of the priestly words—anger in his heart, and a dark frown clouding the royal brow. Through the arched and pictured windows above him streamed the bright sunshine, tinging with many changing hues the faces of kings and prelates, priests and people, and lighting with something of its radiant glory the dark old Norman church. Without, it illumined the quiet beauty of one of fair Normandy's fairest landscapes, where, with a broad bend to the north, the Seine, sparkling with its silvery gleam, flows through the picturesque valley of Les Andelys, past sharply rising chalk cliffs, green, low-lying meadows, and thickly wooded hill-slopes, on toward Rouen's ancient walls and the northern seas. Through all the words of the priests and the solemn music of the choir, King Richard thought only of his own concerns—his feud with Philip of France, his empty coffers, and, beyond all, of the realization of his great desire, the speedy completion of "his saucy castle," which with fluted citadel and massive donjon towers overtopped the quaint roofs and gables of Roche d'Andeli, and which, once completed, could hold all France at bay. Straitened for means to complete the fortress, with an exhausted treasury in England and an exhaustive war-drain

in France, he laid upon the English bishops a certain impost for pretended arrears, and an individual demand for the equipment of men for service in France. Awed by the magic of the great name of the crusader king, and fearful of the royal wrath, man by man, prelates and nobles acceded to these extortionate demands. One alone stoutly refused compliance, and stood upon the vested rights of the Church, which until now no monarch had dared invade—the Bishop of Lincoln, Hugo of Avalon. Fearless of kingly greed and kingly threat, the stout old bishop resisted the enforcement of the demands upon him, and threatened to excommunicate any man who dared to execute the royal mandate. Then, upon a second direct demand from Richard, which threatened death as the penalty of disobedience, the Bishop Hugo went over-sea to face the king and persist in his refusal. Disregarding all the warnings and appeals of friends who met him at Rouen, Hugo pushed on to where, chafing at the delay in his needed supplies, Richard was superintending the completion of his pet scheme—the Chateau Gaillard—at Roche d'Andeli. Thus, then, in the old church sat the Lion Heart, and a whisper from the Bishop of Ely apprised him of the arrival of Hugo. The frown deepened on the kingly brow until the hot flush of his fierce and restless temper flamed above the frown. Through the press the Bishop Hugo, attended only by a single follower—the Abbot Adam—advanced toward the king. He made the customary obeisance, and calmly awaited the kingly kiss, which was then the due of the lords spiritual. The stern face of the angry king was averted from the bishop, and no word of welcome came from the monarch's lips. Once—twice was the kiss of greeting demanded, in response to which came naught but a sullen “*Non meruisti*,” growled through the kingly lips. Then, with a sudden movement, and while priests and people gazed in mute horror at the almost sacrilege, the determined bishop seized the great king by his brodered vest and shook him roundly. “*Kiss me, my lord king!*” he demanded; “*kiss me, for it is my right, and I am deserving of it.*” The unprecedented

audacity of the action more than amazed the king—it conquered him. His own courageous heart claimed kindred with all undaunted souls, and he recognized the moral bravery of the defiant and intrepid priest. The kiss was given, and the bishop, without another word, passed on to the altar and joined in the service. In the very shadow of his castle walls, Richard was forced to acknowledge the justice of the Bishop Hugo's assertion, that "the demand of the king was against the liberties he had sworn to defend, and he would rather die than betray them." "If all bishops were like my lord of Lincoln," he said, "not a prince among us could lift his hand against them." In the trenches at Chaluz, Richard the king died pardoning with knightly generosity the archer whose arrow stilled forever the heart of the bravest of the Plantagenets; to his honored tomb at Lincoln, Hugo the bishop was borne by kings and archbishops, while prelates and nobles wept above his bier; but while through the green Norman valley flows the silvery Seine, and while above Lincoln Cathedral linger these legends of the blameless Bishop Hugo, still will the memory of his high and stalwart integrity, which braved death and defied the kingly extortions, be held in reverence by every lover of justice, while he stands exalted, "one of the true builders of a nation's greatness."

"One contented with what he has done," says Bovee, "stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die. The grass is already growing over him." And how truly this remark of the old divine applies to the men and women of our work-day world it needs not to demonstrate. It is a truth that is axiomatic. "To let well enough alone" is but a lame precept that halts far behind the nobler truths of life.

It was in much this spirit that in the fall of 1859 Mr.

Brooks was moved to consider and finally accept a call to a new and distant field of labor. Passing through the city of New York on his way to and from the session of the General Convention at Rochester, N. Y., he had supplied for two Sundays, not as a candidate but as a reciprocal accommodation, the vacant pulpit of a young and struggling society—the Sixth Universalist Society in New York. The flavor of the metropolis stole into his life; the opportunities for doing loyal service for Christ with a band of determined workers amid the crowding interests of a great city drew him on; and when, two weeks after his visit, the invitation came, all unlooked for and, unexpected though it was, it found him ready to consider, although loath to leave. The question, What is my duty? again pressed hard upon him; he considered, hesitated—accepted, and left New England forever. “I came to Lynn,” he writes at this time in his record book, “with the thought of making it a permanent home. I have all along regarded it as my home, and have said No! to all solicitations to leave. But a new field has invited, and the pointings of Providence seem to indicate that I should go into it.”

With this conscientious man, next to his duty to his Master stood his loving duty to his family. Always tender, considerate, and true, he made his home the shrine of the most sacred earthly affections—a shrine consecrated ever by the unselfish devotions of a loving nature and an exemplary life. So, in this decision to remove to New York, the influence which the change would have upon his family occupied no small share of his consideration. “It will benefit them,” he reasoned; “it will broaden their minds, increase their possibilities for advancement, and enrich their lives; and these considerations are surely to be borne in mind.” At the same time he fully appreciated the importance of the step to be taken; and with this in his thoughts he wrote to the society in New York: “I venture to accept the office to which you call me. I do it, conscious how important a step it is both to you and to myself, and with no little shrinking from a position so responsible. My heart lingers here, too, amid

these friends whom I love so well, and who would fain retain me with them. It is no light thing, I find, to break these nine years' ties; I tremble when I think what it is to become a Universalist minister in the metropolis of the country. But you have called me, brethren, and I trust you. I think I see that the field is one not only of responsibility, but of promise, and I come to you hoping and expecting to find friends as sympathizing and as constant as I leave, for your sake. I come not to labor for you, but to labor with you, assured that you call me to a free Christian pulpit, and that you want me to be faithful in it as a man and a minister of Christ. Remember, I pray you, what I surrender, and what I place at stake in thus coming to you, and give me your hands and your hearts, as I try to be such a man and such a minister among you."

Trust and pledge thus solemnly entered were sacredly kept by him, and through all the stormy years that followed, when many a church went down and many a society was lost in the crash of far-reaching disaster, he stoutly held his ground, guided the struggling society safely through the breakers and past the danger line, and left it at last purged of all internecine strife, united in a generous purpose for Christian work, and fully prepared to assume the proud position, which, under the governance of his honored successor, it now holds among the foremost churches of our faith in America.

It was with no little regret and heart-soreness that this loyal son of the soil turned his steps away from that dear New England that he loved so devotedly. No man is stable in these shifting days, when fresh fields and pastures new draw many a loved one from the old home-circle. We change our homes as unconcernedly as our garments. The whole world pours its thousands into our almost boundless domain, and the broad Western prairies drain our Eastern cities of their restless and ambitious life. But with all, the dear home feeling ever lingers glorious and radiant with memories of the earlier days—memories which time and

shifting scenes can never wholly efface. "Farewell, dear England!" came the cry from the little Mayflower, drifting westward with its band of fleeing pilgrims, as the fast-dimming outlines of the English coast grew fainter far astern; "our hearts shall be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare." And the same cry to-day fills the heart of many a departing wanderer as the home scenes fade from sight. "New England! God bless her!" stand the words on the heart-filled pages of this earnest minister's journal. "The land of ice and granite, of sterile soil and rugged climate, but the land also of churches and school-houses, of enterprise and industry, of Puritan principles and manly hearts—God be thanked that I was born in the shadow of one of her hills, that I have been trained in the midst of her influences. My whole country is dear to me, but dearest of all is New England. God make her people anxious to exalt her still more as the moral and Christian paradise of the land, and especially help me as an humble minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, so to do my work that I may do something toward helping, however feebly, such an increase of the glory of this my home-land."

As an indication of the place which Mr. Brooks had made for himself in the esteem and affection of his brethren, it is perhaps not amiss to introduce here a letter, which he always held as inexpressibly precious, received by him just before his removal to New York, from Dr. Ballou, then President of Tufts College—that Hosea Ballou 2d, whom to know was to love, and to love was to reverence and venerate—that "genial, glorious 'cousin,' one of the gentlest and kindest of men, with a heart as tender as a woman's, and a disposition as serene and sunny as a pleasant summer day; a man of hearty and healthy common-sense, as wise and sound in judgment practically as he was acute and profound intellectually." The letter was written from Tufts College, under date of October 17th, 1859, as follows:

"BRO. BROOKS: I feel sad at your leaving us. When I got into the car, and began to think the case over—who you were, what you had

done, the uniform course you had pursued, the influence you have put forth, and which has been felt much more than it has been talked of—when I began to revolve other things, it seemed melancholy that we must lose your presence in this quarter, however desirable the same agency may be in another quarter. I am not writing to dissuade you from the change; I do not think to say a word in that line; for if it could avail anything, I am not clear that even then it ought to be spoken. The strong probability may be that you will do good on a much larger scale at New York than at Lynn. I write only to say that from my heart I have long appreciated, perhaps not adequately but very highly, the influence which you have exerted among us by your ministry, your example, and your judicious course. I wish also to say, that I look forward with clear hope and confidence to the work you will accomplish in the field of labor on which you are to enter. God bless you in these respects as He has hitherto blessed you, and in all other respects, too. But still, I cannot help feeling sad. Who is there to make your place good among us? and particularly at Lynn? We want a few, or rather a good many such quiet and yet strong laborers in this quarter; and if we do not get them, what will become of us? Bro. Ryder—one of our most excellent pastors, and a *religious* pastor too—talks of going to Chicago, and if he does, who can carry on his work at Roxbury? We still have several faithful and strong ministers in this region—for whom the Lord make us thankful—but how many more we need in order to maintain the cause in saving power in these old seats! It is foolish, no doubt, to give way to these saddening thoughts, and it may be wrong; but I think it not the greatest sin that I ever committed. This letter does not seem to contain enough to make a letter out of, and you may wonder why it is left so empty, or why it is written at all. Simply because I could not be content without saying so much at the least. Meanwhile I hope to see you again before you leave the old circle.

“Yours truly, H. BALLOU, 2d.”

It is surely not out of place also to submit here a portion of Mr. Brooks' acknowledgment of this appreciative and welcome letter from his old friend:

“I have no words to express to you,” he writes, “the gratification afforded me by the letter you were kind enough to send me about my removal. I can truly say that I have tried to be a good minister of Jesus Christ, and to do what I could in fidelity to the work thus appointed me. I am conscious how far short I have come of what the good minister should be, but I have tried to labor and to live, not with reference to human approbation, but with a view to the demands of duty,

and with reference to my God and my Master. If in so doing I have been able to win the confidence and approval of my brethren, I feel that I have great cause to be thankful. Especially do I count myself fortunate if I have to any extent won your confidence and approval. You are and for years have been more to me than any other human being—as the brother and the spiritual father in whose judgments I have confided; to whom I have looked up, feeling it safe to follow beyond all others, and whom I have come nearer reverencing than any other man; so, after having been known of you during these years past, and laboring under your eye, I count it in the way of human commendation, the greatest joy of my life that you have thought me deserving of what your letter says to me."

The turf of Mount Auburn lies green above these faithful followers of the Lord Christ, and the friendships of earth have yielded to the eternal companionships of heaven. But who can doubt that in that glad Beyond, which it was their joy to believe in and their privilege to preach, these kindred souls, linked in the diviner communion of God's earth-veiled but more glorious duties, find full employ for those nobler qualities of their practical lives which on the earth were shown in gentle deeds and manly lives, and in the serene calmness of an unending brotherhood together labor and together walk near to the Great White Throne!

Leaving behind him in the busy city by the sea faithful friends and loving hearts, a church upbuilt and strengthened by his nine years of unremitting labor, held in affectionate remembrance by many whom he had helped to a nobler living, and with the respect and esteem of all his fellow-townsmen, Mr. Brooks turned to his new home in the great city. He went obedient to what he felt to be the call of duty, anxious to enlarge his field of labor, and, if possible, to increase his usefulness; and yet he left Lynn regretful and sorrowing, because of the necessity that seemed laid upon him. "God be thanked," so reads his faithful record, "for all the friends I have in Lynn; for the pleasant years I have spent here; for all the evidences of devoted attachment called out by my removal, and for the evidences also

which tell me that I have not labored in vain. Many hearts would have held me if they could. God bless them all,"

To all of us, men and women alike, as we work and labor through our granted span of days, it is possible to build with our life-work some basis for a permanent home, to find some nook or corner which shall be our own for the comfort of our gathering years, and for those who look to us for protection. But to the conscientious Christian minister, only as the exception, does such an opportunity come. Itinerants all, their tenure of office depends largely on the public pulse, or the evident call to labor in other fields. The *salve* and *vale*—the hail and farewell that echoed in the brief salutations of the gladiators of old—ring also through the lines of Christian ministers of to-day as they find in no place a continuing city, but pass from pulpit to pulpit and from old to new in quick succession, certain of nothing but their desire—if they be earnest and true—to do their Master's will. Only when life's battle is over, and the cares, the worries, the struggles of earth are left behind, do the world's changes and uncertainties cease; only on the gray headstone above the quiet mound can be placed at last that inscription that many a year ago streamed at Melun from the tent of Henry, the conqueror of Agincourt: "After busy labor comes victorious rest."

"I have come to New York," wrote Mr. Brooks in his record book as he entered upon the seventh settlement of his ministerial life, "realizing, I hope, the very serious importance of the step, with no extravagant expectations, but interested in the field on which I enter, assured by my brethren that it is one of much promise, and encouraged by the friends who have called me to think that I may be the instrument of doing something for the cause of Truth in this great city. God grant that I may not have made a mistake in coming! What the Father has for me, I do not ask. I only ask God's grace and help, that I may realize the responsibilities of my position, and be faithful as a working minister

of Christ. If I can do this, I shall be content, and will leave results to unfold as they may."

The first Sunday in November, 1859, on which were held the services that installed him as pastor of the Sixth Universalist Society in the city of New York, was full of sunshine indeed, but chill and raw—heavy with the presage of the coming winter, even as the whole political firmament, though then serene and clear to the eye, was big with the portentous threatenings of national storm and tempest—auguries of the desolating war that was to plunge the nation in blood and tears, to give to history heroes and martyrs great as in days of old, and to write the watchword "Freedom!" in letters of light across a victorious flag.

Each new day, as it comes upon us with its fresh interests and pressing cares, places still further in the background the events of yesterday. The yesterdays grow to years, and the actions of to-day gradually become half-remembered facts and uncertain memories, until their more notable points crystallize into bits of history—life-marks of the past which shall speak to future ages of the errors or verities, the failures or successes, the shames or glories of the days gone by. So, already to the present generation the great war days of twenty years ago are but distant memories, though in many a home, North and South, the war-wounds are still unhealed, the griefs of unforgotten losses still unassuaged. But as, for good or ill, the results of those years of battle are brought to bear upon the present life and needs of the nation, the work and words of those who in the darkest days stood manfully in the van facing the foe in the field or fronting the weak-kneed and treacherous at home, are invested with an importance and interest which outlive detraction and command respect.

From his earliest manhood a thoughtful student of national affairs, a careful observer of parties, politics, and principles, a conscientious voter and a loyal citizen, Mr. Brooks had for years appreciated the impossibility of a lasting compromise between the irreconcilable antagonisms

that were forcing their way to the surface. The struggle for ascendancy in national councils, the gradually awakening moral consciousness of the North, the unyielding and defiant determination of the South, assumed each day more formidable proportions, and threatened to force, ere long, a settlement in one way or another. It was the old story over again—this clash of opposing interests, this conflict of hostile principles, that has filled the world with crises, and history with innumerable examples. "I will take it, were its walls of iron!" wrathfully exclaimed Philip of France, as stone by stone uprose the mighty fortifications of Cœur de Lion's "Saucy Castle" at Roche d'Andeli, by the flowing Seine. "I would hold it, were the walls of butter!" came back the defiant answer of Richard of England, as he stood within the shadow of the Chateau Gaillard's walls. Historians tell us that the subsequent destruction of this great fortress on the heights of Les Andelys represented the ruin, not of a castle only but of a system, and the battered walls of Sumter and the shot-furrowed plains of Appomattox mark in like manner the final overthrow of a system that for many a decade had belied the liberty-founded principles of the Republic and mocked the protests of its citizens.

In many a sermon and in many a speech, ere yet the flag of rebellion had been given to the breeze, Mr. Brooks had lifted his voice in manly protest as a citizen or as a minister of Christ, pleading for a higher standard of national purity and a more consistent adherence to principle and honor. With an equal devotion, through the five years of blood and battle that ravaged the fair fields of the South and desolated homes all over the land, he never for an instant wavered in his loyalty or took one backward step in the advance by the side of Freedom and Right, to which, with all the ardor of his nature and the vigor of his speech, he urged his friends, his society, and the Universalist Church. With this spirit animating him, and this intense devotion to principle filling his brain and guiding his pen, his utter-

ances through all these five years of conflict left none in doubt as to his entire belief in the justice of the cause he upheld ; and only his infirmity restrained him from personal presence in the ranks of the Union. " I cannot go to the battle-field," he said on one occasion. " If I could, I should have gone there long ago ; but if my country wants my life or the life of any one, however dear to me ; or if it should be required for the prosecution of this war to a successful termination that all my personal plans should be defeated, or that I should make any honorable sacrifice, however great, I hope I may be ready to make the offering. If I should not be, I should show myself unworthy of anything I enjoy as a citizen, a Christian, or a man." In a sermon on the Law of Sacrifice, in 1863, referring to the principles at stake in the contest, he said :

"We are battling not for ourselves, but for our race ; not for the present alone, but for the future—battling to beat back and trample down barbarism and despotism, and for the regeneration of our republic ; that out of these stormy heavens, echoing now with the thunders and darkened with the smoke of battle, the serene blue sky of a more glorious destiny may by and by smile upon us, illumined by the light of universal freedom, and resounding with the shouts of emancipated millions ; and that thus, as we are standing in the midst of whatever rights and privileges we enjoy, as the results of the toil and sacrifices of those who have gone before us—with Christ at their head, the noblest sacrifice of all, so our children and those who come after us may have like occasion to rejoice in the work we too have done, in blood and self-denial and tears."

But why multiply extracts. The sermons of this fearless advocate of human rights, this loyal son of the Republic, teem with indications of his intense and aggressive patriotism. And the words he uttered and the course he pursued were those of but one of the many Christian ministers who through those dreary and bitter years recognized no degrees in duty, loyalty, or Christian endeavor, but, pleading for an entire consecration to the cause of endangered liberty, infused into the people a determination to adhere to principle and to war against tyranny and treason until the victory

that they strove for and prayed for rested at last acknowledged and all-powerful above the flag of the Union. The uncompromising attitude of its pastor, the excitement and turmoil, the changes and depressions of the troublous war-time, could not but have its effect upon the society over which he ministered, as it had over hundreds of other religious organizations throughout the land. In 1863, as the record of his fourth year of labor in New York was closed, he wrote in comment thereon :

"I look back with no small interest over these last four years. They have been years of hope and prayer and toil, not unmingled with anxiety. I did not come to New York with any extravagant expectations ; but even those with which I did come have not been fully realized. Various influences have helped to make up the sum of causes unfavorable to us, among them the position of outspoken hostility to slavery and all the works of the devil, and of thorough loyalty to the country in this great crisis of its history which I have felt it to be my duty to assume. And yet, with all the unfavorable agencies that have operated against us, we have not wrought altogether in vain. . . . As to the deeper and more important results of my ministry during these four years, there are no statistics to speak. It is in respect to these that I am most concerned. I trust that they have not been wholly lacking. I know that some have been reached and profited. I hope more have been than have testified it to me by words or by consecration in the Church. I can only look to God and trust. What the Father is to reveal I know not. Whatever I have to give, I shall in the time to come, as in the past, give and do with all my heart, trying to deserve God's blessing. My years are waning, and the time is shortening during which I can work. May God help me so that what time remains to me, be it much or little, I shall serve Him and honor the Saviour, and do good to souls in the service of the truth."

But despite any seeming unsuccess, despite the distractions and excitement of the times, the defection of pretended friends, and the many causes that retarded a rapid growth in numbers and influence, he builded better than he knew ; and now, as the " Church of our Saviour " occupies in the heart of the great metropolis a position and an influence which have been attained only by the personal sacrifices, the devotion, and the unswerving fidelity of its earnest workers, it is

pleasant to reflect that much of that moral bone and sinew, that tightening fibre of principle, and that iron will which, never recognizing defeat even when it seemed inevitable, conquered adverse circumstances, and out of the nettle danger plucked the flower safety, is due to the teachings and labor, the undeviating manliness, and unhesitating Christian loyalty of Elbridge Gerry Brooks. To his efforts, through nine years of constant endeavor, what higher tribute could be awarded than that which came from the hand of Rev. Dr. Pullman, his honored and earnest successor?

"I have begged the doctor to let me go and say a few words over the body of my honored and beloved friend before it is laid away to its well-earned rest, but his imperative answer is, You must not go! So not without tears I have not given it up, and must content myself with saying, with a feeble and uncertain hand, but with a heart strong in love for the noblest Roman of us all that as his successor in the parish which he served for eight years, I bear testimony to the value of the seed he planted, and which I have only watered; to the breadth and power of his teaching; to his perfect fidelity to his trusts; to his vigorous, unswerving, and animating loyalty during the dark days of the rebellion. There are none here who will not regret him, and feel as I do, that the world is poorer for his loss."

The work of Mr. Brooks during the eight years of his New York pastorate was mainly that connected with the simple round of parish duties, which calls for so large a share of the time of every city pastor. Marked by no events of signally striking importance—if we except his electric words for the Union and his conspicuous and pronounced loyalty,—his labors comprised neither the flashy sensationalism which too often converts the pulpit into a sanctified circus ring, nor the dull and uneventful monotony of dead and dry sectarianism. His New York record stands rather as the synonym for active, earnest, honest Christian work, performed according to the promptings of a manly heart, loyal to Universalism and to the Christ it would preach to men. I have dwelt somewhat at length upon his war record rather than on the specific details of his Church work, because it seems to me that in

this outspoken stand for liberty and his country appears so significantly the real spirit of the man. It was naught to him that his bold and burning words defied policy and shocked expediency. Firm in his faith, and earnest for what he held to be the right, he could front the issue unhesitatingly, and could beard the spirits of opposition and doubt face to face, even as in the early days, there by the fast flowing Seine and in that dim old Norman church, the stalwart Bishop Hugo, loyal to his principles and firm for the right as he saw it, dared to brave the kingly and imperious Richard, and while others cowered, or temporized, or succumbed, feared not to show him his duty and demand his rights.

As boldly and as unhesitatingly, too, could he assert his Universalism. "The Universalist Church," he has said, "is nothing on its own account ; but as the organization of the world's grandest truth, and as a means of influence for the enlightenment and redemption of men, it is of inexpressible worth. For this reason, next to God and Christ and in their behalf, it deserves our supreme thought, and therefore the undivided loyalty of our hearts, and the service of all we have and are." How devotedly, in this spirit, he sought to give effect to the words he uttered, the strength and directness of his preaching in New York and elsewhere clearly attest. Events both of local and national importance, the daily experiences of home, and the thought and culture of the age were alike drawn upon for themes and applications, and under his practical and personal treatment, brought home to the minds and hearts of his listeners the power and unity of the grand truths he proclaimed. With each new year he devoted more and more of his attention to the general interests of the Church at large, and his convention labors in State and General assemblages were many and arduous. Here, too, he unconsciously gave the impress of his individuality to all that came under his hand, and though at times his associates might differ with him on important points or on methods and plans of work, they

fully appreciated his sincerity, his energy, his singleness of purpose, his entire devotion to the cause he loved, and which he lived to serve.

"My first knowledge of Dr. Brooks," writes Dr. Atwood, "was gained from hearing him preach in the Baptist Church in Rochester, N. Y., during the session of the General Convention in 1859. I was at that time new to the ministry and the Universalist body. I had not heard more than a dozen of our preachers. The impression made on me by Mr. Brooks was powerful, but not altogether pleasant. The vigor with which he handled his theme, the corner into which he appeared to be driving the unsuspecting Baptist deacon who sat in a front pew, and the intimation I got from his tones, his manner, and his intellectual processes, that he was a foeman who gave no quarter, kept me at a respectful distance. A few years later I remember that some of us felt it a sort of invasion when he moved over from Massachusetts into New York. My first real acquaintance with him began not long after this, when I met him on the floor of the New York Convention. He caused no small stir in that body on two occasions—once when he submitted a resolution criticising the editorial conduct of the *Christian Ambassador*, and again when he attempted to carry the New York brethren over to the policy of transferring the powers of fellowship and discipline from the association to the convention. I opposed his 'centralizing' schemes, as we called them. But the transparent sincerity of the man, his loyal love of Universalism, and the absence of everything like personal *animus* from his motives, set him before me in a new light, and won my admiration. Subsequently I came to feel that he was right, as did most of those who resisted him in the beginning. It was in these conflicts that the true quality of E. G. Brooks was revealed to me. I saw that he was a man who loved the truth too well to be false to it for the sake of tranquillity. Yet the pain which it evidently gave him to wage a fight with his brethren disclosed the gentleness along with the justice of his spirit."

In July, 1867, Mr. Brooks received from Tufts College the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and remembering the hesitancy with which it was accepted, I feel that I cannot do better than to transcribe here the following extract from his private record :

"As this book is the record of my ministry, it is but proper that I should here note the amazement with which I have the past week found

myself reported in the papers as having received from Tufts College the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. To no human being, I am sure, did any such honor ever come more unexpectedly than this has come to me. I wish I could feel that I deserve it. I am sorry to be compelled to feel that I do not. I have not the breadth of attainments that it ought to signify, and I shall never see it affixed to my name or hear myself called by it without feeling how very little I know compared with what, wearing such a title, I ought to know. Indeed, my sense of non-desert is so deep that there really seems to me a sort of mockery of what it should mean in my wearing the title; and could I do so without inviting the charge of affectation and making myself liable to the suspicion of taking a cheap way to obtain notoriety, I should feel as if I ought to decline it. As it is, I will accept it as an expression of the kind regard in which my brethren hold me, thankful that I have been able, under God, to commend myself to their confidence and respect; and while, for myself, I cannot but feel that I do not deserve it, and that there are many others who could wear it far more appropriately, to whom it should rather have been given, the pleasure I feel for my parents' sake and for the sake of my children, as they are gratified by its bestowal, seems somewhat to reconcile me to it. God help me to accept it as a new call to application and diligence, as a new occasion for regret that I do not know more, and as a fresh inspiration to effort to be more as a well-informed and faithful minister of the Lord Jesus. O, could it be effective to these ends or be a means of helping me to a new hold upon this title-loving city, I might in time be glad that, though now so undeserved, it has been given to me. O Father, make it thus a means of good!"

The city pastor who finds his daily life crowded with responsibility and incident learns, too, that this very press of occupation precludes him from active participation in any other than the duties which pertain to his especial field of labor. Bound up within the circle of his own round of action, to this his influence is limited, while his opportunities for outside labor are necessarily restricted. And from this reason is it that the pastor of a country parish or a provincial pulpit has seemingly more direct influence upon the daily actions of his town or community, than has the same man transplanted to the broader field and larger labors of a city church. But none the less are his influence felt and his precepts heeded by those with whom he is brought in con-

tact, and the busy life of the teeming city owes much of its success and much of its vital power to the quiet and unostentatious labor of the hundreds of Christian pulpits that rise within its limits, even though the devoted men who fill them are unknown save to a small proportion of its busy workers. "The Church could do nothing grandly," recently said Rev. Robert Collyer, "if the merchants, the sons of commerce, did not help her; and commerce could do nothing grandly without the Church;" and so it comes to pass that, by precept and example, by forceful words and earnest though quiet work, the faithful ministers of Christ help to shape the destinies and mould the thought of the great and growing cities of our land.

The supreme moment of life when, face to face with some stern question of duty or of principle, it is ours to act the man or play the craven, is always invested with the glory-halo, which may be attained or lost as we elect to wear or spurn the crown. But not to this season alone is praise or blame to be awarded. The lesser cares, the petty annoyances of life which meet us at every turn test our manliness as they try our patience, and present countless opportunities for victory or defeat. Our daily cares are indeed our ever-present attendants. They jostle us in the street, they greet us in the office, they press upon us in the home. Happy he who, recognizing that these very cares are but a part of his necessary life-test, is able to walk upright, press they ever so hard upon him, and to so use every burden that is given him to bear as a means by which to prove his own rectitude and his power of manly endurance.

When pressed upon by crafty and designing questioners—the haughty and bigoted Pharisees, the specious and hypocritical Herodians—there, near the Susan gate, in the great court of the Temple, the Lord Christ felt tightening about him that net-work of hate and duplicity with which his relentless enemies had been for months encircling him, he showed no fear, betrayed no anger, but valiantly accepted the petty annoyances of these scoffing schemers in the same

spirit of divine manliness that shone through the tears of Gethsemane and glowed above the tortures of Calvary. Close about him thronged the eager questioners, anxious to entrap and crush him. "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's!" came back the ringing answer of this poor street preacher to the crafty questioning of those who hoped by his response to prove him either a traitor or an apostate; and his words silenced their questions, unmasked their hypocrisy, and frustrated their venomous plans. Victorious thus over the annoyances, the sophistries, the petty malice of his enemies, he stands before the ages a pattern and example—the one pre-eminent who could use the thronging cares, the harrying troubles of life but as helps and stepping-stones to the higher plane of being, whereon he stands transfigured in all the regal dignity of a sublime resignation and fortitude, the uncrowned King of Men.

Looking at the lives of those who, once active in the world's work, have passed away from earth, while we speak of some special labor or extol some pivotal moment of their lives, we fail too often to remember the patient endurance, the uncomplaining sacrifice, the unruffled calm that marked their daily walk, and which, helping them to bear with serenity the little woes of life, rendered possible the special work and the supreme moment which the world remembers. It was this simple yet dignified acceptance of life's daily duties, this minute attention to all the minor details of life, this willing helpfulness whenever asked or needed, that gave to Elbridge Gerry Brooks the strength of will, the energy of purpose, the judicial calmness of decision and action, and above all, the entire loyalty to principle which marked his life on earth, and which, all unconsciously, but surely and permanently, set its seal upon the man, and was communicated, in many a way and through many an unsuspected channel into the hearts and lives of those who labored with him or listened to his words.

CHAPTER X.

"If the grand prophecy of our faith is ever to be accomplished, the consummation is to be reached, under God, only as we and those like us fight the battle."
Our New Departure.

"Noël, Noël ! was-haile to Christ the King !" Again and again the glad shout echoed from quarter to quarter and from tent to tent, as beneath the fair sky that arched the hills of Thrace the crusading armies kept the Christmas feast eight hundred years ago. From every quarter and from many a tent fluttered in the orient breeze the banners of the Christian host, while far to north and far to east the proud city of Constantine lifted to the blue, spire, minaret and gilded dome. First again since the days of the Roman Cæsars the East and the West were met together, and peaceful in words, but warring in heart, gazed at each other in doubt and mistrust across the embattled walls of Constantinople. Here, mighty upon her seven hills, rose the imperial city around whose statued squares and crowded arcades clustered the thronging memories of centuries of power and renown, and, above all, of that princely convert whom the flaming cross of the Milvian Bridge turned from paganism to Christ ; there, encamped upon the environing hills and near to the Cosmidion—where to-day still stand the battered walls and crumbling towers, grim relics of the ages gone, beneath the hundred crescents of Stamboul—glistened the tents of the crusaders. Harassed in Hungary by an open foe, and tricked at Philippopolis by a pretended ally, the great army under the lead of Godfrey of Bouillon had forced its way to the very gates of Constantinople, and now demanded from the crafty Alexios the keeping of his kingly word. So to the Frank and the Byzantine came the holy Christmas-tide in the year of grace 1096, when as the shouts

of feast and wassail echoed through his thronging camp, Godfrey of Bouillon with a retinue of gallant knights rode toward the city walls. And as he stands, chiefest of that mailed and glittering company, before the great Cosmidion gate, demanding admittance in the name of Christ, his knightly bearing and his manly presence proclaim him leader and lord. In the mass of conflicting testimonies and the glamour of romance that obscure the history of that wonderful uprising that washed the streets of Jerusalem with the blood of its Moslem defenders, and gave to the Western invaders the holy city of Christ, no one stands out more grandly as soldier, ruler, and man than this valiant knight of the cross, Godfrey of Bouillon, whose exploits, says old Gregory of Vensauf, "were as food in the mouths of their narrators." Calm, circumspect, prudent, and brave, he despised worldly empire, wealth, and fame. Wisest in the councils of the knights and princes at Constantinople, bravest in the assault on Nicæa and foremost in the breach at Jerusalem, he plead for mercy to the vanquished at the terrible massacre that stained the victorious banner of the Cross, and, proclaimed King of Jerusalem, accepted only the title of Defender, refusing to wear a crown of gold where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns. From Philippopolis to the gates of Constantinople he had withstood all the wiles and arts of Alexios, demanding simply the fulfilment of the promises given. And here in the parley at the Cosmidion Gate, as, later, in the imperial palace, neither craft nor show, the specious promises of the emperor nor the lavish luxuriance of that splendid court could move him from his purpose. Sharp and stern, his simple words rang on the monarch's ear: "Keep but your faith, O king. Release our comrades, transport us to the Syrian shores, aid us to meet the Infidels. Redeem your pledge. Our road is toward Jerusalem!" Awed by the unyielding position of Godfrey for once Alexios kept his word, and the crusaders were speedily transported across the Bosphorus, while Godfrey by his energy, persistence, and prudent counsel united the conflicting elements of his great

army and pledged the leaders anew to their sacred vow to falter not, neither turn back until the tomb of the Lord was wrested from the infidels. By his own enthusiasm, courage, and unwavering fidelity he so filled the whole army, even to the humblest archer, with the spirit of his own desire, that, united by a common purpose, each man became an enthusiast, and through the blood and dust of the Syrian plains the Christian lances pressed ever forward and bore all before them from Nicæa to Dorylæum, from Antioch to Jerusalem.

It would be alike interesting and profitable to read, were such a record possible, the inner history of the organization and development of the Universalist Church. Born of protest, cradled in feebleness, and reared in opposition and distrust—the one solitary target against which all the shafts of all the churches were aimed, its earlier years were spent in open rebellion against a tyrannical and all-darkening creed. On how much of personal sacrifice, patient endurance, and persistent endeavor our Church was founded we shall possibly never know, and in this age of liberality can surely never appreciate. But that these were strata in the bed-rock that upheld that new reformation which has deepened into a grand and positive conviction, we all do know, and it is for us as Universalists to stand true and loyal to that Church which for more than a century has been the one sure refuge for the heart-sick of all the creeds. From those distant days of 1785, when at Oxford, Mass., the first General Convention of the struggling sect was held, down to the mammoth and jubilant centenary at Gloucester in 1870, the reports of conventions show a spirit of mutual desire for a more symmetric growth and of mutual love for the church itself; but for over seventy years the attendants upon the sessions of these conventions had been satisfied to see large and pleasant meetings with earnest talks as to what it would

be "nice" to do, happy social reunions, and regretful adjournments—plenty of talk, but little in the way of practical and progressive work toward permanent and active growth. But the forces had been working all the same, and here and there, as conventions met and vanished, nimbused in song and sermon or wrapped in fervent prayer, earnest words would be spoken for organized and united action.

Amid the ripening glories of a New England fall, there gathered one September day nearly a half century ago, in the little village of Exeter, Maine, the small congregation of ministers and laymen that composed the Penobscot Universalist Association. Gathered together from their humble homes, from farm and village, they represented the small and scattered constituency of societies that, in the face of many obstacles and of much detraction, simply and earnestly kept the faith in the broad county of Penobscot, in the State of Maine. Bronzed and stalwart farmers, hard-working villagers, faithful, though uncultured ministers, they were for the most part converts from the stern and sunless faiths of their fathers—men and women all, who felt in life and heart the value of the glorious truth they professed, and who could hold it even in the face of opposition and contumely, proudly affirming, like that brave old Lollard, Wyclif of Oxford, "I believe that in the end the truth will conquer!" In this spirit they had gathered after harvest in that rare September weather for prayer and counsel and mutual encouragement, while each new day—morning, afternoon, and evening—some one of the ministering brethren would "improve," as the saying was, by speaking to the association words of comfort or exhortation, exposition or practical thought. On the afternoon of the third day there stood in the lofty pulpit a young man of medium height, ruddy-faced and cleanly built, whose mature look and earnest manner seemed suited rather to the man of forty than the boy of twenty, while his voice, full, resonant, and earnest, attracted the listeners and gave promise of matter worthy of attention and of thought. This, the people learned, was young Brooks, of Portsmouth,

just fellowshiped by the New Hampshire State Convention, and who, preaching here and there as opportunity offered, had come down from Norridgewock to attend the sessions of the Penobscot Association. Invited to preach, he stood within the pulpit-box, and from the text, "But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing," he gave to the people a plain, earnest, common-sense talk upon the glory of their chosen faith, and their duty to it, pleading with them to be "zealously affected always" toward it, earnestly striving for its secure upbuilding. Crude and uneven perhaps, with many a slip and many a blunder, but the spirit that pervaded it was that of devotion and energy, of endeavor and consecration, and the young preacher gained new and abiding friends in the homes along the Penobscot.

Now let the curtain of the years part again and disclose another picture ! It is a bright day in the early summer, when, radiant beneath a fair June sky, the green slopes of College Hill lift the beauties of field and foliage toward the over-arching blue. Within the chapel-walls of the leading educational institution of the Universalist Church has gathered a throng of attentive listeners, among whom are many eminent in the councils and work of the Church. It is the gathering of the alumni of the Tufts Divinity School, June 10th, 1874. Before the waiting assembly stands a man of impressive presence and almost martial bearing, robust, manly, dignified, to whom, as he stands there in the full strength of his fifty-eight years of life, might well be applied those words which have placed before our eyes another Christian soldier, the martyr of St. Bartholomew, Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France : "Grand, but not stern ; severe in speech, simple in life, but no bigot ; sadly working at what lies before him to be done, yet always hoping for better things ; trusted by all alike, friend and foe ; trusting all in turn, save when he could trust no longer ; always believing the best of everybody ; never afraid, never cast down, never losing his hold on hope, faith, and charity ; his mind continually full of high and lofty things." A moment,

and ere yet he opens his address to the alumni—a strong presentation of “Universalism, and the Ministry to make it Effective”—the dean of the Divinity School, Prof. Wm. G. Tousey, introduces the speaker, and, closing his introductory remarks with an extract from “Our New Departure,” adds: “This association, in view of its avowed aim, is to be congratulated upon having secured for its inaugural address the services of the man who wrote these profound and truthful words. And not only do we congratulate ourselves upon having with us the author of ‘Our New Departure,’ we congratulate ourselves upon having with us one whose name, endeared by the memory of life-long labors, fearless devotion, and distinguished services, is even as a household word in our Zion.”

The forty years that separate these two gatherings—the humble Penobscot Association and the cultured assembly at College Hill—are full of the record and the impress, so far as the work of the Universalist Church is concerned, of the man who stands as the central figure in each picture—Elbridge Gerry Brooks. While in every place in which his life-labors lay his time and effort had been unremittingly given in behalf of his special parish work and the interests therein involved, very close to his heart was a desire for the larger and more practical efficiency of that organization of which he was so energetic and consecrated a member: the Universalist Church of America. Year by year, as he became more closely identified with its interests, he developed, with an abiding belief in its great and manifest destiny, an equally engrossing realization of its vital needs, while the endeavor of his life, the end for which he strove unceasingly, was the better, the more efficient, and the permanent organization of the Universalist Church. Born and bred within the jurisdiction of the Rockingham Association—that famous old convocation of earnest workers for the faith which struck many a sturdy blow for the truth and made “Zion’s Hill” and “Happy Deerfield” landmarks and watchwords through many a busy year—he early appreciated the value of all organ-

izations for church co-operation, and convention work was to him an important and never-slighted duty. At first he found these convention sessions, as did so many, simply "a season of refreshing, a season of joy and rejoicing;" but as he grew in years and experience and the real needs of the church became more apparent to his practical mind, he felt the importance of turning this stream of joy and talk and spiritual overflow to direct account for the evident needs and better upbuilding of the church; and the same pen that in his earlier days could enter this private protest on the pages of his journal (noting his attendance upon a session of the General Convention): "The Convention was an interesting session; the council as usual a name and not a thing, coming as near being a humbug, so far as any pretensions it makes to business importance are concerned, as is creditable to us"—could also, in the full vigor of manly labor, write this plea for organized effort: "Our work as Universalists is not simply to sow seeds, but to cultivate harvests; not simply to see that ideas are diffused, but to organize them that they may be consciously held and efficiently served. . . . Mass-meetings and conferences, with good speaking and fervent prayers, are very excellent and important things in their places; but when work—orderly, systematic, efficient work—is to be accomplished in workman-like form, then these are not all that is needed. There must be head, heart, hands; there must be organization with reference to these ends."

In the old crusading days, when the world was half savage, half devotee, the decrees of the Council of Clermont turned the eyes of Christian Europe toward the distant East. Peter the Hermit exhorted and promised, electrified by his eloquence and aroused by his appeals; Godfrey of Bouillon worked determinedly as becomes a born soldier and a skilful general. Both were zealous enthusiasts, both devoted followers of the banner of the cross; but the purposeless frenzy of Peter ended in dire disaster, and strewed the steeples of Hungary and the plains of Syria with the bleaching bones of half a million misguided and undisci-

plined zealots, while the practical energy and the undeviating intent of Godfrey—who had vowed to seek Palestine not as pilgrim but as liberator—organized into a sodality of brothers in Christ the many and conflicting elements that were grouped beneath his banner, and, as a result, the Red Cross streamed victorious over the conquered ramparts of Jerusalem.

Progress is not only aggressive, it is disputatious and often contentious. It is fostered not so much by the enthusiasm of the hour as by the after-work—the debate in council or the discussion in caucus—which gathers into available shape and turns to practicable account the pleas and promises that have been made in public assemblies. The committee-room and the chairman's report are the real forces that weld details into deeds and crystallize desires into actions. Year after year the United States General Convention had met, had consulted, had adjourned, with little to show in the way of actual results beyond the delivery of some eight or ten excellent and earnest sermons, or now and then the adoption of some resolution or report germane to the topics of the day. Year by year, however, the seeds dropped occasionally in the brief hours of the briefer council began to put forth promising shoots; but their growth was slow and their fruitage tardy. In 1855 a constitution had been adopted, but even this bond of union did not unite for actual work the scattered portions of the Universalist fraternity, the fear being, as Dr. Williamson then expressed it, that "our people, schooled in our great Protestant principle, will plant themselves on the responsibility to God alone, and let the doings of associations and conventions pass unheeded." Finally, however, as the need for unity of action became undeniable, one and another of the active denominational workers voiced this growing demand, desiring, as one of them expressed it, "to see our associations and conventions invested with more authority to determine and regulate the affairs of the church, and the General Convention especially elevated to the dignity of the head of the denomination."

It was not until 1859, however, that this misty desire solidified into something like a sound basis for practical and efficient work. Foremost among those who had long felt the need of united and decisive action stood Elbridge Gerry Brooks. As has been said of him, "He was a born organizer, he could patiently endure nothing which seemed to him like looseness of method in our church work or that dissipated or frittered away our religious energies." As the result of almost his earliest experiences with convention labors and denominational needs, he felt the lack of concerted endeavor, and the conviction was one that strengthened as his years increased. Persistent, almost aggressive in his efforts for a united church, he held that spirituality, to be effective, must be not only contagious but practical and reciprocal, and that the grand work of the Church for the awakening and purification of souls must be prosecuted in harmony and unison by all the factors and interests of the Church.

Feeling thus strongly, he spoke in no uncertain tone, as when, in one of his numerous reports, he said: "The General Convention of Universalists in the United States of America is a very large and high-sounding name, but what has this body ever done corresponding to it? Except as a pleasant social and religious gathering, what has it ever been? Practically, what has it ever done to show itself anything but a very thin bubble of very imposing pretensions—a blank-book with a magnificent title-page?" Strong words, indeed; but when have strong words for the right ever gone amiss, from the days of the good Abbot Samson or of Simon of Montfort, to those of Martin Luther or of Patrick Henry? This direct query cut deep. It was repeated by other devoted workers, who felt that a necessity was laid upon the Church to work with some definite plan of action if they would see results; and thus to the experiences of four-score years of praise-meetings finally succeeded the era of systematic organization. Now at length all felt the necessity, but differed as to means. How should the

basis for concerted action be secured? Pure congregationalism seemed impracticable; it gave but a shadowy authority which in effect would be simply advisory, utterly irresponsible. Episcopacy was too autocratic, too strongly in opposition to that spirit of protest which entered into the composition of the Universalist Church. Mutual obligation, mutual accountability, these were all essential; unity, concentration, directness, practical efficiency—these could only be secured by actual incorporation as a duly organized body, the moving impulse of which should be the General Convention, vested with certain rights and powers; and this, it seemed to Mr. Brooks and those who worked with him, would make of Universalism, instead of an irresponsible desire, a living Christian force, embodied in a Church organized on a basis of mutual Christian responsibility for mutual help and for systematic, unslackening, and proselyting Christian work. There were many who could not agree with those who stood for this theory of organization, but time has proved its wisdom and its utility, and few to-day are ready to aver that the plan was in error, even though results may somewhat lack. "I remember," said Rev. Moses Ballou, speaking words of tribute and reminiscence, "that long years ago I felt bound to contend with Brother Brooks somewhat in reference to denominational organization. I was favorable to congregationalism. I thought that our people would never come into the control of a regular organized body as they have done. He differed from me on that subject, and he proved to be right. But he, perhaps more than any one else, realized the organization of the denomination. He more than almost any other person organized the denomination in its present form, and to that institution, to that power in this country, he gave all that he was, with all that he had." When, therefore, the talk of many convention sessions really shaped itself into definite action, no one was more gladdened by the advance thus made than Mr. Brooks. The action of the session of 1861, when in the city of New York the committee on organization was

instructed to prepare a detailed plan for the systematic organization of the denomination, and the session of 1865, when at Middletown, Conn., the plan was finally ratified and adopted and the Board of Trustees was formed, were seasons of especial joy to him, as they marked the consummation of long-cherished desires. It was this year—1865—that witnessed, as Rev. G. L. Demarest terms it, “the birth of our Church with a capital C,” and passing from the irresponsible uncertainties of a century of individual desire to the possibilities of concentrated action, the Universalist Church of America assumed at once a position of importance and usefulness which it is for it, as the years go by, to turn to everlasting advantage or to eternal dishonor. “I rejoice at the mere sight of your assembly,” said the first Christian emperor, Constantine the Great, as, splendid in presence and dazzling in imperial robes, he stood before the assembled Council of Nicæa, “but the moment that I shall consider the chief fulfilment of my prayers will be when I shall see you all joined together in heart and soul, and determining on one peaceful harmony for all, which it should well become you who are consecrated to God to preach to others. Do not then delay, my friends; do not delay, ministers of God and good servants of our common Lord and Saviour, to remove all grounds of difference, and to wind up by laws of peace every link of controversy.” Does not this same plea which the warm Syrian air bore from imperial lips to priestly ears centuries ago ring with equal force in all our hearts to-day, urging us to union, to peace, and to earnest endeavor, and at a time when, entering into all the creeds, the spreading truth of God’s supreme Fatherhood is breaking the iron rod of sacrifice—is it not for us to rise to the opportunity of the hour and make our Universalist Church the Church of the Future?

On the 22d of September, 1865, the first meeting of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention was held at the residence of Mr. Brooks in the city of New York. Himself one of the original members of the Board, he entered

heartily into its proceedings and took his full share of the work. This initial session was equally an occasion for congratulation and anxiety. For now that the desired ends had been attained and the convention with its trustees was an official and incorporated body, the work to be done pressed in almost appalling magnitude upon the men delegated to classify and attempt it. It is a quiet scene; a half-dozen men gathered in council and debate in a cheerful city parlor. Measures are proposed, papers are drafted, suggestions and counter-suggestions made, and after some earnest talk and practical work the Board adjourns. "We were all one," says Mr. Demarest, also one of the original members; and out from that quiet parlor-gathering passed the first breathings of an influence which, preceding the work that followed, has held our Church in firmer bonds of unity for active and harmonious Christian work toward securing the extension of truth and the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ.

Two years passed. Work multiplied; demands pressed upon the convention; appeals for attention from struggling parishes or from conflicting interests were referred directly to the Board of Trustees for action; young men applied for aid to enter the ministry; financial questions called for cautious and speedy consideration. The trustees felt the full force of all these pressing needs, which proved not only the importance and necessity of the change that had been effected, but the equal impossibility of having full justice done the work by any body of men whose own local or private interests must have first consideration. In January, 1867, at one of its regular sessions, the Board expressed the existing need in the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That it is expedient, whenever the suitable person who will engage in the work may be selected, to appoint a General Agent of the Board, who may supervise the operations of the Board and aid in the more complete organization of Universalists; who may visit the conventions, societies, and churches of Universalists throughout the coun-

try as he may have opportunity, to make appeals in behalf of the missionary, educational, and other interests of our Church ; attempt the rehabilitation of suspended societies and suggest the help of weak ones ; nominate local agents for the collection of funds ; propose the formation of circuits, and in all wise ways, by counsel or otherwise, aid the churches toward a greater prosperity."

Labor enough for one man surely ; undesirable and up-hill work at the best. Who should the agent be ? The one first proposed—a man eminently qualified for the position—listened to the tender, considered, hesitated, declined, "mistrusting the readiness on the part of the people to contribute." The need was pressing, the duty imperative ; who would assume the responsibility, who accept the position ?

Since first the trumpet-call of duty rang on unwilling ears how many a man and how many a woman has listened to the peal and fronted it or fled ! It has come in every form and in every guise, from the world-remembered story of Thermopylæ, to the pettiest or most unwelcome duty of the humblest home. True heroism lies not so much in brilliant deeds that all the world applauds as in the ready performance of grinding cares or dull routine that call for no acknowledgment and receive no praise. In the world's life-struggle the "Forlorn Hope" is ordered out both at rear and van, and not Roncesvalles' pass nor Balaklava's field saw more doughty deeds or witnessed sublimer deaths than find daily record in the unwritten history of the world by the uncomplaining and determined souls who enlist as the "forlorn hope" and go forth unquestioning to conquer adversity or to brave disgrace.

Who should accept the position of Agent of the Board ? The answer was not long delayed, for when once it became apparent that it was no easy task to procure the proper person, one man, fully appreciating the labor involved and the results expected, stepped from the ranks and proffered his services—Elbridge Gerry Brooks. I would not will-

ingly be thought as seeking to unduly emphasize the step here recorded, and yet I doubt whether the significance of the action has ever been clearly recognized or fully understood. We are a conservative people although a progressive one, inclined to run in one set rut or groove, and resenting as an undue liberty any attempt to switch us off or turn our energies in a new direction. Yet here was an officer created who was to interfere in the local affairs of a thousand churches, counselling them as to methods, suggesting entirely new plans and purposes, and leading the generosity of both societies and individuals into an unappreciated and apparently foreign channel. It was innovation. It was interference, it was dictation ; it boded failure, rebuff, and ignominious defeat. All of these criticisms and possibilities Dr. Brooks foresaw and thoroughly understood. But feeling that the demand for the effort was imperative he put aside his personal comfort, resigned his city pastorate, and forfeited the pleasure that lay very close to his heart—the quiet and daily intimacies of his loved home-circle. He heard the call of duty and simply said, "Brethren, this work must be done. Here am I; use me if I can be of service to the cause!" In a dispassionate and in many respects a remarkable document found, carefully sealed, among his papers after his death—a document the contents of which, did the demand seem to exist, I would willingly offer for the thoughtful consideration of our Church—this passage occurs :

"I have been in the ministry of our church for forty years, and during all that time I may properly say I have tried humbly and unostentatiously to do my duty. I have never thought of myself, but always of our cause. I have never desired position or place, and in no instance have I asked for or sought either. I have never been ambitious of leadership. I have never concerned myself as to what was to come to me in the way of advancement or influence. Counting it my first duty to serve my own parish, I have counted it my further duty to be interested also in our whole church, and acting on this estimate of duty I have endeavored, wherever placed, to do what I could. Making it a principle never to seek position, I have

made it equally a principle never to decline to do anything I was asked or appointed to do in the service of our Church, if I thought it at all within my power. I have always felt that while self-seeking or a hunger for office in any form is unjustifiable and therefore discreditable, every man is bound to his utmost to be a servant of the truth he holds, and to do his best wherever he may find himself, content to let events determine what shall come to him personally, and assured that, in the long run, he will count for about what he is worth, and find himself, as to place, about where he deserves to be."

To this clause this note was appended :

" Reading this paper over, I think it best to say in respect to the statement that I have 'never desired position or place, and in no instance have I ever asked for or sought either,' that possibly to those knowing the facts the way of my appointment to the office of General Secretary may seem not quite in keeping with this declaration. And yet it is. Personally, I did not desire the position, and never sought it or asked for it. But when nobody could be found for it—I did intimate to my associates on the Board—in a purely heroic spirit, as I thought, that rather than have the demand longer unsupplied, I would, if they were disposed to appoint me, take the place. If *this* was worthy of condemnation, I am willing to be so far condemned for 'office-seeking.'"

It was more than two thousand years ago that across the plains of Sharon and up the steep ascent of Bethhoron the army of the Greek tyrant of Antioch marched to conquer and stamp out the Jewish revolt. Firm in their determination not to sacrifice on pagan altars nor to desert the God of their fathers, a handful of Jewish patriots had risen in open rebellion. But as they stood on that half-fabled, half-historic ground, where the great captain of old had commanded, "Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" and looked down upon the Grecian host as it wound up the slopes of Bethhoron, even patriotism ebbed and courage oozed away, and they murmured despairingly, "How shall we be able to fight against so great and so strong a multitude?" Then outstepped one grand, strong man, Judas Maccabæus, the best and bravest of the five sons of the old patriot Mattathias. His words rang quick and sharp, but full of fire and determination: "Let me lead

you!" he said; "it is life or death, victory or disgrace. Strength lies not in numbers only. Lo, we fight for the God who sends strength to the feeble and gives the victory even as He gave it here to our father Joshua." Then sweeping with his little army down the brown hill-slopes and through the narrow pass he broke and scattered the Grecian hosts, and raised the yoke of slavery from the neck of his nation. So to him who accepts an unwelcome duty, in whatever direction it may lie, and bravely and determinedly aims to strike his sturdiest and to do his best, comes help and strength; and however the business may end, whether in glorious victory or in manfully-met defeat, the consciousness of duty done yields comfort and content.

On October 27th, 1867, Dr. Brooks preached his farewell sermon as pastor of the Church of our Saviour in New York, which for eight years he had tried to serve so faithfully, and entering at once upon the duties of his new position, he gave himself to his new work with all his customary energy and zeal. Space does not permit, nor is there special need to here enumerate the minute details of his year of work as General Secretary. The simple entries in his record-book show the work done to have been enormous; his broken health was testimony that it was both onerous and exacting; the present union of interests that pervades our church proves it to have been successful. Dr. Patterson has in a few words graphically outlined his labors: "Now he seems endowed with omnipresence. His clarion call is heard in New England, in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, far out upon the prairies of Kansas or the plains of Minnesota. Almost daily he is jostling in the stage or flying in the railroad train, stopping only long enough to deliver his message or to right some wrong, and then pursuing his way. No interest of our cause escaped his eagle eye. His hand guided all the wheels. His labors were herculean. To the wide-spread courage and enthusiasm which he awakened we are largely indebted for the success of our Centennial year." He himself at the close of his year of labor thus presented the work he had

accomplished : " The year has been the most laborious of a life that has never been an idle one. I have written more than six hundred letters ; have travelled upward of fourteen thousand miles ; have attended meetings and made addresses in thirteen States, and have done besides a large amount of writing and labor belonging to my secretaryship. Never before have I found myself pressed with such unremitting exactions upon my thought and time. Without precedents as to methods I have had mainly to depend upon my own judgment in shaping my work, except so far as it has shaped itself ; one thing has seemed to me from the first essential, viz., in every possible way to get and keep this enterprise of the Convention before the people. . . . At all these meetings I tried, unobtrusively, by public speech and in private talk, to make myself felt as the representative of our denominational unity, and in behalf of the work the Convention has undertaken ; and I am glad to say that I have reason to be assured that the effort was not altogether fruitless." No, not altogether fruitless ! For though the unceasing labors of that crowded year sapped his vitality and laid in an always rugged frame the seeds of weakness and of death, still each year that followed his official term has only proved more decidedly the soundness of his methods and the wisdom of his measures, while the present union of mutual interests which links parishes and pastors throughout our entire Church bear record as to the value and permanence of his organization-work—a record thus tersely summarized by one who followed him in the office of General Secretary : " As one who was his successor in the Secretaryship of the General Convention—a Convention of which he was virtually the founder, and whose fortunes he pushed with all his great energy, skill, and power—I bear testimony to his devotion."

It is no easy or satisfactory task to endeavor to lift out of the dry mass of statistics and record salient points which shall indicate the drift or tenor of work accomplished. The labor of the General Secretary of the

Convention during 1868 was necessarily creative and was almost entirely preparatory in its character. He aimed, he says, "by correspondence and public addresses, to call attention to our needs and plans, to foster a denominational feeling and a sense of denominational unity and responsibility, to familiarize our people with our work and with the idea that means must be had to carry it on; and thus to educate a sentiment of obligation and enterprise among our churches and scattered believers." That his special aim was largely attained the results testified. Wherever he made his plea in behalf of the Convention, the people awoke to a broader view of the possibilities of our Church, and could understand how mutual interests could be furthered without a necessary neglect of local needs. "I have every reason to acknowledge, as I gratefully do," the first report of the Secretary says, "the hearty aid and co-operation of our denominational press and the kindness and cordiality with which I have everywhere been welcomed into their pulpits and homes by our ministers and people."

Besides the new movements inaugurated and the old movements revived, specially prominent among the actualities were the efforts that finally resulted in the inception of the Missionary Box enterprise, the Beneficiary Fund for Theological Students, the steps toward the organization of new societies at Washington and San Francisco, and the brilliant *coup-de-maitre* by which, in the face of pronounced and determined opposition, the North-west Conference was induced to surrender its entire missionary work to the jurisdiction of the Convention—thus making of the Church one undivided national body which through the Convention should work for the systematic upbuilding of the faith.

Thus, then, he worked, unselfishly, incessantly, unsparingly, until on a sudden came the unwelcome warning, again and again repeated, that announced the revolt of over-taxed nature—the premonitions that assured him that his system would no longer bear this continual strain. "Refined steel," says Dr. Patterson, "wears out with constant

friction, and there are limits to the endurance of the strongest man. After a year in the Convention service he retired broken in health and with the seeds of dissolution planted which have brought to the grave at sixty-one a constitution which seemed born for a hundred years."

The development of all movements is the test of their necessity, or the proof of their importance. For more than a century the Universalist Church in America has existed as a definite organization and as a living force, and to what purpose? Has it made the utmost of its marvellous opportunities or availed itself to the fullest of its wonderful possibilities? Let us look the matter squarely in the face and confess unshrinkingly, as we would answer truthfully, No, it has not! The custodian of the grandest truth of the ages—a truth which, Christ-given, was man-shackled through centuries of darkness and of tears—it has been content to assert without proselyting, to invade without accumulating, to grandly dare, but not to greatly do. But let not this assertion be misconstrued. The work of the Universalist Church, so far as it has been accomplished, has been glorious and far-reaching, and to carp or cavil at it in any spirit of detraction is but to ape the glib utterances, just now in fashion, by which, with false premises and lame conclusions, half-informed speakers or disgruntled deserters mingle slurs and misrepresentations with questionable praises, and indulge in countless sighs over the decay and decline of the Universalist Church, which, its mission fulfilled, has now, they claim, nothing to do but to sink unresistingly into the outstretched feelers of the great theological octopus. No, thank God! the work of our Church is not finished; it has but just begun; to a century of hewing and sawing must succeed the era of upbuilding. It is for us now to proselyte, to accumulate, to do, and to rear upon the foundations already laid a grand and enduring edifice. Organized for action, our Church lacks only a consecrated union of workers, each individual impressed and vitalized by the "hope that is in him." Our foes are not without; they are

of our own household. Content to see the current running in the direction of the truth, we fail to utilize the wasted force for our own mill-wheels ; content to leaven the creeds, we neglect the raising of our own loaf. " The old theologies are dying ; souls are adrift ; minds are questioning and doubting. Hearts are hungering. Life is largely without centre or mastery, except from beneath. What they need is spiritual arrest, quickening, anchorage. Ours it is, if we actually have any business in the world, to answer these great uses." The drift of " Uncertainarianism " is all in our direction—detached masses from the icebergs of cruel creeds drifting toward the truth, all aglow with the roseate hues of a glorious hope ; public sentiment bends us-ward, and the great heart of the people throbs in unison with the promise which we hold in trust. Let us see to it that we miss not our golden opportunity, that we shake off the lethargy of spectators and press forward as expectant victors, lest, failing this, we find written across our books the entry that years ago stood on the ledger of the Eastern caliph—startling in its brief significance : " For a dress of honor and decorations for Jaafer, son of Yahya, 400,000 gold dinars," and just beneath it—a few days only intervening—" Naphtha and shavings for burning the body of Jaafer, son of Yahya, 10 kirats " !

It was the determined energy of the wise and valiant Godfrey of Bouillon that on that fair Christmas day centuries ago made of the reluctant Alexios an active ally. Looking back across the ages we can picture him as he stands, calm, unyielding, self-reliant, surrounded by his knightly retinue, there before the Cosmidion Gate, demanding admittance in the name of Christ. We can see again that luxurious and ungenerous court raised to sudden action by his simple but impressive words, and, under the spur of his zeal, keeping its promises to the very letter. From the blue waves of Marmora to the chestnut hills of Thrace all is life and motion ; once again the storied plains that stretch away beneath the green slopes of Ida and the snowy crown of

Olympus echo to the tramp of armies as the banners of the cross, following the lead of the intrepid Godfrey, press forward to victory, and flutter at last from the towers of Jerusalem. And year by year, as the world grows older and the times become more pushing and imperative, how marked an impress does he leave upon the age who can gather, shape, and organize the forces that press for mastery! In Church and State, in industry and invention, he who has worked to unite life's varying elements for better development and lasting good is deemed worthy of praise and remembrance. As a Church, we, the Universalists of America, may well be proud of what has been done, though conscious that we have fallen far short of what we should have accomplished; as individuals, do we not appreciate that through indifference or inaction we have lost what, were we fully alive to our possibilities, we could easily achieve for the glory and grandeur of the church we love? But whatever the past has been, however the future may tend, we can each one, whether worker or laggard, honor the persistent and unceasing endeavor of those who in our Church have ever stood for progress; who, appreciating the meaning of the faith they held and earnest for its secure upbuilding, have by word and work roused the flagging purpose, united the scattered interests, given force and direction to the common work, and raised the Church to the plane where it now stands, watchful and waiting, with banners fluttering and with spears in rest, ready, if but the word of command rings clear and inspiring from the lips of our honored leaders, to press forward for the prize and guerdon of a conquered world.

CHAPTER XI.

"It is a great thing to be a Universalist minister, thoroughly furnished—morally, intellectually, spiritually—for the work which our Church needs and the time demands. No higher office can be aspired to; no graver responsibilities can be assumed."

Our New Departure.

THE stillness of summer was in the air; the majesty of nature rested on plain and forest and brooded in misty glory above the encompassing hills—the hills of northern Arabia—at the base of which, thirty-six centuries ago, the straggling camp of a nomadic host dotted the landscape with its myriad tents. Wanderers and fugitives, slaves and the sons of slaves, they had for forty years traversed plain and desert—the fertile wheat-fields of Egypt, the sterile ridges of Suez, the sand-dunes and oases of Arabia, and the rising slopes of Palestine. Fleeing from a land of bondage, too often in the presence of hardship and defeat they had hankered after "the flesh-pots of Egypt;" but learning wisdom through bitter experience they had followed, now grudgingly, now willingly, the mysterious directions of a single leader; and oft in rebellion, oft in doubt, but always led onward towards a certain goal, they had borne forward the ark of the covenant, and now rested, their journey almost accomplished, on the very borders of the promised land. A half million restless and turbulent spirits were these unhoused fugitives, bronzed and swarthy with the suns and seasons between Nile and Nebo, and the men of Gilead and of Bashan, of Midian and of Moab, had heard the trumpet peal and tested the prowess of this invading host, while the Amalekite robbers had fled in dismay before the spear, the arrow, and the short, sharp sword of the men of Israel as the high-peaked caps and leathern breastplates pressed forward in fight behind the bullock-standard of Ephraim led

on by Joshua, the warrior-chief. Behind them lay the wilderness, which they and their fathers had traversed for forty years ; before them, just over the ragged peaks of Pisgah, spread the fair valley of the Jordan—the land towards which they had toiled and struggled, and which, not however without further trials and troubles, they were soon to possess, from the green slopes of Olivet to the snow-crowned head of Hermon. Above them towered the forbidding heights that barred their passage, gray limestone and black basalt dulling even the blue of the early summer with a stern and sombre cast ; while, stretching far away, the thronging tents dotted the brown verdure and scarlet interlacing of those North Arabian foothills. Now, in the sight of all the host, of all these wanderers who, led by him, have passed from slavery to freedom, out of the cloud-shrouded Tabernacle and up the sharp ascent of Nebo, passes the “servant of Jehovah”—Moses, emancipator, leader, and lawgiver. The mists of two-score centuries dim the solemn scene, and hang, an almost impenetrable screen, between those restless nomads of the Arabian hill-slopes and the prosaic, pushing world of to-day, but above all the tangling masses of revelation and romance one figure stands supreme—the great prophet of God, like unto whom “there arose not a prophet since in Israel”—Moses, “whom the Lord knew face to face.” Forty years a prince of Egypt, forty years an exile in the tents of Jethro, forty years a leader of the hosts of Israel, his one hundred and twenty years of life were crowded with experiences and eloquent with action. Himself half shepherd, half diplomat, he could feel all the woes and wants of his nation, and could educate and train them for the higher duties they were to assume. “Meek above all the men that were upon the face of the earth,” he could yet front undauntedly the wrath of a tyrannical Pharaoh, the rebellious threats of his factious followers, and the supreme glory of the Great and Revealed Presence. From the burning bush of Horeb to the thunders of Sinai he had obeyed the “word of the Lord” as it came

to him ; and whether in this age of fact and materialism we regard his acts as the results of revelation or of sagacity, we know that, the Lord Christ alone excepted, no man has ever walked the earth more loyal to conviction or more lofty in aim. Now to him has come the last divine command : "Get thee up unto Mount Nebo, and die in the mount, and be gathered unto thy people." Unhesitatingly, without a remonstrance at this will of the Lord which grants him but a sight of the promised land, he prepares to depart. His last word spoken—that double song of prophecy and blessing that rings through the ages, grand and solemn in its strength and pathos—he goes with firm and unfaltering step up the bleak ascent of Nebo, until, lost from view, he passes out of the lives and ken of the weeping throng that gaze after him from the tents of Israel—out of human life into the greater life of that Hereafter from which the Lord he served so faithfully sends down his memory for the strengthening of imperfect man. Cloud-enwrapped, he vanishes from human eyes ; wrapped in the mystic glory of the Eternal Presence he surveys all the promised land "unto Dan and Gilead and the utmost sea." All these he views from the heights of Nebo, and then—

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor ; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

No man of mettle rusts out. He must work in harness until he drops. The active life is alone the contented one, and even beneath the frosts and snows of winter may lie the ceaseless endeavors of an eternal spring. "Grit," says Whipple, "is the grain of character," and grit and action will keep the mind in play, though the back may be bent and crows'-feet and wrinkles seam the worker's face. "He lives longest who lives best," once said Dr. Brooks in a sermon on Growing Old ; "but many spared to totter into

the grave, and said by the world to be gathered at length like shocks of corn fully ripe, have never really begun to live, and would still be babes or dwarfs—never really old as men and women, though they should live to the age of Methuselah." The man of purpose balked in one endeavor will not sit down discouraged, but while life and strength remain will work on to the end. Looking calmly back over the years that lie behind him, he can accept all of life's experiences as helps to wiser action, and can even see around his heaviest cross and above his stoniest pathway the pillar of cloud that hides the loving purpose of his Father and his Guide. So the following words, written almost at the sunset hour by the man to whose life-record these pages are devoted, may not be here amiss. In a document found among his private papers he has written :

" My life has not been without its trials ; and how heavy I have sometimes found the great cross which was laid upon me in my boyhood, and which I have ever since had to bear, only He who knows all things and myself have known. But life, notwithstanding, has been a happiness to me, and I desire to express my undoubting conviction that the trials I have known, as certainly as the choicest blessings I have received, have been appointed or permitted by my Heavenly Father for my welfare. I see a wise and gracious Providence as having been always attendant upon me. I charge none of my shortcomings or sins to God's account. For them I hold myself solely responsible ; nor, however He may have overruled or used them, or may hereafter overrule or use them, do I believe that it was in any sense good for me, or that in any sense it ever will be good for me, that I committed them. Sin is always a curse : none the less a wrong and a curse because God may contrive to accomplish His purpose in spite of it, or even in the use of it, making ' the wrath of man to praise Him.' Only the path of duty is or can be the path of good. But Providential allotments are God's ; and when we have tried to adjust ourselves to His requirements, it is our privilege to discern His hand in every event that concerns us, and to be calmly confident that He designs it somehow to subserve our profit. To strengthen you, my children, if I can in this assurance, I leave this testimony with you. As I look back over the road I have travelled, I see many things which, when they occurred, seemed to me very dark and hard and discouraging, but which I now perceive have resulted in desirable issues

which could only thus have been reached ; and, sore as it has been, I am satisfied that even for the cross so early laid upon me I have reason to be thankful as a merciful means of guiding me into a better path than I should otherwise have chosen. I have no doubt that my life has been made thus to answer higher ends than it would have served had I been left to myself."

It was a severe trial when, in 1868, the warnings of physicians compelled him to cease from further work as General Secretary, and to resign his office. Absorbed by his labors and full of plans for future effort, he had never deemed it possible that he could break down until the break actually came. Thus forced to retire, he reluctantly withdrew from the field of active work as General Secretary, and once more went into the ranks as pastor and preacher. But his interest and zeal in the Convention work never slackened, and, elected one of the Board of Trustees, he served the Church in that capacity until the day of his death with a fidelity and devotedness that found fitting expression in words of tribute thus placed on record by his associates :

" In view of the solemn event which has deprived the Board of a wise counsellor, a most diligent and faithful trustee, and each member of the same of a warm personal friend, we would put on record our sense of the loss which this body has sustained. The ability and consecration of our late associate are matters of common report. His praise is in all our churches. . . . As a member of this Board he was constant in the discharge of his duty ; and not only owing to his large wisdom and conscientious devotion to every interest of our Church, but by his thorough knowledge of the plan of our work in all its details from its inception, his counsels were of incalculable worth. We feel that by his death a gap has been made which cannot easily be filled."

Experience, which is often the hardest of taskmasters, is not unfrequently the most lavish of recompensers, and when the shadows on life's dial mark the fiftieth year—that

" Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought !
Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long road,
In which to rest and readjust our load !"—

how often is the mind of man, like the treasure-house of the Peruvian Inca, stored with the precious ornaments of palaces and temples—taxes levied by experience on the passing years! “Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,” says Thackeray, and to every well-balanced man who draws from the garnered stores of experience for fresh action and effort as he faces the setting sun, it may be granted to develop a sphere of broader and more lasting worth, even as did that wise French king of the far-off days, who, first by his war-like deeds known as Charles the Victorious, came later in life, as politic measures and effective reforms marked his beneficent reign, to be hailed as Charles the Well-served!

So the mid-hour of life came to Elbridge Gerry Brooks; and when, forced from his active and well-directed labors in the field, he entered once more upon new pastoral duties, he accepted the enforced change unquestioningly, and brought to his work the ripened powers and matured energies of long years of labor in his Master's service, recalling vividly the closing lines of the jubilee hymn written for his fiftieth birthday by his much-loved friend and brother, Rev. D. K. Lee, of blessed memory—that pure and saintly man the remembrance of whose form and speech and life brings ever to mind the dear disciple of the Lord—John the Well-Beloved:

“ And now, with half the circle set
That binds a century's crown,
He stands in glowing noonday yet,
And far from life's sundown.
New powers of faith around him throng,
New thoughts their ranks deploy:
And, O, may new delights prolong
His jubilee of joy!”

Nor could his lines have fallen unto him in a pleasanter place than in that great city in which his last years were spent. Wave-washed by the ripples of two noble rivers, ceaselessly busy with the activities of its boundless trade and the hum of its giant manufactories, its names and

homes, its polity and its people preserve with fidelity the precepts of its honored founder—that William Penn, the Quaker lawgiver, whose word was his bond and whose dealings with his savage allies we, after “a century of dishonor” may wisely heed as we recall the storied elm of Shackamaxon, which witnessed “the one treaty never sworn to and never broken.” Its pleasant homes, bright with historic names and helpful lives, are still as fair with friendships and as warm with love as when two hundred years ago the Pennsylvania Pilgrim looked toward

“the young city, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,”

where, strong and active, it lay before his prophetic eyes,

“lovely even then,
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,
Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough-hewn frames
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names.”

On Sunday, December 13th, 1868, he began his labors as pastor of the Church of the Messiah in Philadelphia, and for nine and a half years stood at his chosen post. Called to it by the repeated and earnest solicitations of his many friends at a critical time in the history of the parish, and when the strong hand, the active brain, the consecrated heart were alike needed for its life and growth, he gave to it all the strength and love of his earnest and helpful nature, and with the varied experiences of an uninterrupted ministry of forty years to counsel and guide him, he led the parish, which grew to be so dear and precious to him, off from the danger line and up to the victorious heights of strength and security. In no better manner can I record the unflinching purpose of these years of labor for the church at Philadelphia than in the warm and heart-born words of Dr. Patterson :

“Retiring from the service of our Church at large covered with its gratitude and its honors, he found a congenial field in the dear city of

Brotherly Love, a congenial home with the dear Church of the Messiah. He took up his work there with broken health, though not with flagging energies. The heart which had loved Christ and his cause so intensely and so long had become somewhat irregular in its pulsations. But its love was only intensified by the hidden pain, and its last throb should be devoted to that cause. No ten years of his life were more fruitful in good work than these closing years. His powers were fully ripe; his zeal was unabated; his will and energy intense as ever, and he pressed on in the Master's service as if conscious that the time was short, and there was much that must be done before the setting of the sun. How wisely he organized for Christian work! How persistently he pushed on church improvements! How convincingly he preached the doctrines of the gospel! How earnestly he called men to the better life! How tenderly he came to them in the hour of sickness and bereavement, opening to their hearts the very portals of heaven! How he carried the lambs of the flock as in his arms to the fold of the Good Shepherd! How he led the people, day by day, and year by year, nearer and nearer Christ! How he stood at his post and heard the summons with the armor on, anxious to live for the sake of the cause to which his life had been devoted, preaching like an inspired saint, when other powers had almost entirely failed; giving directions with regard to denominational interests with his dying breath, his hand—as he wrote me a little while before he went away—'in the Father's hand,' and perfectly assured that for him death would not come too soon, and that, living and dying, we are the Lord's."

To which let me add this extract from his ninth anniversary sermon, "An Apostolic Ministry"—a sermon full of earnest purpose, of anxious desire, of loving and tender acknowledgement: "Nine years ago this morning I stood here, and became the pastor of this church. What these nine years have been to me in labor and hope and anxiety and prayer, it is not for me to say nor for you to know. But I have given you nine of the best years of my life; and having done so, do you think it can be a matter of indifference to me, as I stand here to-day, to look back over these years and at the investment I have thus made of brain and heart, and every faculty and power at my command, and to ask, To what effect has it all been done? I have been anxious to see enlarging congregations and to hear of increasing

rentals, and have done all I legitimately could to these ends. I am thankful to learn that, all things considered, this church was never so prosperous as now. But I have chiefly preached and labored here for other and deeper results; have preached and labored in Christ's behalf to instruct and help, to comfort and stimulate, to quicken and save souls. It would be no satisfaction to me, though I could see this house crammed at every service, and should be told that there is not another sitting to be rented in it, if, with all this, I could see no evidence of religious life or of personal interest in Christ. And so, looking back I am glad that I can see evidence assuring me that in these regards I have not labored these years wholly in vain. Faces rise before me shining with the light of a new and higher purpose, begotten, I have been told, by words that I have spoken, and eyes have looked into mine wet with tears as the lips have assured me that comfort and help and quickening have been received because of what I have done. Let me here, in return, thank those of you who have thus strengthened and encouraged me by thus freely telling me what, under God, I have been able to do for you. Nothing so moves and helps a conscientious minister as such testimony out of hearts he has been able to help."

Heart-power gives brain-power, earnestness begets action, and work must tell. Cross and cord, axe and stake, stone and sword did their bloody work centuries ago when, under the skies of Syria or the arches of Rome, one by one the faithful eleven who had followed and had loved the Lord Christ passed from death unto life. But wherever through the ages earnest hearts have labored and striven, loyal voices have plead, and spoken for Christ, seeking to draw all men unto him, unmoved by martyrdom and unawed by death, the breathings of the divine approval have touched their lives and glorified their work, even though unknown and un-honored of men. Above their fearless words and earnest efforts, illuminating even the dull details of daily rounds of duty, has streamed the radiance of Christ's love and God's

benison, while, more lasting than the priestly symbols of pictured window or of sculptured stone, their memories, shrined in the remembrance of practical work done for their fellow-men, glow with an effulgence as divine as that which canonizes the mystery of the Immaculate Conception, more glorious than the lustre that gleams eternal from the fable of the Sacred Heart !

However we may shirk our duty when we should be true, we have abiding honor for that man who holding convictions is loyal to them, and speaks out bravely even though the truth is unpalatable. Said stout old Bishop Stillingfleet, two centuries back when the profligate court of the Merry Monarch invaded all the sanctities and made a sport of virtue, "The plain truth is, every one would be thought to be infallible, if for shame they durst pretend to it ; and they have so high an opinion of themselves that they cannot bear such as entertain not the same and as do not submit to them." This is human nature, and applies equally to societies and individuals, to Church and to State. When, therefore, one who realizes the weak as well as the strong points of any system of which he is a part, bravely speaks out, and as a friend and follower pleads for wiser action, that human infallibility, which magnifies virtues and belittles faults, is quick to criticise and sharp to condemn.

In 1871 Dr. Brooks planned the volume which, under the title of "Our New Departure"—a title selected, he says, "a considerable time before it had been used in such connection and become so nearly hackneyed"—was not published until 1874, ill-health and impaired eyesight precluding its earlier issue. The book was, as he has stated, the offspring of no hasty impulse or immature thinking, and in his preface he thus states his motive in preparing it :

"For nearly forty years a humble participant in our church-work, I have been not only an observer, but a student of our denominational life—our condition, hindrances, needs, prospects. I have watched events, and tried to trace effects to causes. These pages report my conclusions—conclusions carefully, some of them unwillingly, reached.

I wish the presentation had been better done. But for the conclusions themselves I plead neither explanation nor excuse. They are, I believe, in the main impregnable. As such, it is my profound conviction, they are what Universalists need, beyond everything else, solemnly to ponder. They indicate, I am satisfied, alike the explanations to be considered, so far as we have failed to witness the practical religious results we had a right to expect, and the conditions upon which alone any vitalizing and saving influence is possible to us. These being my convictions, I have uttered them as I have; 'according as it is written I believed, and therefore have I spoken.'"

It is not for me to defend or praise the book. It stands an enduring monument of the absolute loyalty to convictions that stamped its earnest author; and as has been said of it by another, "if it had been received by our whole Church in the spirit in which it was written, it would have trebled our efficiency in a year, and been the power of God to our salvation." But if by here directing attention to it I can secure for it a wider reading throughout our own Church I shall feel that these pages have not been wholly in vain. Not as a denominational diatribe, nor as a theological expurgation was it intended, but as a strong and heartfelt appeal for higher, better, purer living.

Knowing as I do the love and yearning in which it was conceived, the deliberation and intensity in which it was written, I can only plead for its thoughtful reading by all who hope for the world's conquest by the truths of our Church, and by all who feel that they can be aided by earnest, searching, and helpful words. "Whatever criticism the book may receive I shall enter into no controversy to defend it," he wrote; and true to this resolve he made no attempt to stem the tide of criticism and censure that followed the publication of "Our New Departure." But though much of the expressed disapproval of the book was abuse rather than criticism, "bludgeons instead of edge-tools," as it has been characterized, because the author "had dared thus publicly to face some of the undeniable facts on the reverse side of our history, and to arraign some of our neglects, dogmas, and traditions by way of explana-

tion," this crush of philippic was more than counterbalanced by the assurances of the value of his work that came to him from many and unexpected quarters : veterans in the faith, young soldiers just donning the unscarred armor, thoughtful men and women both in and out of the Universalist Church, uttered words of hearty and thankful appreciation. And now, scarce ten years after the volume was written, the signs of the times, and the ideas that are each day becoming more and more the general thought of the people prove the author of "Our New Departure" to have been a prophet whose forecast was truthfuller than he himself could dream—a master who builded even wiser than he knew. Divest the book, indeed, of every reference to church interests and denominational work, and there yet remains food for deep and profitable thought, not only "for any minister of any church" as the *Independent* stated, but also for every one, whether interested in church work or not, who needs to read and ponder over "the earnest words in behalf of Christian living and Christian endeavor with which it is filled."

Side by side for many a year, in tourney and in battle, had ridden the unconquerable Guy of Warwick and his comrade, Sir Morgadour. But when crossed in purpose because of Sir Guy's unflinching honesty and distaste for wrong, the crafty Morgadour sought to bring his comrade to disgrace and death, his plans came to naught. So deep-laid scheme and open accusation availed him little, and when he sought to embroil the noble Guy with his master, Ernis of Greece, affirming that he was no leal knight but a traitor and a plot-man, the honest old emperor turned on him in scorn, saying simply, "Sir Guy is good and true knight : away with your tales !"—and Sir Morgadour fell back discomfited and abashed. Is the memory of Elbridge Gerry Brooks held to-day in less esteem by the Universalist Church, which for nearly half a century he loved and labored for, because he dared to speak brave and searching words, and to plead for its securer strengthening? The testimony of his brethren is

sufficient answer. Thus warmly did one, speaking for the many, close his manly tribute :

"It is easy to honor and eulogize such a man. It is transparent what we have lost in losing him. But I am persuaded we shall best memorialize his virtues and exhibit our appreciation of his eminent services by taking up the implements of his noble labor, yet warm from his heroic hand, and with a spirit and a loftiness of aim like his own, making haste to do our little part in our little day, toward the consummation of the grand work which inspired his enthusiasm, engaged his best energies, and won from him at length the sacrifice of his life."

"He who has a head of wax must not walk in the sun," says the old Italian proverb, and, conversely, only he who has the courage of his conviction dares to back up principle with practice. Scarcely had the echoes of the storm that followed the publication of "Our New Departure," died away when the perturbed sky was again vocal with the *anathema maranatha* which fell upon this life-long laborer for truth, because he dared to avow his disbelief in "a woman ministry." Chivalric and courteous, as became a man of his ample and kindly nature, Dr. Brooks revered woman as "a mightier element in the life of the race than man." Mother, wife, sister, daughter were words inexpressibly precious to him, each one the shrine of peculiar and enduring affections, while he held also that woman was to be regarded as "the controlling element of the world—doubtless herself acted upon, but giving life and color to society, and determining the tendencies and character of each generation in its turn." And regarding the place of woman in the world, he said :

"I know no reason why woman should not have as wide a range of culture as man, or why she should be denied the opportunity to labor in any field in which she is as much at home as he; or why she should not be as well paid for what she does; or why she should not stand man's equal in the eye of the law in the distribution of estates;—or why, especially, she should be robbed under man's supremacy of what is clearly her own. So far as these things are concerned I confess myself in hearty sympathy with the agitation for what are called Wo-

man's Rights ; and I do but see in this agitation one of the numerous signs which tell that the leaven of Christ is still at work for the rectification of human affairs. It is the old lesson of Christianity, announced when it found woman regarded as the menial and slave of man, that she is his sister, and in the empire of rational existence and in respect to all its rights, his equal—not a body simply of worth only as her arm is strong or her face beautiful, but a soul, 'of an origin as high, a value as precious, a destiny as lofty' as his; with as deep an interest in knowledge and in the truth; with an equal claim to the privileges and opportunities of life, and as large a concern in its great questions and responsibilities. This is the lesson which Christianity has been preaching through all these centuries that lie between the cross and us;—preaching in palace and in cottage, preaching in the face of old errors and abuses, and thus more and more enfranchising woman, and elevating her as the companion and the peer of man. This is the lesson which Christ is still preaching, although Christianity has not yet fully learned it; and it is therefore the lesson which every woman should gratefully accept, and in the strength of which she should demand that recognition of her worth, that confession of her equality, and that practical acknowledgment of her rights which is yet needed to make the honor and justice accorded her complete."

But while fully recognizing woman as the partner and the peer of man, he remembered the limitations of sex ; he could not overlook the "evident hindrances and disqualifications in woman's very constitution," and he drew the line sharply between ministering woman and a "woman ministry." Of the latter he said : "Every woman choosing the ministry as her life-work deliberately renounces offices for which she was intended, or proposes to accept these offices only to make incidental and secondary the paramount and sacred duties which they involve. A woman ministry, therefore, in the sense of adopting the ministry as a profession, is out of the order of nature. It is forbidden by intrinsic impediments and constitutional restraints and limitations. It is, and in the nature of the case always must be, an anomaly." Experience and observation alike led him to this view ; he looked at and studied the "anomaly," not from the standpoint of sentimentality but of common-sense ; his conclusions were reached, not under the bias of jealousy

or the fear of rivalry, but in the clear and high desire for the most elevated and effective order of ministers. In his love for his Church he studied the question ; out of his love for his Church he spoke sturdily and unequivocally. Feeling thus strongly, he could not but say, as he did, " Neither judgment nor conscience would permit me to encourage a woman to prepare for the ministry." Naturally such a decided stand brought upon him the ire and denunciation of many who differed from him, and—thoroughly misunderstood as to the cause of his conclusions—hard and bitter words were said respecting his " bigotry" and " narrowness." But time is a sure vindicator, and the years that pass so silently over the grave of this valiant and outspoken man pass too with resistless changes over the living face of the restless world, and already the justness of the stand taken on this disputed question by Dr. Brooks, and the absolute truth of his conclusions and predictions, are daily becoming more and more apparent to the entire Church. As a sufficient and significant commentary upon the manner in which he was misjudged and criticized for his position on the " Woman Question," attention is invited to the following extract from his will. By this he bequeathed all the little property he had left, unreservedly, to his faithful and beloved wife, but coupled with a " protest," the nature of which protest is apparent in the extract here given :

" I have never been an advocate of what has technically been called Woman's Rights—by which in substance I have thought is meant her right to forget that God has given her the sex and work of woman in a mistaken and unnatural ambition to assume the prerogatives and work of man. But I have always been an advocate of her capability and rights as the complement and peer of man, and therefore an opponent of all those unjust and shameful discriminations which assume her inferiority, which deny her what is her due in respect to culture, employment, and remuneration, and which give her nothing as woman, or as wife, except as the appendage, the ward, or the constituent of man. Such discriminations, however natural in a primitive or unsettled condition of society, are, I believe, utterly at war with the rela-

tions of the sexes as revealed in Christ. They are the relic of barbaric ages when woman was held to have no separate individuality, but was regarded simply as a doll, a convenience, or a drudge; and they cannot too soon be swept away by a christianized public sentiment duly recognizing her sacred personality and the equality of her rights within the sphere God has appointed her. Especially, as I believe, should such a christianized public sentiment recognize and put into law the fact that what the wife helps the husband to earn, or save, or possess belongs to her just as much as to him, and ought, as a matter of course, fully to vest in her at his death, precisely as it before vested in him. The mystic and sacred unity of marriage includes all that pertains to life, or its possessions, and really exists only so far as it does so. In this conviction, regarding the existing law and custom as wrong, but compelled to conform to them in order that my wife without legal hindrances or question may at once enter into possession of what by all her sacred rights as wife is as much hers as mine, I, in conforming, desire to place on record my solemn protest against the assumption that I have or can have, in the sight of God, or under the Christian law, any right to give her *what is already hers jointly with me*, or that there is in me any semblance of a right to make, were I so inclined, any other disposition of what belongs to us in common, except by her consent."

Year after year passed in earnest and effective work in that strong and busy Philadelphia parish. With ready and appreciative hearts to second his efforts—wise in counsel, practical in aim, conscientious in purpose, ardent in desire—he and they who worked with him made of the Church of the Messiah a society of Christian laborers whose work was well bestowed and abundantly rewarded: its useful labors and the integrity and dignity of its pastor made Universalism respected as a force and a factor in a city conservative beyond all others, and its name and fame went out through all the churches of our order as synonymous with Christian zeal and Christian strength, with ready generosity and unceasing endeavor. No hands could have been more helpful in times of work and action, none more soothing in days of sickness, none tenderer or more faithful in the last sad hour, when life went out and the strong man passed away. And while the years that come can never efface from the hearts

of those who were of his own household the memory of that affectionate solicitude which brightened the waning life in that Philadelphia home, it is equally a pleasure to feel that those with whom his lot was cast so honored and looked up to him, to use their own words, as "a pure-minded, upright, earnest, conscientious man ; an eloquent, logical, and forcible preacher ; a devoted and sympathizing friend and pastor."

All too soon for the unfinished life-work came the Father's call. It came as it has come to so many men—in the thick and rush of life's work and battle ; as it came to Moses, the " prophet of God," centuries ago on the brown Arabian hill side ; to Paul, martyred but victorious in the bloody Ostian Way ; to Hampden, struggling for his country and the right on English meadows ; to Coligny, loyal to his Church and his people on the terrible day of Bartholomew ; to Champlain, zealous for the honor and growth of his struggling colony in the rough fort at Quebec ; to Horace Mann, praying only for rest, beneath the care-crowded walls of Antioch College ; to many and many a tireless worker who since the first dawn of the world's earliest day has fallen on the field, harness on back and shield on arm, battling to the last. Year by year, day by day, hour by hour, the sure though subtle poison of Bright's disease—that insidious and stealthy foe that has sapped and drained so many sturdy frames of all their strength and life—was working its way through blood and fibre, every fresh advance meeting a stubborn defence in a system which, springing from a long-lived stock, fought hard for life. January, February, and March of 1878 were the last three months of his life. But though the seal of death was already upon him, and the knowledge that his enemy had conquered came to him at last, he never faltered in his labor nor his zeal. Carefully arranging all his private affairs, day by day he gave up the performance of customary duties as effort became enfeebling and endeavor sapped his fast-failing strength. Still he kept at his post, and on Sunday, March 24th, he went from his bed to his pulpit support-

ing his weakness only by the aid of crutches. But his voice rose so full and strong in prayer and sermon that those who knew his condition marvelled, and those who did not thought him good for yet many years of labor. The reaction, however, overpowered him, and the two Sabbaths that followed were his last on earth.

The rosy flush of a fair morning of early spring—Monday, April 8th, 1878—was just dispelling the gray and gloom of the fleeing night as the dying soldier of the cross breathed his last. Tired frame and weary brain alike yearned for rest: "I am so tired—so tired," were his faltering words. The failing breath came and went in still slower respirations; a last sigh, and just as the April sun tinged the tender green of early bud and leaf with its sweetness and light, the winter ended, the night fled, the gates of heaven swung open to receive a valiant soul, and life began for Elbridge Gerry Brooks! "Farewell, brother, to earth; welcome, brother, to heaven; gathered up with many memories there to be removed from bliss and joy no more—thy work ended, thy peace assured. Hearken to the voice that, welcoming you says: 'You fought the good fight; you finished your course, and kept the faith, and there is laid up for you a crown of glory;'" and with Paul you can say, 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' " *

Thirty-six centuries have come and gone since that other April day when, from the summit of Nebo, Moses, "the servant of the Lord," looked down upon the promised land and viewed the heritage that awaited the coming of his race. In slavery, in persecution, in flight, in rebellion, in contrition, in triumph, he had lived among them—working with them, working for them—and now, denied the joy of sharing in the final consummation of their hopes, he looked with pleasure on the fair valley of the Jordan that stretched away beneath him, and pictured in his mind the glory and grandeur

* Closing sentence of Dr. Chapin's tribute at Philadelphia.

of the years that were to come when, as the chosen of the Lord, his people should possess the land from Jericho, city of palm-trees, to the pebbly beaches of Galilee. Something of the prophet's vision and the leader's joy has been granted to other earnest, busy souls, who, like this lawgiver of old, have striven and labored for their fellow-men. Out from the dust and turmoil of life's struggle, their souls have climbed the mount of vision, while their eyes have read, in the future which they could never know, the records of the greatness and glory to come, which they had labored for, but of which they might never be partakers. But according as their plans were unselfish, their aims high, their desires pure and noble, has come to them thankfulness for the part they have been able to undertake, and, bowing to the Divine will, they have trod the dark valley unhesitatingly, confident that just beyond the ragged rocks of trial and suffering were the green pastures and the still waters of eternal day.

In this spirit the strong man whose life ebbed away at the dawn of that fair April day, heard and obeyed the summons, hopeful as to the future of the Church he had lived to serve and the parish he had upbuilt and strengthened. With perfect serenity and unfaltering trust he passed through the open portals, leaving behind him crowding memories of a life instinct with help and love, with loyalty and endeavor—memories to be forever cherished by those he left behind.

As I write I seem to see falling across the page the shadow of his manly presence ; I catch the gleam of the kindly eyes looking hope and help for all ; his rich and resonant voice sounds once more upon the listening ear, and I hear him repeating the closing words of one of his strongest sermons,* spoken to his younger brothers in Christ just taking their vows of fealty to the Master : " And so doing, may the blessing of God rest upon you, and you be able like Paul, after

* "The Christian Ministry," delivered before the graduates of the Tufts Divinity School, June 10th, 1877.

many years of faithful and unselfish toil, to say, each of you, 'I have fought a good fight I have kept the faith, I am now ready to be offered.' And at the last, full of labors and of the satisfactions and honors that good work always brings, may you pass on to receive the crown, with many souls whom you have helped and saved shining as your jewels in it, and to hear the Master say, 'WELCOME and WELL DONE!' "

CHAPTER XII.

"Only as in the presence of the cross we are touched, humbled, and drawn to God, with hearts awakened and glowing in the purpose to have no other life or law, are we Christians in truth."
Our New Departure.

It is related of stout old Barbarossa, mightiest and manliest of all the Hohenstaufens, that on the outer covering of the imperial tent he hung his lance and shield, that all who saw might know that the king stood ever ready to redress a wrong. Bloody-minded though he may have been, as were all those old heroes of the earlier days, when force, not fairness, swayed the minds of men, he had still that innate hatred of wrong and that ready wish to aid what seemed to him the right that has kept his memory green, though centuries have passed since the swift torrent of the Cilician river bore horse and rider to a watery grave, and that still shrines him, legend-glorified, in German hearts as in the dark recesses of the Thuringian cavern he awaits the summons to strike the crowning blow for the greatness and glory of Fatherland.

Lance and shield hang on the outer walls of many a tent to-day; fair play and a helping hand still merit honest praise; and though we are a buying and a selling age, a practical, reasoning, pushing, all-acquiring world, as far removed from the old-time childishness of knight-errantry and feudal vows as is the rifled cannon from the clumsy bombard, yet chivalry and courtesy, devotion and heroism are still as living as were they in the olden days; and however much we may work for Number One, we are all ready to accord respect and honor to the man who, hating wrong and error and oppression, keeps lance and shield in view, and is ever ready to strike for justice, truth, and right.

It is the duty of every biographer to be first just, and then generous; free from bias and absolutely impartial,

looking only for the truth ; and could the dead come back to earth to guide the pen that seeks to faithfully record their merits or their sins, who doubts that in the larger light that the larger life has brought them, the plea would come, even as it came from the betrayed and dying Othello :

" Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

As with the gathering darkness of that April night still other shadows fell across the death-bed of the busy man whose life-story has been outlined in the preceding pages, it was told him that the son to whom he had been so much as father, friend, and helper, wished, if life and strength were spared, to try, some time, to trace the story of that father's active and noble life ; " My dear fellow," came the slow but earnest words, " I fear you will be too lenient. But whatever you say, tell the truth ; I have tried to do my duty." And so, writing the story of this life of endeavor, I have tried to tell the truth. If there may exist in these pages any overstatement, any undue praise, any excess of eulogy, let it be thought that the love of the son has overborne the duty of the biographer. But I know of no overstatement. The high purpose of a loving, earnest, whole-souled, conscientious, just, and manly Christian man and worker cannot be overstated, even though minor peculiarities live for a time in the memory of the few. Said Dr. Patterson, speaking words of tribute above his brother minister and friend, " Few men have invested the office of the Christian ministry with so much of the solemn grandeur of the prophet, and the persuasive reasoning of the apostle. . . . He loved humanity. He loved purity. He loved liberty. He made the Golden Rule the supreme law of life. He was a royal friend ; a loyal son ; a faithful brother ; a kind, loving, and provident husband ; a patriotic citizen ; a manly man ; a lover of humanity ; a friend of God."

It is not for me, even though here seeking to record the life-work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks, to attempt any searching

analysis of his character. "They only who live with a man," said Johnson, "can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination ; and few people who have lived with a man know what to remark about him." Not every man is a Boswell, as, fortunately, not every man is a Johnson ; and lest in attempting to summarize the chief points of my father's character I be found wanting in many a requisite, I shall merely seek to indicate what seemed to be the guiding forces of his personality and his endeavor, and draw upon the tributes of others for words of characterization.

In the closing chapter of "Our New Departure" Dr. Brooks sums up the peculiar requisites which unite for the development of that deeper and more practical nature which should be a part of the spiritual economy of every true Universalist, in three terse and pertinent words : " Candor, Loyalty, Ignition." Crystallizing each, a wealth of endeavor and a breadth of desire, they seem also to have here a peculiar personal application ; and looking back over the life of this busy worker, with many a fact and many an aspiration calling for recognition and remembrance, it seems to me that no three words can better express the qualities that combined to fill and round out the life of practical Christian endeavor that he lived, as he worked and labored among his fellow-men, than the very qualities he there pleaded for—*Loyalty, Candor, Ignition!*

Of his Loyalty little need here be said ; in every chapter of this life-work it cannot but be apparent ; it was the key-note to which all his effort was attuned. " Loyalty to ideas," he has said, " fidelity to honest conviction—the purpose at all hazards to put one's self unflinchingly where one morally and intellectually belongs—what but this has given us heroes and martyrs, illuminated the otherwise dim annals of our race with the most chivalric self-sacrifice, destroyed old errors, lifted fresh truths into victory, and so kept the wheels of the world's progress in motion ?"

His loyalty was not, however, mere slavish obedience to

dominant convictions, nor an unthinking attachment to the truths he had learned in childhood. Every question was tested by him by the standards of right and justice, and he followed no man's chariot-wheels, serf-held like the clients of old Rome ; what he believed he believed all through, and so far as loyalty and power are synonymous he worked with all his strength to bring his convictions to fruition.

"Lovers of truth indeed I would have you," he writes, * "more than lovers of any sect or church, or anything your father has believed. That is a very poor kind of man or woman who believes even the best things solely because he or she has so been taught. It is alike the divinely-given prerogative and the solemn duty of every intelligent mind to think its own thoughts and to reach its own conclusions. The authority of God and the authority of Christ and the Bible are final ; but the authority of any mere man in respect to opinion is nothing, except as he has some higher authority to back him. Even the authority of Christ and the Bible is to be accepted as final only because the weight of evidence shows that God speaks through them. . . . I have been thought by many to be opinionated, and disposed in an intense dogmatism to insist that everybody must agree with me. But nothing could be farther from the fact. Having my own distinct convictions, I have felt it my duty to hold them and to stand by them as if they were really convictions, and therefore principles to be asserted and served, and not mere whims or impressions to be waived or compromised. But, claiming the right to think for myself, I have never been disposed to deny or trench upon this right as belonging equally to others. I have never loved any one the less because differing from me in opinion ; nor have I ever had the slightest wish to force my opinions on anybody, nor to insist that they should be received except on due evidence. Rather a thousand times would I know that, as the result of your own free thought, honestly, earnestly, and reverently exercised, you have rejected even my most cherished convictions, than to know that you had become the most zealous devotees of these convictions simply because I had held and taught them. I reverence the sacred individuality of souls and the consequent right of private judgment. I trust that, next to God and the Saviour, you will no less reverence this sacred individuality in yourselves and others, and that, thinking to your own conclusions, you will hold no opinion except for reasons which make it *your* opinion, and not that of somebody else adopted on trust."

* Extract from private paper attached to his will.

It was this heart-born and thought-tested belief in the real value of convictions that he hoped for in others and lived up to himself, and this strength of purpose and loyalty to principle swayed the action of his entire life, as from time immemorial it has pervaded and dominated all honest workers for the truth who have striven for "the fruitage that is and the more glorious fruitage yet to be." Priestly craft and priestly greed have sullied every age, from the days of Baal and Delphi to the scandals that have soiled the tiara and clouded the modern pulpit; but truth and loyalty and deathless devotion have burned as brightly in the hearts of priest and preacher as in the deeds of warriors and the vows of mail-clad knights, beautifying the history of every faith, and since the advent of the Master giving dignity and glory to the Church of Christ. It was the monk Froissart who beat back the invaders from the breach at St. Amand; it was the monk Telemachus who thrust his body between the swords of the gladiators and died, a bleeding protest, martyred for the cause of humanity; it was the bishop Leo who, when all Rome trembled, faced the victorious Alaric and saved the Eternal City; as, too, it was glorious old Latimer, who braved unflinchingly the torturing flames, crying out to his companion, "Play the man, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out;" and, later still, it was the stout Scottish preacher, Melville of St. Andrews, who when asked to omit something from his writings that might offend the king, said, "Tell me, man, if I have told the truth?" "Yes, sir, I think so," was the reply. "Then," said Melville, "I will bide his feud and all his kin's. Pray, pray God for me, and He will direct me!" It is loyalty such as this that has made Christianity a power pervading rank and file of the great army of the cross since the shadows fell on Calvary and the Pentecostal glory descended upon that feeble brotherhood at Jerusalem.

"Dr. Brooks was well characterized," writes Rev. Dr. Emerson, "as the 'John Knox of Universalism.' Full of the better part of the

Puritan spirit; believing with every fibre of his soul whatever he believed at all; always deeply emotional in spirit, yet an emotion held firm by a basis of solid thought and of vigorous reasoning; always aiming at practical ends, yet with entire confidence in his convictions and his Church as means to secure that end—he was by pre-eminence a man of strength. In emotion, thought, rhetoric, and articulation, he moved with great momentum. He was not lacking in the minor graces of manner, but the one quality of power dominated and gave character to the man. He was, first of all, a preacher. He was also a writer. He was an ecclesiastic. He was a reformer. He preached, wrote, and organized, in behalf of the Universalist interpretation of Christianity. He appeared in the pulpit, in the *Quarterly*, in the weekly paper, in books, in conventions, a worker at every post and a helper in every phase of Church enterprise. And he meant to be loyal to his Lord and Master. There was not a fibre in his moral nature that did not respond to what he deemed a call from the Head of the Church. His Christ was no negation, no mere sentiment, no formless idea; but rather the Person of Jesus—him of articulate utterance—him who was filled by the Spirit above measure.”*

And Rev. Dr. Atwood has more recently written: “Dr. Brooks gave to the Universalist Church the support of his whole mind, might, and strength. He never played fast and loose with it. His conviction of the truth of Universalism was profound and immovable, and his affection for the organism in which it is embodied was of that ardency and strength which only a great and honest nature is capable of. And when a strong, good man gives his unswerving loyalty and love to a church, he reinforces it more than would an army of half-hearted or uninfluential men.”

So, too, the Rev. H. R. Nye, speaking words of tribute, said:

“He was a man loyal to his convictions. If we differed from him sometimes, we felt that his convictions were intense, and still honored him for the motives that swayed and directed his life. He never asked what was expedient, but always what was right. I remember him as a Christian reformer. I remember in the early New England times, when the voice of Church and State were in favor of human slavery, he stood up manfully against the great, the gigantic evil of the time, giving his voice and influence for its destruction. I remember him as

* Editorial in the *Universalist*, April 13th, 1878.

identified with the temperance reform in the freshness and vigor of his early life; and with every movement to purify and bless men he was identified. I remember to-day his loyal Christianity. If ever a man in our ministry took the words of St. Paul to be his guide, it was Dr. Brooks: 'Whom we preach, warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.' He preached not for the world's applause. He preached not to get a crowd into his church. He believed in God, and felt that faith to his fingers' ends. He believed in Jesus Christ; in his divine authority; in his divine mission. Christ was not to him one of the many stars that shine on us in the awful darkness of our night; but the sun, in whose glorious splendor all lesser orbs vanish away. Jesus filled the horizon of his thought, and he bowed at that name, unto which at last every knee shall bow and every tongue confess."

Next to his Loyalty should be placed his Candor. And using this word in this connection I seek to employ it in its broadest and manliest sense. His was not the candor that smacks of cant; the candor that delights in reporting all the bad that is said of a person and withholding all the good; the candor that lends itself as the cat's-paw of gossip and so-called "honesty"; no, nor the candor that half tells and half insinuates, seeking to put the person it addresses in an equivocal position, and with hand on heart to say to the world, Behold me, the all-immaculate! The candor I wish to imply is the one that builds on the good old Latin basis, *candidus*—white, fair, honest. If Elbridge Gerry Brooks believed what he believed, he never hesitated, through fear or favor, to say what he believed, and while his candor was the honesty that goes hand in hand with tact, knowing just when and how to speak, never intimidating by bluntness nor antagonizing by brusqueness, it was also direct, absolute, unquestionable. As the Rev. Giles Bailey said of him:

"There was no *perhaps* in his creed, or in the vocabulary of his accustomed speech in discoursing upon gospel themes. He dealt with no fanciful theories, and he spent no time in the discussion of mere possibilities. Like Paul, he believed the things of the Spirit, the promises of the gospel, the truths of Christianity, to be not 'yea and nay,' but 'yea and amen unto the glory of God.' Having definite convictions, he arrived at the definite statement of gospel truths.

People never left his church, after listening to him, saying they could not find out what he believed, or what he had tried to say. And the earnestness with which he enforced the high themes of Christianity generally carried conviction to the minds of his hearers. Heartily believing himself, he made others as hearty in their belief."

In a recent letter embodying his estimate of the character of Dr. Brooks, Rev. John G. Adams, D.D., a life-long friend, whose recollections stretch away back to those boyish days by the blue Piscataqua, says :

"Never did stronger conscientiousness enter the ministry than was found in him. He meant work when he entered it, and never had any different conception of it. Duty was always prompting him. His firmness was adamantine. No opposition could daunt it, or cause it to yield where truth or duty on his part were involved. To some who differed from him in opinion he was deemed obstinate and overbearing, but not by those who knew his keen sense of propriety and his goodness of heart. Looking at his expressive photograph I have often noted the prominence it gives to this characteristic of him. He was just the one to represent that ministry which long ago said to human authority that proposed its suppression, 'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto men more than unto God, judge ye : we ought to obey God rather than men !' "

He himself, in a private paper already referred to, exemplifies this quality of real candor better than any words of mine can do. Touching in this paper upon a matter in which he has been both misjudged and misrepresented but any special record of which in these pages would be unwise, he wrote : "I felt that a great wrong had been done, and that important principles and the honor and efficiency of our Church were at stake ; and for the sake of these principles and the best life of our Church I spoke, with no personal ends to serve—only desiring, under a deep sense of responsibility to God and the Truth, so to present the facts and their lessons as to enlist the attention of our people and thus to awaken them to the resolve and effort which the interests involved seemed to me to demand. The facts being what they were, in the absence of any one else to do it, I should have felt that I had been recreant alike to our Truth and our Church had I not so spoken."

"Dr. Brooks," writes Rev. Dr. Atwood, "did more than any other man to convince ourselves and the world that we are a people brave and strong enough to bear self-scrutiny. While a morbid introspection is at once a sign of an unhealthy state and conducive to the same condition, the candid and searching self-examination of a sound mind are the safeguard of virtue. The criticisms to which Dr. Brooks subjected the Church of his love were wholesome. They came from a heart warm with loyal regard for the cause and the brotherhood. They were sometimes a little overdrawn and sometimes open to the charge of want of sympathy with the genius of our intellectual movement; but they were in the main criticisms of matters of fact, to which attention should have been earlier called; they were severe because they were so just; and the moral effect of them, as well as the purpose of them, was to stir us all up to a more heroic action."

Once upon a time, so the old romance runs, the paynim hosts swarmed in densest battle round the Frankish knights, and the golden standard of the great King Charles was in danger. Swaying here and swaying there, the proud banner fluttered above the tide of war; now it wavered, now fell, now rose again; and as the heathen host swept victorious across the plain, behold Sir Aloys, the standard-bearer, turned and fled dismayed. Then rushing from his master's tent, the youthful hostage, Olger the Dane, not yet a tested knight, struck down the recreant with his own battle-axe, and cried, "Coward, go home with all the speed you may. Live among monks and women there, but leave the noble banner Refuge of France with me." Then donning the renegade's armor, he leaped upon his horse, and with lance at rest and banner borne aloft he pressed into the thick of battle, rallied the fleeing Franks, rescued the king, and ramparting the field with slain, charged the paynim invaders again and again, until, with the cry "Montjoy" upon his lips, he drove them from the field. The wave of retreat swept over the distant hills, and kneeling on the conquered field he felt the welcome accolade, and heard the welcome words, "Rise up, Sir Olger, champion for France and Charles, and God be with you!" Not always on life's battle-ground is the accolade given or reward received. But it

comes at last for every honest word and every earnest work, and he who leaps unhesitatingly into the conflict, fronting undauntingly danger or error or evil, striving now to right some wrong, now to press the call to duty home to some halting brother, though often misunderstood and often assailed, hears at last, above the shouts of triumph and the world's acclaim, the King's voice saying unto him, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

The third element of character that I claim for Dr. Brooks is Ignition. I use, also, this word advisedly, meaning thereby that all-pervading fire of love and loyalty that can render a man capable of communicating to others something of the spiritual glow and fervor with which he is himself animated. "The business of Christianity," he said, "is to set souls spiritually on fire, melting them into contrition, kindling them into enthusiasm, and filling them with the glow of all holy emotion and purpose;" and this very attribute was one that entered into the composition and soul-strength of Elbridge Gerry Brooks. Whatever he held as truth he pleaded for as truth, and while his mind was eminently logical, with nothing of the hectic excitability or spasmodic flash that belongs to the zealot or the revivalist, he could press home every argument for truth and right, for justice and for God, with all the force and vigor of a warm and loving heart, and with all the fervor of a glowing soul.

"If we are to be most profited by what we believe, or if the Universalist Church is to live and become a power," he says, "we must be possessed by Universalism; feeling what it is, made fervent, fluid, burning by it; with hearts glowing, with eyes streaming, with the light of the Divine flame within." He himself felt this, and the Divine flame lighting up a naturally calm and judicial mind would give strength to his arguments and power to his words. "You have done me a great deal of good," wrote a brother minister to him a

few days before his death ; " I have never found you ' cold,' ' opinionated,' or ' overbearing,' but, on the contrary, sympathetic and kind-hearted, an earnest and positive character ruled by love." And Dr. Atwood has said of him :

" Where some others felt in his persistent policies, in his eager, unbending attitude and his sharp criticism, the blow of a warrior's mailed hand, I was able to feel the breath of a brother's devout desire. As I am obliged, when I read the solemn reproofs and withering denunciations of my Master, to interpret them by his spirit of uniform yearning for human good—a spirit whose acquaintance I have made again and again, and about which I cannot be mistaken—a spirit that commends its unbounded divine affection to me in that he made himself a willing sacrifice living and a total sacrifice in death for the ungodly—the very classes he rebuked—so when I have learned, as I had learned, what manner of spirit our departed brother was of, in his uniform and deeper purpose, I interpreted whatever appeared severe or ill-judged by what I knew to be the ruling desire of his great, manly, loving heart."

Of his preaching, the force of which was largely due to this element of ignition, Dr. Patterson has said :

" The pulpit was his realm. His voice, always rich, deep, sonorous, was especially adapted to religious themes. It was electric and sympathetic. It won you, it held you. In his more exalted moods it thrilled every fibre of your soul. His manner was serious, dignified, impressive. He preached by the wave of his hand, by the poise of his head, by the flash of his eye, by every facial expression. He preached like one who had been with Christ, and came with a living message to living men. He preached to the head. He preached to the heart. He expounded the doctrines of the gospel with a force and clearness seldom equalled. But each Christian doctrine in his hands became but a seed-corn out of which Christian life should spring and grow. This was a marked peculiarity of his preaching. The doctrines never stood alone. They always had an intimate relation with life and character. One of the strongest doctrinal books ever issued by our press was his ' Universalism a Practical Power ; or, Universalism in Life and Doctrine.' But it is also one of the most practical books that anybody has written. One who had listened to him years ago told me that she had never heard a preacher who made her so ashamed of sin. He was a very searching and a very thorough sermonizer. He seemed to grasp a subject in all its phases and bearings. No further word was needed after he had spoken. He impressed

those who did not agree with him with his entire honesty and sincerity. He preached not to make an impression, but to save souls. You were absorbed in the message, and forgot the man. He was like the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.' "

But while the three attributes here claimed for him made up the sterling character of the man, they do not comprise all that served to round and beautify his life. His strength of will, his entire consecration, his deep religious feeling, his practical "staying" qualities are more than suggested in this record of his life-work. An exemplar without being a moral icicle, a logician without being a bigot, his actions were patterned upon that grand precept which Dean Stanley tells us came from the lips of the dying McLeod as he exhorted his people to be "broad with the breadth of the charity of Almighty God, and narrow with the narrowness of His righteousness." Austere only in seeming, his heart was all affection; his life was genial, kindly, and helpful; keenly alive to the very pleasure of living, he enjoyed all of life's sunshine, and loved to carry it into sad and shady places. Quick to appreciate humor in its purest and manliest phases, his hearty laugh and cheery voice have of themselves added zest and enjoyment to the delight of many a friend who shared the pleasure with him. Self-denying for those who looked to him for aid and guidance, his sense of justice could rise above present expediency, even though detraction and pain lay across the pathway; while, withal, he had what Burke calls "that chastity of honor which feels a stain like a blow."

And of the closer personal relations of pastor and friend, when in times of trouble or sorrow, of doubt or pain, his tender and sympathetic heart—the heart of one who had himself known sorrow—went out to all in distress, making each case of suffering his own, as he poured words of comfort and consolation like balm upon the bruised and bleeding one—of these I need not speak. They are known and remembered of all who have felt the friendly grasp of his

hand, or have been ministered unto by his help-giving words. His preaching was strong and practical ; his record as a working pastor, as one quick to see and ready to speak, is even more lasting. " Preaching alone," says Dr. Emerson, " does not build up parishes. . . . It is flying with one wing. It is walking with one foot. It is rowing with one oar. . . . Every pastor ought to aim to the attaching his hearers to the work of the Church, and of transmuting into that the pastoral attachments of his people." " Christianity," said Dr. Brooks, " means help, healing, salvation for the poor and the perishing ; and every Christian Church should be, as far as possible, a never-failing fountain of help and healing." Of the dear home life, where as son and brother, as husband and as father, he poured out the full strength of the love and loyalty that were the basis of his generous nature, I do not trust myself to write. The silence of the pen can but attest the unspeakable appreciation of the heart. His memory, tenderly treasured by his loved ones, is precious and priceless—the one great possession that makes all who share it rich beyond expression. But, like a chain of rarest pearls strung on living heart-strings are the words that in many a welcome and appreciative letter have come from those who had loved him or had labored with him—a chaplet of deathless friendships crowning a precious memory.

" I both revered and loved your father," writes one. " He was a mighty moral force, a power that made for righteousness. I mourn him, and I miss him. He imparted dignity and strength to our whole communion. A Church that produces one such man has something to be proud of forever." And another says : " His high conscientiousness, his robust manliness, his mighty faith, his unfaltering integrity, and his loyal friendship were specially deserving of commendation ; but the denomination knew him so well that I spare all eulogy." And another : " I can scarcely think of a man in the whole Church whose death would have given me a keener sorrow. I do not know of one with whose views and aims I more thoroughly coincided : a good man whose

life-work was nobly accomplished." And another: "I thank God for his noble, true, and Christian life, for all he has done for the world and for me. How can we spare him?" And another: "He is to me the embodiment of affection, fidelity, and manliness. As such I love and honor him." And still another: "As I recall the fact how pleasantly we have walked and worked together; as I think how true a friend he was to me, and how nobly his character was illustrated, and in so many aspects, during all these years of our acquaintance, my heart is indeed filled with sadness at his taking off; and then it seems as though he was never so much needed in our Church work as now, while certainly his influence was never greater nor more wisely directed."

It was the eve of Bartholomew—that day of horror and of blood which has defiled with an indelible stain for all time to come the honor of France and the name of the Catholic Church. Coligny the Admiral lay in his darkened chamber, suffering from the wound made by the poisoned bullet which the hired assassin of that princely miscreant, the Duke of Guise, had sent crashing through his arm. Around his bed in sorrow and tears were grouped his weeping attendants. "My friends," said this manly and practical Christian leader, "why do you weep for me? I hold myself happy to have received these wounds for the cause of God." A few hours passed away, and as the great bell of St. Germain tolled out upon the warm August night, the rallying signal of death, the brave admiral faced his murderers all undaunted. Bidding his followers save themselves, he said calmly, as he waited for death, "I have long been prepared to die; I commend my soul to God." Up the broad stairway came the rush of feet, and through the shattered doorway pressed the bloody band. Here, pale and feeble from his pain and wound, they found the man they sought. "Are you the Admiral?" asked one, hesitating ere he raised his hand to strike; and, truthful to the last, even though safety lay in denial, "I am the Admiral!" he calmly

said. Then came the fatal blow—Coligny the Huguenot fell before his assassins, and the great Catholic Church had made another martyr. Above the spot where once in the Rue de Betizy of old Paris rose the stately home of the great Admiral, the busy, restless life of the new Paris now hums and surges, but still around it hover enduring memories of a grand life grandly offered up for the truth, for conscience, and for God ; and from his unpretentious tomb beneath the ruined walls of the once proud Castle of Chatillon the voice of the noble Coligny seems forever echoing as he says for us again, " There is one thing more a man always has to give : it is the last thing—it is his life !" So also a gray old hero of our modern days—a hero of the pen—a hater of sham and a relentless Berserker in his assault on wrong and idleness, who has but just gone over to the great majority—Thomas Carlyle—has said, " My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee. . . . Give it, like a royal heart : let the price be Nothing : thou hast then, in a certain sense, got All for it ! The heroic man—and is not every man, God be thanked, a potential hero ?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances."

Yes, life is freely given wherever in a brave, unquestioning way any man or any woman in the daily round of labor takes up the life-work waiting to be done, and, be the duty low or lofty, tries to do it cheerfully and well.

" We can but serve : some by the instant giving
Of all that hand could do or heart could prize ;
Some by a meek, laborious, patient living—
A daily toil, an hourly sacrifice."

And so above that humble patch of earth in fair Mount Auburn, now just casting off its spotless winter robe for the spring-green mantle of reviving growth, lingers the memory of a brave and noble life freely given by him who lived it to his fellow-men and to the Church he loved—

" No more of lingering doubt, nor stern denial,
Nor baffled toil, nor slow, embittering strife !

But now, at once, the crown of earthly trial—
The long, long summer of eternal life.

"Calm-fronted, staunch, expectant, and unshaken,
Who dares the worst that any fate can bring—
For him, by iron purpose ne'er forsaken,
The grave no victory has, and death no sting."

Unmarked by the great hurrying, bustling world, unnoted save by those among whom lay his cherished life-work, the lesson he teaches is but the old, old precept, voiced first by the kingly preacher centuries ago in old Jerusalem, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do; do it with thy might!" And out from the memory of this stalwart life—a memory dear and unfading to the loved ones whom he lived for, and the Church for which he labored—among the words of counsel and of power that it speaks to all, come these for a testimony as to his own efforts and for the strengthening of his brethren: "Only as we catch the spirit of our faith and drinking in bravery and self-denial and consecration from Christ, and from every heroic example of effort and sacrifice in the Present or the Past, can we be true to ourselves or the demands of our position, or help to make Universalism the power of spiritual quickening it must become if it is to do anything to save the world."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Our duty is not all done nor is our whole nature ministered to by any mere moral fidelity, however exact, or any philanthropic service, however thoughtful. It is answered only, as the whole being is pervaded with a sense of God, and all life is made a loving offering to him." *Our New Departure.*

RECORDED words are the best photographs of dead actions. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," as they linger in the minds of men, outlast in permanence the monumental brass or marble, however rich in sculpture or in eulogy. The gift of Cadmus is far richer than the touch of Midas. Years may have passed away, and though the hand that traced the words may be pulseless, and the voice that uttered them may be hushed, still while yet one little scrap remains upon which may be deciphered the familiar "pot-hooks and trammels" of the days gone by, memory will recall cherished visions, and the very handwriting itself becomes sacred as a dear memento. And as in harvest days, after the field is cleared, the farmer goes over the ground and gathers in the aftermath, so now closing this halting record of a manly life, I seek, before I quit the field, to recover here a stray selection, there a scrap of thought, taken from the windrows of this life-work, and bind them into a garnered sheaf of reminiscence. For we who love are misers all; hoarding this bit of remembrance or that sparkling thought, we pore over the treasures that crowd the store-houses of our hearts, or, returning again and again to the memories of the vanished years, we dig and search for still other treasures of recollection, with a craving born of tender affection, but strong and overmastering as was that avarice of the Dutch traders in the early colonial times, who, trafficking for furs for export, in an excess of avidity dug up the bodies of buried Indians to strip them of their funeral robes.

I stand in presence of the past. Around me are the

open pages from which throng numberless memories of the good man gone. Out from this time-stained journal springs, all fresh and buoyant with the glow of high desire, the young preacher buckling on the harness, eager for the strife: every page breathes consecration and purpose, every word speaks of work and hope; from this ponderous scrap-book filled with the gathered clippings of a life of labor, rises the stalwart man, dignified, impressive, large-hearted, kindly-eyed, full of determination, strength, and effort. Here are books of record, systematic and complete, noting every sermon preached, every funeral attended, every wedding solemnized from 1835 to 1878. Here are letters speaking the honest thoughts or telling of the tender affections of husband, of father, and of friend; all speak of vigor, all of duty, all of manly love, and all unite in giving form to the force and simplicity of his own earnest words: "A worldly life rusts and darkens, but a genuine Christian life is always fresh and bright. He or she who is ripest in goodness and in nearness to heaven is always richest in childlike trust and childlike peace; and he who would live longest must grow old fastest in the manhood of goodness."

Gathering into this closing chapter what seems most suited for such a close—words from the heart and pen of him whom this volume commemorates—I have sought to select such as shall indicate his manner and style, his earnestness and thought, his depth of affection, his loyalty to principle, his patience and his work. I take but little from his youthful journal. While full of vigor and purpose, these records are also redolent of immaturity; they discover, even through their glow of high desire, traces of what the world finds it so hard to condone—"the atrocious crime of being a young man," as Pitt once rarely expressed it. Here, however, is one incident which may recall to some among us the days when to be a Universalist meant disputation, wrangling, insult, and even abuse:

"*Sunday, Oct. 2, 1836.*—Fixed for meeting. Went down to Brown's School-House (Exeter). On arriving there, found the school-house

in possession of Brother Clapp, a Freewill Baptist preacher. Sent in a deputation to see if we could hold our meeting together. Response was, that he was willing to worship God with anybody. Went in and was introduced. Found him to be a man somewhat advanced in life, large and robust. It was concluded that he should 'improve' the morning. He selected his text from Gen. 19:17: 'Escape to the mountains; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountains, lest thou be consumed.' But horrors! what an effort! He ranged all over creation. He went from one end of the Bible to the other, picking out here a verse, and there a part of one. He would string together a passage in Genesis, one in Revelation, another in Romans, and so go from place to place without the least regard to the connection or primitive meaning of the passages quoted. He was covertly aiming his rant against Universalism, though he called no names. He was the most ignorant man I ever saw, pretending to be a preacher. And, to say nothing more, I was completely disgusted. Feeling myself called upon to say something, I arose and remarked that I was much disappointed, and very sorry to see the spirit that had been manifested; that I supposed, when I entered the desk, that we would have the pleasure of listening to a discourse to which we could all respond with a hearty Amen! But that instead, we had been listening to a discourse aimed covertly against Universalism, and which consisted of a number of disjointed passages strung together, without any kind of regard to the sense or meaning. I had but few remarks to make, and consequently sat down. Then he got up and replied, but I told him, I had nothing more to say. So the meeting was dismissed. After luncheon, went back to meeting. I commenced the exercises; when we were singing the second hymn, Brother Clapp and several of his brethren came in. I preached from Matt. 4:19: 'Follow me.' After I was through, I invited Brother Clapp to make some remarks. but he declined. I invited him to make the closing prayer. He did, and to show his 'charity,' he prayed that we might all feel the importance of following Jesus, and added, 'For I do verily believe, that if we don't follow Him in the right way we can't go to heaven.' How brotherly!"

It was about this time that the famous Grimke sisters held their anti-slavery discussions through the North, and did much toward awakening public opinion on the question. Though South Carolinians by birth, they had early in life developed a strong repugnance to slavery, and, inheriting large slave property, immediately gave freedom to all. In the journal, I find this entry respecting them:

"*July 17, 1837.*—Went in company with Brother Sargent to Amesbury Mills, to hear the discussion on slavery. Great crowd in the meeting-house. The discussion was between the Misses Grimke, of South Carolina, on the part of the abolitionists, and Messrs. Morrill and Page, of Amesbury, on the other side. The speaking on the side of the ladies was, with the exception of a few minutes, entirely by the younger Miss Grimke, and Mr. Page spoke wholly on his side, so that in reality there were only two disputants. It was hardly an equal match, and the lady, I thought, had the advantage."

In August, 1837, was held a notable session of the Rockingham Association at Salem, N. H. The meetings were greatly enjoyed by the young preacher, and especially the conference, which was long remembered by him. Under date of Wednesday, August 30th, he wrote :

"Went into the meeting-house to attend the social meeting. And oh! what a glorious time we did have there! It was the happiest season of my life. Never before did I feel so much of heaven within me—never before, in all the meetings I have attended, did I ever feel so thrilled with joy and gladness. My soul was full of bliss. Remarks were made by Brothers Whittemore and Thayer, Father Ballou, and Brothers Spear and Adams. Brothers Cilley and Thompson led in prayer. We sang—all sang and rejoiced, and wept for joy. It was a glorious, rapturous, gladsome season. Long may I remember it, and feel its influences."

As I make this extract, I am involuntarily led to turn to his account of a conference held many years after (December, 1868) in Springfield, Mass., and to ask, as I here transcribe it, whether these two accounts, separated from each other by a long chain of years, do not sufficiently answer the assertion so often made that there is nothing in Universalism to lift the heart out of coldness and indifference into the very ecstasy of divine joy and glow and fervor? Of this Springfield conference he writes :

"It was in the church at Springfield, Mass., at the close of the conference called to consider our conditions and wants, and what should be done to make us, more perfectly, spiritually active and effective. Only ministers were present. The holy hush of the night was about us. The profound impression of the season we had spent

together in counsel and prayer was upon us. It was an hour of communion, of confession, of exhortation, of reflection and high resolve—the like of which none of us had ever known before, and such as few of us will ever see again. Old, middle-aged, and young, our hearts were all attuned to the same key; and while each was thinking his own thoughts, and living his own life, true to his individual being, one spirit was in all our hearts, and we were melted into one brotherhood of mutual love and labor, with one aim, one desire, one consecrating purpose. It was unity complete; and as, with hands clasped, we knelt in a circle that stretched around the entire edifice, and the voice of supplication went up, asking God's benediction of grace and strength, there was not one of us, I am sure, who did not feel, as he had seldom felt before, the special presence of God and the Saviour, and devoutly ask their help to live and labor ever after in the frame of soul which then possessed us. That kneeling, praying, united, thoroughly attuned company of brethren is evermore the symbol in my thought of what our ministry should be."

Here are his portraits from life of three types of ministers with whom he came in contact :

" *Monday, January 29, 1838.*—Rode into Boston. Spent morning in Brother Tompkins's store and *Trumpet* office. Saw quite a number of ministering brethren. Walked home with Brother O. A. Skinner, and took dinner with him. Mr. S——, a gentleman who is desirous of entering our ministry, spent the afternoon and evening with us. He read us a sermon from the text, 'What is man,' etc. Very well written, but nothing of the warmth and spirit of the Gospel about it—real Unitarian. We had some conversation with him also. He is a complete Unitarian—never can succeed, with his present opinions and feelings, as a Universalist preacher; too cold and skeptical."

" *Tuesday, January 30, 1838.*—Took tea at Brother King's. Brother E. N. H——, the late convert from the Baptists, also took tea with us. After tea, went to Brother King's church and attended a conference-meeting. Father Streeter and Brother E. N. H—— talked. Brother B. Whittemore prayed. I am not very much prepossessed in favor of E. N. H——, there is too much '*fush*'—to use a very homely word—about him; he is too self-confident to suit me. Hope he will *be* good and *do* good."

" *Wednesday, January 31, 1838.*—Spent this morning with Brother Hanscom. Brothers Whittemore and Page were in at different times. I hardly know what to think of Brother Hanscom's condition, but I fear he will never be well again. It gives me pain to think so. He is

a faithful, talented, and promising minister of Jesus. He loves the Gospel; its interests are very near his heart, and he is devoted soul and body to them. He will therefore be a loss to our most holy cause. Nor is this all. He is my friend. I love him, and I believe he loves me, and, when I see that disease has made him its victim, and that, in all probability, his labors in our Master's vineyard are closed, my heart is pained. If it must be so—if he is to be taken from us, may the Lord give us confidence in His goodness, and enable us to be resigned to His will."

On the 23d of May following, this dear friend and brother fell asleep, and thus the record speaks the love the writer bore him :

" *Wednesday, May 23, 1838.*—Father Streeter and Brother King came in bringing the melancholy tidings that Brother Hanscom was no more on earth . . . I looked upon that face which had beamed so bright with intelligence, and which had so often been pressed close to my own. How I have loved him! He was my friend. He encouraged me in my determination to enter the ministry. He has since assisted me, granting me his countenance and advice, and shown himself indeed my friend. The affection that bound him to me was of no ordinary kind. Farewell, my brother! May God support us under this loss and sanctify it unto us!"

Forty years after, Dr. Brooks wrote of this long-remembered friend—who was scarcely twenty-three at the time of his death : " Our church has met with few losses in the death of its young ministers so great as the loss it suffered when his voice was hushed. . . . The force and fire of his zeal soon consumed his physical powers, and too soon for us, as it appeared, his earthly work was ended."

The young minister's mind, always systematic in its order of thought and direct in its presentation of ideas, could have nothing in common with the diffuse and rambling style of too many " off-hand " speakers; as, for instance :

" *Wednesday, August 15, 1838.*—Attended Brother King's vestry-meeting; a Brother M—— talked. I would mention if I could what it was all about, but, for the life of me, I could not tell. He went all over the universe and somewhere else besides!"

In August, 1838, the General Convention met in Boston.

The young preacher attended and enjoyed all the sessions, but again makes special mention of a conference-meeting. He writes :

" It was a heavenly season. Brothers Adams, Bacon, Whittemore, Thayer, and Father Ballou spoke. Brothers King and Waldo prayed, and we *all* sang. The spirit was in our midst, and we felt, under the thrill and influence of the truth, that it was indeed good for us to be there."

These were the days when the voice of the lyceum lecturer was heard in the land, and some of the would-be orators were evidently wanting in many essentials. Here is the record of such an one :

" *Wednesday, June 12, 1839.*—Went into the Methodist church to hear a lecture on 'Electricity and Magnetism.' Staid till almost nine o'clock before the lecturer commenced, and but a few minutes after he did commence. It is abominable that the community should be so imposed upon as it is by many of these travelling lecturers. They are about as fit for such business as—well, I don't know of any comparison that will express it. They only go around sponging and imposing on the community. This evening I sat and bore it as long as I could, and then came off, mightily begrudging the twenty-five cents I had thrown away. This is the third time I have been so vexed and disappointed."

On August 28th, 1839, he notes a visit to the sick-room of his old preceptor, Rev. T. F. King, whose death following soon after—on September 13th—was a severe loss to the church he had so faithfully served :

" Went up with Fathers Streeter, and Balfour into Brother King's chamber. Found him very feeble, but, though conscious of his precarious state, very happy, and entirely reconciled to the result, whatever it may be. O the blessedness of the Christian's sick-room ! On going into it, it is as if communion with heaven had been granted us. Never have I felt it more sensibly than during the brief interview I have just had with Brother King. His calmness, his peacefulness, his entire resignation to God's will—ah ! it was a blessed scene, and eloquently did it speak to my soul, and hallowed were its influences upon me ! Father Streeter lifted up our souls to God in a most moving prayer, and we all then bade Brother King good-by. I left his room more in love with my

religion, more thrillingly persuaded of its need to man; I left it with a subdued and chastened heart. I left it, I believe, a better man than I went in."

Passing now from the youthful experiences of the earnest young preacher to those of later years, when, after an experience of fourteen years in the ministry, he has the practical lessons of both failure and success to guide him, we find him writing in 1849, under date of Sunday, February 4th :

"Preached on the effect of Christianity on the individual soul in strengthening it for trial, loneliness, and lack of external resources. I hope the discourse did good. How constantly it should be the question of the minister, Will this sermon do good? will it deepen convictions of duty, cultivate conscience, enlarge conceptions of truth, or minister in any way to the growth of those who hear it in grace and the knowledge of Christ? No sermon should be preached except for this object, and with it especially in view. May it be mine to remember this always."

As a leaf out of a busy minister's life, the following extract, written in Bath, is significant :

"*Thursday, February 14, 1850.*—Got seated in my study for work, when Brother Bickford, of Minot, called and spent most of the morning with me. Found it pleasant to renew the memories of old times. Afternoon, went with Mr. Dike to visit Upper Ferry school and Miss Jackson's school. Found the former in a fearful state—a perfect caricature of a school. Attended the meeting of sewing-society at Brother Hatch's, where a large and merry company, among them our excellent Father Stetson, was assembled. Attended a temperance meeting in the evening. City Hall was perfectly crammed, and it was not until I had for a long time been literally a member of the 'press-gang,' and a path was cleared for me by a constable, that I could get forward to the stand, where I had agreed to make a speech. Made a short speech, among others, and was followed by the Ojibway Indian Chief, Mann-gawadnas. Returned to the sewing-society, and when the meeting separated came home in a driving rain-storm."

Returning from a meeting of the Maine State Convention, he writes :

"*Thursday, June 27, 1850.*—And thus has closed another session of our convention. It has been a very pleasant, and we hope will prove a

very profitable meeting. Brother J. O. Skinner made the remark that it was the best convention he ever attended, which, considering the number he has attended, is saying a good deal. The best spirit prevailed, much work has been accomplished, and the happiest results may be anticipated from the new measures last year set in operation and this year continued. The only painful thing connected with these occasions is the parting—and some of us were more oppressed at the thought this year than heretofore, remembering how we parted last year with our amiable Brother Burnham in his usual health, and, as the result has proved, parted to meet no more in this world. Who of us that have held sweet counsel together, and labored in concert for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's truth and kingdom at this session of our convention, will be spared to see each other's faces in the flesh, and walk to the house of God in company another year? God knows; we do not. Oh! may we realize how little time there is and how much there is to do, and, buckling on the armor of our Great Leader, apply ourselves to his work more diligently than ever before! Then, however long or short may be the remainder of our lives, we shall spend it as co-workers with God and his Son, and—blessed assurance—whether we meet in this world again or not, shall meet at last, all of us—not one absent—to rejoice in whatever good work for our Master we may have done in the convention of the world, redeemed and glorified—in a convention that shall never adjourn—to do a work of love and holiness that shall never end."

Making his first visit to Niagara, he writes :

"*Friday, September 20, 1850.*—A notable day in my life—the day of my first visit to Niagara! Niagara, the world-famous, that my heart has been beating to see ever since I first heard of it in my seat at school! . . . I am glad I have been there, and yet I am not able to speak of impressions and emotions which others usually describe as affecting them there. I felt moved, awed. I felt how vast and imposing is the illustration God has given us, in those towering rocks and thundering waters, of His omnipotence, and I felt how frail and feeble this poor body of mine is in comparison with them. But all the while I felt no disposition to bow in their presence, stupendous and sublime as I felt the spectacle they presented to be. Somehow I had the consciousness all the while that I was more than they; that in my nature as God's child I had that which was greater, nobler, sublimer than they—that which is a more glorious and shall be a more enduring monument of the power and largest perfection of our Maker. I felt then, as I never felt before, the superior worth of mind over matter. I felt how much sublimer is moral than physical grandeur; how much

greater, how much more enduring is the soul than any mere construction of natural things can be, and a sense of my, of *our*, immortality, such as I could never attain before, comes swelling and deepening in my soul now as I think of that scene, and then remember that when that awful flood shall have rolled for unnumbered ages, until it shall have become exhausted, and those rocks shall be crumbled, and the whole spectacle have passed away, I—all souls—shall still survive, living the life and reflecting the image of Him who made us."

Sunday, November 16th, 1851, Lynn, he writes :

"Preached this morning a sermon suggested by a remark made to me by Mr. Coolidge last Monday, when, in reply to my inquiry if he was intending to vote, he said, 'No ; I'm tired of hearing about rum, and niggers, and politics !' My subject was, 'Agitations and Agitators.' The people, a good congregation, gave close attention, and I hope the sermon did good."

In 1852, the Maine Liquor Law excitement was at its height, and the following is an account of an interesting and notable scene :

"*Wednesday, January 21, 1852.*—Went to Boston, and walked with Brother Fisher to Tremont Temple, where we found a large company assembled and the meeting organized. Old Dr. Beecher was opening the meeting with prayer when we entered. Hon. Mr. Hamilton, of Salem, who had been elected president, then opened with a tedious address, differing very much in its tone from the speech he made against the Law at the County Convention in Lynn last month. Then the mammoth petition was brought in and placed before the people, on the platform. It was an eloquent speech that it made, as it stood there, rolled up to a size larger than a barrel—the voice of more than 130,000 of the people of Massachusetts, including nearly 60,000 voters, asking the Legislature to give us the Maine Law ! It was greeted with great enthusiasm and tremendous applause. The procession which was to bear it through the streets of Boston to the State House began to form, and I made my way to the State House to see the presentation. Brother Sargent, a member of the Legislature from our city, invited me to his seat, and at half-past twelve the petition was brought in. Mr. Smith, of Chelsea, offered the petition in a brief but pertinent speech. Will the Legislature heed the voice of the people thus expressed ? Let us hope so."

The minister's "barrel," which, like the miraculous cruse of the widow of Zarephath, has become proverbial, is

not always resorted to with satisfaction, as we learn from the following :

" *Sunday, February 22, 1852.*—A stormy morning. Brother O. W. Wight came in just before services commenced ; I invited him into the pulpit, but he declined to preach, and offered the prayer. We ought to preach to our own people as well as to ministers and strangers—ought to be as dissatisfied with preaching below our ability to the former as to the latter—and yet I could not but wish that I had a new sermon instead of an old one, when I found myself preaching to a minister's 'ears.' I scarcely ever preach an old sermon but there is something to make me feel dissatisfied with myself, and to send me home almost resolved to burn up every such sermon I have got. And yet one is sometimes driven of necessity to the 'barrel,' as I was this morning, having had my lecture to write, and finding much bother in getting into it so as to suit me, besides having the afternoon sermon and many other things to attend to."

This year, 1852, Boston welcomed Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. Of this event Mr. Brooks writes :

" *Thursday, April 29, 1852.*—Went to Boston to hear Kossuth speak in Faneuil Hall. Went to *Commonwealth* office and bought my 'Hungarian badge,' and then, in company with Brothers Willis and Bugbee, went to Faneuil Hall. When the doors opened, and the rush for entrance commenced, I had an idea of what it is to be in a crowd, such as I never had before. After long struggling and 'long-suffering,' I was at length fortunate enough to find myself in the hall. We waited an hour and a quarter, broken only by a short but grand speech from Myron Lawrence, in the midst of a crowd so close and intense that I became bathed in perspiration, and the water ran off of my face in streams. At length Kossuth entered the hall. Such a burst of hearty welcome as greeted him was scarcely ever before heard, even in old Faneuil Hall. Governor Boutwell presided, introducing the exercises with an excellent speech. Then Kossuth followed. He spoke from notes, and made a speech full of thought and earnestness. I had taken a position close to the stand, and had a fine opportunity to study his face. It is a face that impressed me pleasantly, indicating a benignant disposition rather than a strong will—a good man rather than a great man. His speech did not, perhaps, so move me as I expected to be, yet there were passages in it that were very fine and productive of great effect. When it is considered how constantly now for months he has been speaking, and how jaded and worn he is, it is marvellous that he speaks as he does. He is a wonderful man, a man of genius, but, above all, and better than all, a good man. God bless him !"

Noting the actions of one of the brethren who, on account of some questionable occurrence, was "under a cloud," he adds :

"A minister, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion; and though I know not how soon I may be laboring under suspicion, or may fall from my integrity, I hold it to be my duty, and every minister's duty, and the people's duty, to discountenance every man who can be justly suspected of profaning or disgracing his office."

Resuming his entries in his journal, after an interval of over two years, during which he had entirely neglected the record, he writes :

"*Sunday, July 29, 1855.*—The charm of such a 'diary' is in its inviolable sanctity of secrecy; in the fact that it is a kind of second self into whose ear the heart can pour itself without reserve. When a diary is no longer the converse of the heart with itself, unstudied, unartificial, confiding—when what is written is written as for other eyes and for effect, its meaning and its charm have gone. Certain events had inspired to impress me, when my last entries were made over two years ago, with the fact that what is committed to the sacred confidence of a diary is *not* for one's self alone, but that the unreserved outflow of one's heart into its pages may be for other eyes to read when the writer has gone. I was struck at that time with a remark of the venerable Dr. Sharp, of Boston, now lately deceased, that he had never kept a diary because he could not enjoy keeping such a record for others to peruse when he should leave it. In the view into which I was led by this remark, the charm of my diary was gone, and I could no longer enjoy my confiding talk with it as I had done. Even now it is somewhat so with me. But then I consider that although what I might have written on the many events that have transpired during this 'hiatus' might indeed at some future time have fallen under the eyes of others, still it would have been only when I should have passed beyond being personally affected by their judgments, and I have really thus denied myself of the possible pleasure I might have found in the possession of such a record—and so I resume my old practice."

Here is a picture of a day's outing—one of the bits of pleasure and relaxation that he so thoroughly enjoyed :

"*Wednesday, August 8, 1855.* . . . Arrived at the wharf. Brother Drown, accompanied by Brothers Kelty and Newhall, soon appeared, and we embarked, the boat being one of Brother Drown's own

building, and this her first 'voyage.' Leaving home, it had only been understood that C—, H—, and myself should go on the excursion; but the children, desiring to see us off, went down to the wharf with us, and when we found that Brother Drown's boy was to go, we sent word to 'the mother' that the children were going also, and then took them along with us. I enjoyed the day all the more in seeing how much they enjoyed it. The wind was not at all in earnest, and slowly we made our way out. Soon, however, the breeze 'brisked up' and took us to the fishing ground in fine style. Then lines were quickly thrown over, and almost as quickly drawn up, and for half an hour we had as delightful sport as could be wished in pulling in the 'nippers'—'cunners,' I used to call them when a boy. Our baskets being full, we pulled up anchor, and, after a delightful sail, during which the children especially enjoyed watching a large number of seals sunning themselves on the rocks, we landed on the westerly side of Nahant, where, on a nice little beach, the ragged rock afforded an admirable fireplace, and a fine flat boulder answered for an excellent table. Then there was work for us all to do: the fish were to be cleaned and fried, the potatoes to be washed and sliced and fried, wood was to be gathered, water brought and coffee made, the cucumbers and onions to be sliced and 'fixed,' and the table to be set; and so we all went to work, even the 'younkers' making themselves useful in the intervals of sport, in gathering chips and bringing water. At length it was announced that dinner was ready, and round the big flat boulder we all gathered, having first whittled ourselves each a one-tined fork. Then, with well-whetted appetites, we all set to! How superlatively nice everything was! How gloriously the nippers were fried—so brown and crisp and sweet—and how they disappeared! How finely the potatoes had been put through the same process—and how well they 'relished'! How delicious the coffee—coffee, everybody said that *was* coffee! How splendidly the cool cucumbers served as desert, flavored by those aromatic young onions! How 'rich' everything was, and what appetites everybody had! Where in the wide world could there be *such* appetites except among the seashore rocks, and while breathing the pure and bracing ocean breeze?—and what a mercy we do not have such appetites every day! Ah! that was a pleasant hour—that hour into which three or four were crowded, of cooking, of eating, and of enjoying on those sea-washed rocks and on that delightful little beach, with the cloudless sky smiling as if in benediction above us; with the ocean gemmed by the distant islands, and fringed by the hazy coast-line, singing its tidal chorus at our feet; with the pleasant word and the merry laugh and kindly sentiments interchanged between us; who says that such hours—hours when the burden of care is cast off, and one yields himself up to the delicious sense of simply being and enjoying,

are not, at times, well spent? . . . Gathering up our utensils, we took ship again and started for home. A good wind took us there all too quickly, and we were soon safely landed, with a very decidedly good opinion of the new boat, and thankful to the friends who had so kindly provided for us a day of such unmixed pleasure. Were we also sufficiently thankful to that better Friend, of whose bounty these were but the almoners, whose air we had breathed, whose glorious creation we had looked upon, over whose uncertain waters we had sailed in safety, and without whom we could neither have enjoyed nor have been?"

The journal, as a journal, closes in 1855; but from that time forward he entered on his record of sermons a sort of running comment on events connected with his life and labors. On one of his anniversary occasions he writes:

"*Sunday, November 2, 1856.*—This has been the sixth anniversary of my connection with my people in Lynn, and, according to my custom, the sermon this afternoon was designed to be appropriate to the occasion. We had a large congregation, who gave good attention. How time flies! and how far our diligence in our Master's work falls short of what this rapid flight of time requires! I look back over these six years, and then around on the field I have tried to cultivate, and ask, To what effect have I labored? I hope not as one that beateth the air; I hope to some purpose. I have some reason to believe so. But only God and the deepest life of my people can tell."

On September 15th, 1857, in a powerful discourse preached as the Occasional Sermon before the United States General Convention, at Chicago, he said:

"Something more than intellectual and scholarly qualifications is needful to prepare one for the office of a Christian teacher. Ministers are absolutely, *as men*, under no more religious obligation than others, but *as ministers*, and by force of their position, they are especially summoned to be examples and fountains of Christian power. The apostles were men full of the Holy Ghost, and so should every man be who would prove an effective minister of Christ for the quickening and salvation of souls. Dead men cannot vitalize the world. Where there is no fire, there can be no flame. Men dragged down to the level of worldliness cannot elevate others above it. Only those who have themselves knelt at the cross can lead others there; and only those who have themselves been consecrated and inspired by the energy of a Christian purpose can help thus to inspire and consecrate others. Ministers must be live Christian men, and only on this condi-

tion can they retain their hold on the ear of the world. The press and the lyceum lecture are competing with us for the control of the people. And only as we show that we represent a higher plane of life, and work to more positively practical and essential spiritual ends, can we sustain the competition. Not splendid preaching only, but preaching out of sincere hearts—preaching filled with the unction of apostolic fervor and by the power of truth, and faithful to the idea and purpose of the ministry—can do this."

In May, 1857, and while the whole North was quivering with indignation over the dastardly assault on Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, the Annual Universalist Festival was held in Faneuil Hall. Mr. Frank B. Fay, the President, in announcing the sentiment, "Faneuil Hall and Universalism," referred to the topic uppermost in all men's thoughts, and called on Mr. Brooks to respond to the sentiment as one who bore the name of Brooks, but who "strikes *for* free speech and not against it." Replying to the sentiment, Mr. Brooks opened his speech as follows :

"*Mr. President* : I thank you for the kind terms in which you have been pleased to show that I retain some place in your good opinion, notwithstanding my dishonored name. I am sorry this name has to be spoken in Faneuil Hall to-day. I wonder these walls do not hiss at it—and I looked to see if you did not, like Wendell Phillips, when he had once used a certain name, call for a glass of water to rinse your mouth after speaking it. I have been accustomed to pride myself somewhat on my name. Suggestive of the clear and musical waters, beside which 'the Fays and fairies love to dwell,' as they go enriching and gladdening the fields, and making even sterile places pleasant by their song, it is a name that many a manly deed and womanly grace have helped to make honorable. But for the week past, I confess I have blushed every time I have thought I must answer to it, and have sometimes been moved to petition the Judge of Probate for liberty to change it. It has been disgraced into the synonym of cowardice and brutality; and many a manly heart has burned with just indignation and contempt at the sound of it. And had you not so kindly vouched for me, or could I not, if need be, dropping the *Brooks*, take shelter under the good old democratic name of Elbridge Gerry, I should be afraid to stand in this Hall, sacred in the olden time to Massachusetts honor, lest these old worthies should grow still redder in the face, and frowningly break their long silence to bid me Begone !"

June 16th, 1861, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the ministry—a day crowded with memories, retrospections, and hopeful anticipations. The following is an extract from his record :

"Just twenty-five years ago this day I received my Letter of Fellowship from the New Hampshire State Convention, and was thus formally recognized as a minister of the Gospel. Twenty-five years!—the full quarter of a century! . . . To what result have I labored? Have any souls been benefited through me? Are Truth and Right any stronger in the world, or any nearer their triumph, because of the words I have spoken and the work I have tried to do? I trust I have not wrought wholly for naught. God be praised, if even in the humblest degree he has used me to help the growth of souls or of the world, in good . . . I thank God for all the blessings these twenty-five years have brought me from his hands. The end of the twenty-five years on which I now enter, it is not probable that I shall live in this world to see. Of this, and what the future has in reserve for me, I know not. Nor do I care to ask. I commend myself to Him who has so cared for me in the past, asking his grace that I may be faithful even unto death, and growing every year more efficient as a servant of the Lord Jesus, because of a widening experience and an increasing knowledge and fidelity. With this prayer in my heart, I cross the threshold of another quarter of a century, and go forward! forward!"

Practical and homely illustrations to strengthen or support his arguments were generally preferred by him in preference to ornate or polished comparisons, and the one embodied in the following extract from a sermon preached July 6th, 1862, on the "Paramount Importance of Principle," seems peculiarly apt and suggestive :

"You know what happens when a splinter thrusts itself into your flesh. The splinter offends against the health and vitality of your system, and the vitality of your system is aroused against it. A conflict is thus induced that can end only by the expulsion of the splinter, or the utter rottenness of the finger or hand in which it is lodged. Slavery is the splinter in our body politic; and not until it is expelled will the irritation it has occasioned cease. I wonder—every day, I wonder more and more, that this is not seen, and that it is not thus perceived that, in the very nature of things, peace in the life of the nation is possible only on this condition. I wonder that there are those—intelligent men, Christian men, who fail to see that, if there be

a God, if there be any truth in Christianity or any positiveness in the work to which it has been assigned, or any reality in moral distinctions, there are principles thus involved that cannot be ignored or trampled with impunity. Why, what would be thought of a physician called to a case of inflammation resulting from a splinter in your hand, who should shake his head, and say, 'Ah! this is a bad case, a very bad case: this irritation is very much to be regretted—very much: I am surprised that the vitality of your system should so have arrayed itself against such a thing: we must manage the case as well as we can; but we must not touch the splinter, and must try to keep down the vitality of the hand so that it shall not expel it. You did not remove the splinter at first; you entered into a truce with it by suffering it to remain; and it thus got itself fairly recognized and established; and as we are "conservatives," our motto must be, The hand as it is, and the union of splinter and flesh as it was. We must, therefore, salve and soothe the hand, and try all possible emollients to get down the inflammation, but must let the splinter be!' What kind of success, think you, would such a physician have? or how long would you place confidence in his prescriptions? Precisely so, depend upon it, there are laws of national life and health as imperative as those of the physical system; and under these laws, no such course of treating slavery in our affairs can succeed. God is against it. Humanity is against it. Political economy is against it. Every thing that is vital in Christianity is against it. Every law and tendency of civilization is against it. The nature of things and the necessities of the case are all against it. *The splinter must out*—or the patient must suffer from its irritation, and finally die."

Writing in 1863 on the death of Dr. Lyman Beecher, whose life he characterizes as "bold, positive, outspoken, uncompromising"—a man who "has made himself felt among the awakening and progressive forces of the time, and written for himself so historic a name in the annals of his generation"—he said:

"It is only the men of this bold, positive, aggressive stamp that become leaders, masters, creators of their age, or that attain to positive and lasting influence. Your easy-going men, studious of the people and their moods more than of principles and other demands, may be popular, but never powerful; high in the public regard to-day, but forgotten to-morrow. They do nothing that *lives*. Think of Ballou, of Channing, of Luther thundering at the gates of Rome, of Paul, of Christ, bravest, grandest, most positive of all, and gather

the same lesson as comes to us from Beecher's grave, as you might gather it in a different way, by thinking of many another sort of man, who never ruffled anybody's feelings, but sailed before the breeze of popular favor, bepraised and flattered, to his end, leaving no results behind. . . . I always think, when such a man as Dr. Beecher dies, what must be his meeting, on the other side of the veil, with those with whom he has controverted and battled here. Dr. Beecher, as I have said, was a warrior—and Channing, and the Ballous, and the Wares, and Whittemore, and men of like faith, were his opponents in the conflict. They had all preceded him to the Immortal Land—and what a meeting it must have been, when he went forward to join their company, and they welcomed him home, where all the mistakes of time are corrected, and all the veils of sense are removed, and those who have contended and differed here 'see eye to eye,' in the same large and glorious views of God and the breadth of his redemption! No debates or differences divide them there. With no regrets, we may be sure, for any earnest service given to what was honestly believed to be truth or right in this world, regretting only, if there be regrets, that they did not walk and work more perfectly according to their light, and serve God and the Right more effectively, they walk henceforth in the unobstructed light of God's face, and in the fulness of Christ's truth, and live and love and work and grow together, giving glory to God and the Lamb."

In 1865, he presented his celebrated Report on the State of the Church to the General Convention in session at Middletown, Conn. This report, prepared with great care and much labor, dwelt especially upon the "war record" of the Universalist Church—a record of special value and unusual interest. This extract from the report is of peculiar significance :

"The question of agony, 'How long, O Lord?' has been answered for the millions whom we have oppressed—answered through the smoke of battle and in blood, and the enslaved are free. The slave-pen falls that the free school may rise. The slave-trader vanishes that the teacher may appear. The reign of brute force ceases that the reign of free speech may begin. The purpose of our Revolution has found final expression, and the age of Liberty at length succeeds the age of serfdom in our national career, and civilization has now full scope to ripen wherever our flag floats. Under these circumstances, every church in the land is summoned of God to gird itself for the work of regeneration, that it may help to make the new civilization

what the genius of our institutions as well as the spirit of our religion requires. But to none does this call come so imperatively as it comes to us. As a denomination, we have materially contributed to the warfare against slavery. Our public bodies were among the first to take pronounced anti-slavery action. As long ago as 1843, this Convention passed a series of resolutions, constituting the anti-slavery platform of the denomination, and condemning slavery, 'as contrary to the Gospel—as especially subversive of the golden rule—as contrary to the plainest dictates of natural justice and Christian love, and as every way pernicious alike to the enslaver and the enslaved;' and just twenty years ago this present week—the day after the session of this body—a mass-meeting of our brotherhood was held in Boston, and measures were initiated which resulted in a formal 'Protest against American Slavery,' published the next spring, signed by three hundred and four Universalist ministers, a large majority of our number. So honorable was our record as an anti-slavery denomination, indeed, that the 'Orthodox' author of the Report of the 'American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society,' for 1853 was constrained to say, after partially exhibiting this record, 'It must be acknowledged that this denomination have embraced anti-slavery truth with readiness, and fearlessly avowed their sentiments.' The reason is apparent. We should have been false to every suggestion of our faith if we had not been an anti-slavery people. The principles of the anti-slavery contest are simply Universalist principles. Only in the light of Universalism does slavery become most a horror or a crime, and only upon the basis of our axioms can it be most effectively opposed. While men of all faiths and of no faith have been heartily united in the movement, it is Universalism, therefore, that has really been asserting itself in these years of agitation against this 'sum of all villainies.' And when we come to essential issues, for what but for Universalism and the vindication and establishment of its ideas has this war of ours been waged? Waged in form for the Union and the authority of its government, it has been waged, in fact, for something back of the Union and underneath the government—for the principle of human equality and the essential brotherhood of our race. And as a religious principle, where can this be found except in Universalism? Ours was the first blood shed in the conflict; and in this fact we have the fitting indication of the relation in which we stand to its issues, and the significance we ought to see in its results."

In 1866 he notes, under date of December 3d :

"This afternoon I gave the Address to the Society at the services of dedication of the Church of the Divine Paternity—Dr. Chapin's new

church. It seems to have become my part to give the Address to the Society on all such occasions. I wish I had kept an account of the addresses thus given, as I have performed the service. I gave it at the installation of Brother Gibbs at Newark, week before last, shall give it at Harlem next week, and have given it, I dare not say how many times, in the course of my ministry. It would be pleasant if I could look back through my record and recall all the occasions."

In 1867, in Convention at Baltimore, he reported on behalf of his committee what came to be known as the "Baltimore Declaration," the introduction of which raised a storm of debate; it was, however, finally adopted by a ye and nay vote of 49 to 1. The report said:

"We agree with the Committee in thinking it important to have it understood that, as a denomination, we occupy no equivocal position in respect to the Scriptures and the divine authority of Christ. At the same time, we think it undesirable, except upon urgent necessity, to begin to amend the Constitution so soon after its adoption. The object can be as well secured by a Declaration, setting forth the meaning of the Fathers, and affirming that the Confession is really adopted by those only who accept it with this meaning. We recommend, therefore, the adoption of the subjoined Declaration, and that it be sent to the several State Conventions for their guidance:

"*Declaration.*—In framing the Winchester Confession, it was the evident intention of our denominational fathers to affirm the divine authority of the Scriptures and the Lordship of Jesus Christ; and in the judgment of this Convention, only those comply with the prescribed conditions of fellowship who accept the Confession with this interpretation."

Referring to this "Declaration," he notes in his record:

"As a matter of historical record, it may be well for me to say that this 'Declaration' was very hastily written, with no idea that it would create such a storm as it did—or any storm. Had this been anticipated, the statement would have been more carefully penned. The expression, 'with this interpretation,' was the result of the haste, and was doubtless unfortunate. A better expression would have been, 'as having this meaning.' This was what the committee intended, and this was the thought I aimed to put into words. Had this been the language, it is doubtful whether any such commotion would have followed."

Recording his acceptance of the office of General Secre-

tary, he enters in his note-book, under date of September 29, 1867 :

"I did to-day what, I trust, I shall have no occasion to regret. I resigned my pastorate to accept the position of Permanent Secretary and General Agent of the General Convention. I have done it solely because it is indispensable that somebody should take the position. . . . It is a position for which I possibly may have some special fitness, owing to the connection I have providentially had with the work of organizing our denomination, and yet, if I ever did anything at all approaching the heroic in spirit, I may truly say that I go into this position in this spirit. I know not what may be before me. I only know that I have the pleasure of my home to sacrifice, and a vast amount of labor and anxiety and responsibility to assume. I hope to succeed, but may, perhaps, only find that I have severed myself from my people, and undertaken a work to which our denomination will not respond. . . . God help me and make me wise to win success, or strong to bear the disappointment, if success cannot be won. Whatever an earnest desire and a faithful endeavor, with God's help, can do to attain the success we wish for, I shall do. Results are in God's hands."

As indicating the spirit in which he undertook this work, and the zeal and energy he infused into it, the following extract from one of his direct "Appeals" will indicate :

"Our time for action is come. Amidst the debates and activities of the hour, God is asking us whether, as a denomination, we will be the power he is giving us the opportunity to become. We talk about the truth and importance of Universalism. And it is well. But *words* are cheap. It is *Giving* and *Doing* that tell. If we mean anything by our talk—if we really have any love for Christ, any faith in the Gospel, any regard for the world, the call now is that we show it. Others are at work, as they ought to be. But who have so much to work for, or so much to kindle their hearts, or to open their hands, as we? Up and at work, then. The best thought and the noblest sympathies of the country and the age are on our side, and God is saying to us, Awake, and take possession of the fields whitened for your harvest. Let us heed the summons, and prove ourselves sensible of our grand opportunity and worthy to bear the sacred ark of Truth committed to our hands."

One of the earliest results of his work in Philadelphia was the enthusiastic lifting of the church debt—one of those fis-

cal incubuses which, like a veritable old man of the sea, handicaps the yearning Sindbad on whom it hangs heavy as a bad digestion, and masters all unless it is itself overmastered. He thus notes the joyful overthrow of the burden :

" *Sunday, January 23, 1870.*—This morning was an occasion of great interest. Our church debt of \$12,963.77 was finally wiped out: \$10,900 has already been subscribed, and this morning the congregation was asked to complete the balance required above the sinking fund, \$1145.31. The amount required was, therefore, \$918.46. The response was \$1312.50. How glad we were! with what earnestness we united in singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow. God help us to be stronger and more prosperous, because of the burden thus lifted.'"

Delivering, on September 18th, 1870, the "Russell Lecture," before the faculty and students of Tufts College, he made the following strong claim for Universalism as the reconciling bond in the conflict between religion and science :

"This vast mass of mind, churchd and unchurchd, doubting, unbelieving, anchorless, needs faith, needs religion, that its wants may be met, that its energies may be mastered, that God's Holy Spirit may be brought into contact with it, to quicken and to sanctify it. And Christianity, as we interpret it, can alone do this. For all that others are doing, or trying to do, to this end, God be thanked. But none of them have the means of doing it as we can. On either hand of us there is, on the one side, the party of Reason, on the other, the party of Faith. We carry the banner of the two married into one. As in him in whom the old houses of Lancaster and York were united, the long 'war of the roses' found its end, so in us at length the conflict between Reason and Faith is ended. Universalism is a religion, but it is a rational religion. It speaks with the authority of God, but it claims nothing on the score of tradition or prescriptive rights. It asks acceptance only on the ground of proof. Insisting that reason and science are not religion, and that they cannot supplant or make it unnecessary, it, as religion, gladly welcomes whatever light they have to give, and, confessing itself bound to accept every conclusion they establish, is attested and buttressed by the confirmations they supply. Thus, satisfying the intellect by its consistency, it equally satisfies the conscience by its unswerving rectitude, and the heart by its assurance of the ultimate welfare of all."

The few brief words that stand upon the dedicatory page of "Our New Departure," contain, in their very brevity, a wealth of meaning, and are freighted with the tenderest and most sacred memories : "To Carrie : our beautiful memory on earth ; our flown 'dove' awaiting us in heaven." Simple and commemorative, the words serve to record the one great sorrow of the strong man's life ; a sorrow that, coming as the first break in the dear home circle, was felt so keenly but accepted so beautifully by this loving and much-loved father, that it imparted to the forceful nature of the man a touch of that fortitude of resignation which unites the deeps of bitter loss with the heights of supreme and glorified hope. It was a resignation that gave to his life a tinge of the saintliness of sorrow—a saintliness that, never morbid or effusive, still refines and purifies the life it rests upon, and crowns the manliness of a noble nature with the haloed serenity of a divine communion. And so he writes, simply, in his record-book :

"*Sunday, April 9, 1871.*—A sad Sunday, after a week of trial. Yesterday the last service was rendered our darling, and her body was laid away in Mount Auburn. God be thanked for what she has been, and for the faith which shows us so clearly what she is, and, amidst the greatness of our sorrow, fills us with unspeakable peace."

Closing a sermon delivered shortly after the death of this loved daughter, he said :

"Ours it is to have a faith with no dark background of endless sin and suffering to cloud the heaven we see, or to make the thought of any departed one an anguish to our hearts. For those even who go away from this world in hardness and in sin, we see a future in which God will still care for them, and at some time bring them home, through Christ, in penitence and love, to be ministering spirits for good to some kindred souls ; while for those who have sought to make their lives here only a saintly service of God and every duty, we see that what we call death is but an ascension into higher and sweeter service. Looking up, we behold them transfigured, with every virtue glorified, and every grace unfolding into richer bloom and fragrance. And so our faith shows all, alike here and there, held in the embrace of the Infinite Love ; and, assured of a certain and blessed reunion, in God's time, with those who have gone before us, we are able to see them all, according

to their fitness and their power to serve, somehow ministering to us, helping us onward and upward. Be it ours to yield to their attractions, in a willingness and desire to be thus helped upward; and holding sweet and constant converse with them, though they are bodily gone, let our word to them ever more and more earnestly be:

'Ye ministering ones, still gently walk beside us; -
From sin and world-stain keep our spirits free;
Teach us the lofty aim, the pure endeavor,
Which links us, while on earth, to heaven and ye.'

And writing to a friend in 1873, after a visit to the last resting-place of this much-loved daughter, he says:

"We drove through the rain to Mount Auburn, on our annual pilgrimage to the spot made sacred to us as the resting-place of Carrie's dust. It rained very hard all the time we were there; but we made our visit, and scattered the flowers we had taken with us above the grave, and recalled the dear, sweet life that went out so early from earth to heaven, and though the tears *would* come to our eyes as we thought of the precious companionship that was lost to us, we left, rejoicing that Carrie was not there, and that, among the immortals, she had perhaps accepted the service as the expression of the love that clings to and cherishes her as ours still. There is nothing which is more a disappointment to me, as a part of the experience in connection with Carrie's death, than the comparative indifference which I feel toward the place where her body was laid. I had supposed that to lay away the dust of such a dear one anywhere would compel a constant turning of the thoughts thitherward, and to think of the departed one at all, would be necessarily to think of the spot where the form was buried. But I am glad to find it is not so with me at all. Thinking of Carrie, I seldom think of what we call her grave. My thoughts of her are in her ascended life. And while the spot where her dust reposes is, and always will be, sacred to me, because it is the spot where all that was mortal of her was laid, I feel no such drawing of my heart toward it as I supposed I should, and I count it a great cause of thanksgiving that it is so. Very sad it must be for those who, having, as usage says, 'lost' friends, are always thinking of them as in the grave; never able to rise into the victory over death, and into blessed communion with their beloved, as living in the higher life beyond. Immortality is a theory, a dream, a vague possibility to such, not a fact in their daily consciousness. I thank God that to me it is an ever-present fact, and that Carrie is as really living to me as when she was away from us at school. She *is* at school—among the angels, in the classes of the great Teacher; and I find myself often thinking what

she is learning, and how much further advanced than we she will be in the highest spiritual knowledge, when we shall be called to her companionship among the immortals. May it not be that she was called so early that she might precede us to make those acquisitions which shall fit her to become our guide and tutor in the wisdom of the celestial spheres?"

In the summer of 1873 he undertook a trip long desired—a carriage ride through the White Mountains' region. For though a son of the soil, born and bred almost under the shadow of the granite hills, time and means had never permitted a tour of the great White Hills until now. How he enjoyed it, the other three members of that pleasant party can never forget. Here are some of his notes of the trip:

"*Monday, August 11, 1873.*— . . . Our ride has been delightful, and since leaving Wakefield we have for the most of the time had the blue Mountains clear before us, Washington towering above all. We have thus been having sweet sips from the cup of the grandeur and beauty from which we hope to have deeper draughts as we go on. . . .

"*August 12.*—North Conway is a lovely mountain spot, a plain surrounded with mountains, Kearsarge rising on one side and Washington towering above all his associates in the distance, on another. To-day Washington was in a fit of the dumps, and kept his head covered till the latter part of the afternoon, so that we did not have an opportunity to study the aspects of his royal highness from the several points of view furnished us as we rode along. . . .

"*August 13.*—The road to the summit is exceedingly circuitous, winding and doubling in a way that makes it very picturesque to look back upon. One at all nervous must make the ascent in constant alarm, for, nearly all the way, it skirts fearful chasms or precipitous gorges, and a sheer of the wheels a very little distance would in many places send horses, stage, and passengers down hundreds of feet to a common destruction. I thought I had some idea of mountain scenery before, but I had not. The views on the way are varied and magnificent, opening out stretches of country, but they are nothing compared with the prospect from the summit. Here language fails. It is one vast sea of hills, broken into billows innumerable, and stretching in all directions as far as the eye can reach. The impression made upon me has constantly been as if I were standing upon a solitary peak in mid-ocean, looking out upon the boundless expanse, with waves tossing and tumbling in an infinite variety of forms, wildly surging in a

tempest. This impression has been so strong that, as I saw from the window of our room, this afternoon, some pieces of board lying on the rocks, like driftwood stranded on the beach, I found myself wondering where they came from, and thinking how they must have been dashed upon the rocky shore. The illusion, in my case, was only broken as, in looking, we catch glimpses of the valleys and the sheets of water looking like white counterpanes spread across the fields they cover. But no description can convey any faint conception of the sight we here look upon. It must be seen to be at all imagined. We thought this morning that we were to be especially fortunate in having a clear day. But the afternoon has been misty, so that at times we have been able to see only a great sea of clouds. But the mist lifted the latter part of the afternoon, showing us the prospect as if veiled with gauze. The landlord told me that while naturally most persons prefer a perfectly clear day, the effect of the view, as a picture, is far finer when thus thinly veiled. The haze softens the sharp outlines, and mellows and subdues scenery. And then, such a sunset as we saw! One lady exclaimed, 'Oh! the glory is shining through!' and this but faintly told the story.

"August 14.—We resolved to be in season to see the sunrise, and so went out a little after four. It would have been better had we gone out at three. For to get a sunrise at its best and in its wholeness, one must see, not simply the uprising of the flaming ball, but the first coloring of the east with gray, and all the stages of the auroral flush and glory until the climax comes in the gradual ascension of the red king of day."

The following extract from a letter dated March 11th, 1874, to one of his younger brethren in the ministry, who had expressed his gratification with "Our New Departure," well illustrates the kindly and helpful feelings which this time-tried veteran had for all the new recruits:

"I have a great fondness for, and a profound sympathy with, young ministers. It has been my misfortune—though I find it difficult to understand why—to be greatly misunderstood in this respect, and to be thought a hard, cold-blooded 'old fogy,' who relished nothing better than to 'smash' young men generally, and to put on the pincers and thumb-screws in the case of every young fellow who dared to think for himself. Nothing in my later ministry has pained me more than to find myself thus misunderstood—for misunderstood I have been, inasmuch as no man's heart goes out more warmly toward a young man than mine, and no one more admires to see such a one doing his own thinking. I have always claimed that right for myself, and have some-

times known what it is to be under ban in consequence. I have always held that, to be entitled to a Christian fellowship, one must stand unequivocally on a basis of Christian faith. But if one stands there, I have equally insisted that it is an impertinence to ask how he interprets the Bible, or what particular doctrines he holds, on this basis. I trust the time will sometime come when I shall be better understood, and if this book of mine shall do anything toward helping me to establish a closer sympathy between our young men and myself, it will be another reason why I shall be glad of its publication. May God's blessing be upon every effort to kindle our people spiritually, and to help us as a Church to fulfil the grand destiny to which we are providentially called."

In an address at Philadelphia, June 30th, 1876, before the National Reform Convention, he thus concluded :

"It was a grand, proud thing to stand as I stood, and as, no doubt, some of you stood, on the Tenth of May, amidst the multitudes gathered to honor the opening of our great exhibition—an exhibition designed to commemorate our hundredth birthday, and to ask the world to come and see what these hundred years have done for us, and have made of us. But as I shared in the exultation of the day, I could not but keep thinking, What of the hundred years before us? and, when our next Centennial shall come, how will it find us—a Republic still, compacted, strengthened, made far mightier than now by another hundred years—or broken, collapsed, ruined, adding another to the long catalogue of splendid nations perished? It is an inquiry that cannot fail to urge itself upon every reflective mind, many, many times during this Centennial year, and with special force as we are brought to the day on which we were born, and look back upon the past from the height of our completed century. And the answer, depending under God on various conditions, depends perhaps most of all on what comes of this contest between Liberty and License. If the latter triumph, then, so sure as there is a righteous God ruling the universe, our doom is sealed; if the former, then the question of the next hundred years will have been happily answered, and our next Centennial will show the world still grander things than this—not the least of which will be an entire people immovably wedded to Liberty, because, *as a people*, wedded to God, and Christ, and Christian Law."

Noting in his record-book the occasion of his ninth anniversary in his Philadelphia pastorate, he writes—fast nearing home :

"*Sunday, December 2, 1877.*—Ninth anniversary sermon. How the

years have passed! And ah me! how little, as I look back, do I see of what I would like to see as the result of my work! And yet, God be thanked for all that tells me that my work has not been in vain. We have surely much to be thankful for. God help me so to labor and to pray that still larger and better results may follow during the year to come. In the order of nature, it cannot be that there is much more time before me for labor here. My prayer is, that I may die with my harness on, and that through God's help my last work may be my best. Oh! for souls quickened and drawn to Christ. This is what, above all, I want to see. Some of it I have seen. But more, O Father! *more, MORE!* This is my one prayer. Hear thou and answer, as I go forward into another year! Help my weakness, and bless my endeavors, and the glory shall be thine!"

In his last sermon on earth, March 24th, 1878—a sermon on "True-Heartedness," as shown by the story of the noble and queenly Esther—he said, speaking out of the midst of bodily pain and weakness, but clear in mind and earnest in spirit :

"Not only does the soul, however negligent, however infidel it may have been, turn to God in the hour of distress and danger—when all the helps of the world have failed, and all its lights gone out, and there is nowhere else to turn—but, wherever a soul is awakened to a sense of duty or resolve to be loyal to itself and the obligations that call it to noble and worthy action, there is always a new sense of God and of dependence upon him kindling in it—a quickened consciousness of the need of Him—a new sense of His readiness to help, and a fresh uplifting of the heart toward Him in prayer for the joy and strength which He alone can give. In the hour of great thought and heroic resolve, only God can seem equal to the compass of our needs; and wakened to a consciousness of ourselves, we are wakened, also, to a consciousness of Him, and find ourselves gravitating toward Him as planets toward their central sun. In God alone it is that the soul finds its culture—and only as we live in and to and for Him, can life be most real, or the soul stoutest to do or to bear, or richest to enjoy!"

On Sunday, April 7th, the shadows fast closing around him, but the glory of the light beyond piercing even the shadows and glorifying his bed of pain, he sent the following message to the members of his church, as, around the table of the Lord he served, they celebrated the communion :

"Dear friends, you gather at the table of communion to-day, to keep the festival of Christ's dying love. Since I spoke to you from the pulpit, I have had occasion to know what this dying love means as never before. Out of my chamber of suffering, therefore, let me plead with you to love Christ and the Church with a deeper concern; and as you now have no active pastor to guide you, resolve that you will each be a guide to yourselves, zealously and lovingly helping each other to the best things in all that concerns your welfare and the welfare of the Church. Lovingly,

YOUR SICK PASTOR."

As a significant illustration of his trust and earnestness to the last, it may be well to repeat here the "Telephone story," which, graphically told by his friend and parishioner Dr. J. M. White, of Philadelphia, in the columns of the *Christian Leader*, found extensive circulation through the daily press at the time of its publication. The telephone at that time was just coming into popular use as a means of communication—a marvel of invention which, in the three years intervening, has made wonderful strides toward practical and general utilization. The occurrence here described took place on Thursday, April 4th, three days before his death:

"During the last sickness of Dr. Brooks," says Dr. White, "and after he was confined to his bed, I was one evening detailing to him a conversation which I had held with a gentleman, through the agency of the telephone, the speakers being a mile and a half apart. The doctor, although familiar through the newspapers with the facility of communication afforded by this wonderful instrument, had had no personal experience in its use, and was exceedingly interested in the account. Anxious to do whatever could be accomplished by mental divertisement toward lessening his constant distress, I promised that I would endeavor to obtain the loan of a complete apparatus, and give him the opportunity of hearing articulate speech conveyed by it from a distance. Several days elapsed before I succeeded in obtaining the loan of the apparatus; and when I carried it to his house, I found him so weak and so distressed in his breathing that I concluded it was too late to try the experiment. I mentioned to him, however, that I had brought the telephone, but feared he was too ill to be interested in it.

"'No,' he said; 'by all means let us have it rigged up. It is my only chance, for I am soon going where they are not likely to be employed, and I would like ever so much to have the experience.'

"This, be it understood, was not spoken without difficulty and fre-

quent pauses, owing to his shortness of breath. I proceeded to arrange the wires, making one connection in the dining-room, and the other in the doctor's bedroom. It was my first attempt to arrange the wires, and I had many misgivings as to my success. When all was arranged, however, to the best of my ability, I placed one of the mouth-pieces in his hand, and told him I would go down and test it; and if all the necessary conditions had been met, he could hear my voice, but that he would have to ask some one else to reply, as he was too weak to attempt it. Taking the mouth-piece at the other end of the line, I repeated:

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

"To my utter astonishment, instantly came the response:

"Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne!"

"It was the voice of Dr. Brooks, the tones clear and distinct, the intonation and emphasis perfect. I was amazed. But a moment before, I had left him apparently too weak and too much oppressed to speak above a whisper. I was fairly startled. I could not be mistaken, but I could hardly believe the testimony of my ear. I repeated:

"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

"Once more, and as promptly as in a church service, the doctor's voice responded:

"For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand."

"I then repeated a verse from that grand old hymn of Pierpont:

"Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well."

"And, just as though it had been arranged beforehand, as promptly as though a set form were being followed, the voice from that bed of sickness took up the strain:

"From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there."

"I next quoted the first verse of the familiar hymn:

"Oh! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe—
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!"

"And the doctor responded, quoting the last verse of the same hymn :

" ' Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home !'

"The novelty of the situation ; the exquisite perfection of the telephonic communication ; the ready responses ; my gratification that I had succeeded in the experiment—all tempted me to continue the conversation ; but I was anxious that the doctor's strength, which was but weakness, should not be too far taxed, and I suggested that he had better allow some one else to speak for him, but he responded :

" ' One thing more ;' and then, in slow, measured, distinct utterance—the tone of triumph unmistakable—he repeated the jubilant testimony of Paul :

" ' The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"A strange and solemn sensation stole over me. A few minutes before, I had left Dr. Brooks ' sick unto death '—so weak, so oppressed, so distressed ; laboring for breath ; talking in disjointed utterances ; but recently roused, as I had been told, from a sinking spell which it was feared would have been his last. And now, in tones as clear, as distinct, as well enunciated as I ever heard from him in the pulpit when in health, and yet, minimized by that strange, weird, thrilling, telephonic modification—preserving all that is characteristic in the speech of an individual, and, at the same time, giving the impression of almost infinite distance—came the triumphant exclamation : ' Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ ! ' I could but fancy that, during my absence from his bedside, the silver cord had been loosed, the golden bowl broken, and that the exultant ' Thanks be to God ! ' was the outburst of the freed spirit. And when I returned to his room, and found him still in the flesh, I felt like one who unexpectedly meets him whom he had thought dead. This was not a response ; no text repeated by me had suggested it. It was a spontaneous utterance, and expressed, beyond all doubt, the feeling which was uppermost in his mind. It was a sincere, honest, joyful testimony. In three days more, Dr. Brooks had ceased to live. During his last night upon earth, I asked him how he felt, and he replied :

" ' My head is pillowed upon the bosom of the dear God.'

"This, and other expressions during those last days of suffering, will linger long in my memory ; but nothing which he ever said from the pulpit, or elsewhere, will outlast those words which closed our

telephonic conversation: 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory!' Who doubts that, if our ears had been receptive, we might have heard, without the electric wire, in spirit tones, as the disembodied soul of Dr. Brooks soared away from earth, the same exultant cry: 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory!'

Closing these random and dismembered extracts, which may perhaps give some reflection of the mind, the manner, and the life of my father, I conclude with the following, taken from his address to the Alumni of the Tufts Divinity School, June 10th, 1874, already referred to in these pages, and which not inaptly presents the qualities which serve to make many a ministry—as it made his—effective:

"It is Christ's purpose to redeem the world. Preaching, therefore, *for* anything that makes one of the conditions of the world's redemption, or *against* anything from which God is aiming to deliver it, the minister is preaching Christ—preaching him just as much when, in the application of his principles, or in sympathy with his spirit, looking to his purpose, he expounds any truth, or illustrates any divine law, or pleads in behalf of any right, or holds up into the light any wrong, as when he proclaims that there is one God, or that Christ lived and died to save sinners. No minister who fails to be mindful of all this can help as he should toward the effectiveness of Universalism. Universalism, as I just now said, touches modern life and thought at all points, gathering something from every field. The minister who would help to make it effective must preach it accordingly. No man of one string or of one set of strings—no man of ruts or routine, as it is so easy for any minister to become—no mere student, immolated in books and oblivious to the actual world and its condition and needs—above all, no dead man, swathed by the grave-clothes of the past, confined in its opinions and habits of thought, and leaving his sepulchre one day in seven to speak from his mummy lips what it has taught him: he is to be thoroughly alive, with thought and sympathy all aglow; consciously linked with the living world and the living men and women about him, with eyes and ears and heart ever open, ranging every field, and ready to speak his true and fitting word on whatever concerns his people, his country, or his race."

My work is done. The tired pen falls from the weary fingers, and the labor of love which has pressed so unceasingly on heart and brain for more than a twelvemonth past

is at length accomplished. Written in the midst of business cares and the engrossments of daily duties, the record, I am conscious, is not altogether what I could wish it to be. And yet reluctantly I leave it. It has been so close to heart and life through all these months, that I feel a sense of loss, as of some sweet and helpful companionship. With every step with which my work has advanced, following close upon the precious memories that have thronged about the life-story I have sought to tell, have come revelations of a life of high purpose and noble endeavor, new even to me who so loved and honored the manly man whose work my pages would record. And now, great heart, grand life, farewell ! Shrined in the thoughts of your loved ones, your memory shall ever live—fadeless, helpful, eternal ; precious beyond expression, priceless beyond compare !

For the sake of all to whom this record may come, I could wish that it had been more carefully written ; but however imperfectly told, the story of this life-work is, I am sure, one which all of us—workers or idlers alike—may study with profit, as it outlines the steady purpose and loyalty of a life of earnest endeavor. Not all unmindful, then, of the lesson it teaches, may all who scan these pages lay them aside. Something there may be that speaks from this halting record recalling the lines of the gifted and ill-fated O'Brien :

“ Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state.
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.”

Something, too, to speak the yet deeper lesson that, years ago, was penned by the gentle Thoreau, quaint hermit of the Walden woods : “ Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or a tented field, it is ever the same fair play, and admits no foolish distinction. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.” “ To

succeed, not to fail"—that is the lesson ! It speaks to us from every earnest life, wherever or however lived—in high or humble paths—which seeks to do something for the betterment or strengthening of humanity ; which shrinks from no danger, surrenders to no expediency, but stands ready at all times and in all places to answer the call of duty, come how or where it may ; a life that labors manfully, ungrudgingly, strong in purpose and loyal to conviction, even as was Paul at Ephesus when he said : " Yet none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself ! " Thus living and thus laboring, we can each one of us take to heart the words in which the earnest plea for self-consecration was made by the man whose life-story is here ended—Elbridge Gerry Brooks—the plea which came in these strong and ringing words, as he too spoke of the complete consecration of Paul the great apostle : " Our call is to be heroes, every one of us, like him, in a consecration as entire—as a soldier giving himself to his country, in this act renounces everything but the will to do his duty as he is commanded for his country's sake ; as a mother, giving herself to motherhood and its obligations, surrenders every other will or purpose but the purpose to serve her children faithfully, be the requirements of such fidelity what they may ; as Christ, giving himself to us and our redemption, had no other will but to accept whatever the task included, and to make it his very ' meat to do the will of Him that sent him, and to finish his work. ' "

THE END.



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